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SOME FRENCH PROBLEMS OF THE
HOUR.

IF anyone wished for a proof of desire in all that is intellectual in France for an understanding with all that is good in Germany, the success of the concert given at the Paris Opera on June 4th, where under the baton of Herr Furtwängler the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra played two symphonies of Beethoven, the second "Leonora" overture, and a long excerpt from *Tristan and Isolde*, would serve as an example. It is unhappily true that manifestations of artistic appreciation and sympathy between nations are by no means always safe pointers to political comprehension. Nevertheless, when it is considered how bitterly France has suffered from Germany, and how recently, the overwhelming enthusiasm expressed by a French audience at a wholly German concert—one certainly of very fine quality—may not unreasonably be taken as betokening in the field of pure mental aspiration a wide support among the French for the policy of peace and mutual support between France and Germany that M. Schuman has in the last weeks brought forward in the practical field of economics and foreign politics.

It may at first sight seem odd that the main opposition, or, if that is too strong a term, the causes of a certain reluctance to put into practice M. Schuman's plan for a pool or combine of the French, German and British coal and steel interests should come not from Germany, whose defeat five years ago is still most naturally wormwood to the German palate, nor yet from French public opinion, still quivering under the memory of four years of horrible oppression by Hitler, Himmler, their legion of torturers and the vile traitors bought over to the tyrant's side, but from the former ally, the strenuous workman in the cause of liberty, the unswerving believer in France's right to govern herself freely, the implacable defender against German aggression, Great Britain. Yet so it is, and this notwithstanding the instant welcome given to M. Schuman's plan in most of the British Press, hardly less emphatic than that forthcoming from French and German articulate opinion which both, for reasons indicated above, might have been expected to be recalcitrant. The Schuman plan, as should perhaps be more widely known, is in reality the work of M. Jean Monnet, author of the plan for French economic reconstruction now going forward with remarkable success. M. Monnet's long-sighted project for a European steel-coal combine is in its inspirer's mind the counterpart on the international plane of the rebuilding of France's internal national economy.

American opinion was almost bound to be favourable to the plan. Americans, forgetful of early difficulties in welding into a solid block the States of the Union and even more surprisingly oblivious of their own bloody civil war, four years of fratricidal strife, without which their unity as it is to-day would never have been achieved, have for this long time chafed at what they take for a wilful incapacity on the

part of Europeans to set their house in order and, by what appears to them as a simple proposition, to construct European union. In their eagerness to see this done they overlook also the deep-seated, ten times secular, diversity of religion, social and educational level, and political structure in Europe that makes the task a thousandfold harder than was the achievement of unity in America, with an effective history barely longer than a hundred and fifty years. The Schuman plan looks to American eyes like a step in the right direction, and they applaud it. In this they are right, for so it is. Let us note, too, as showing the wide consensus of intelligent Frenchmen on the point, that it is one on which M. Schuman, Foreign Minister in M. Bidault's Government, is fundamentally supported by that Government's most masterful opponent, General de Gaulle, who for long has been preaching the necessity of a French accord with Germany. By "Germany," of course, is meant Western Germany, not the luckless East that was handed over as an apanage to the Kremlin. Why then, in face of so remarkable a chorus of approval, does the British Government, differing therein from many spokesmen of British opinion, hang back?

British reluctance in such matters is no new thing. What is new in the situation is that for the first time since the last war the designers of France's foreign policy have taken a line of their own on a major issue without heeding British hesitations; and, having taken a line, have stuck to it. This sturdy independence, be it said in passing, is one of the most encouraging signs of a real French renaissance from the welter of doubt, indecision and often pessimism that was the legacy of the German occupation. Even Americans find it a trifle startling and are tempted to think that the ground might have been better prepared for the Schuman plan, so that a measure of agreement should be reached beforehand instead of the spectacle presented to the world of Great Britain drawing back from a project accepted by all the other non-Communist States of Europe closely concerned with steel and coal production. Here American critics are probably wrong. The success attained in the launching of the Schuman plan, as apart from its success in action, the degree of which will be apparent only in the result, was almost certainly due to the fact that it was produced from the first as a *fait accompli* and not submitted as a notion in principle to be criticised and maybe re-formed by the subtleties of brilliant Chancery brains employed to divert it from its original office. Such things have been seen before now in the case of moves towards European unity. Before the end of the fortnight of negotiations between Whitehall and the Quai d'Orsay this consideration became so obvious in France that some observers almost openly hinted it would be better for Great Britain to stay outside than to come in on terms capable of being used to emasculate the scheme. The French in any case were not to be bent from their purpose and the abstention of our country was openly announced on June 5th. It has been noted by all that throughout this delicate affair no ruffling of the excellent relations existing between the two countries, to which the enthusiasm greeting President Vincent Auriol's visit to London this year bears vivid testimony, could be detected; and this despite a certain shock on our side to discover that Great Britain's elimination, even if momentary, from a combined movement by six European Powers of varying importance should be considered, though with regret, still less regrettable than would have been the possible dislocation of the movement itself. For momentary, it is hoped, that elimina-

tion will prove. No doors have been banged, no exclusive pronounced. On the contrary, it is sincerely hoped by the authors of the Schuman plan that Great Britain will find the means and the occasion to join in it. This at the moment of writing seems not to be unlikely, especially when we reflect on the urgency of the American desire to see, if only in the interests of America's own defence, effective steps taken towards the desired goal, viz. the unification of European aims and thence the pacification of the world.

British reluctance is in reality the legacy of a long past and should have been expected, indeed was so expected by at least some of the keen minds that advise the Quai d'Orsay. Already once between the two world wars an idea, if not precisely a scheme, for an Anglo-Franco-German steel combine on a smaller scale than that now proposed for Western Europe as a whole was rendered abortive by the question of British interests. The ensuing Lorraine-Ruhr agreement was a sound economic move, but one stripped of political design and import. True, our position then both economically and politically was far stronger than it is to-day, and that notwithstanding the grand success achieved since the last war by the British steel industry under the guidance of individual genius and energy that would surely be blunted if not wholly sacrificed had the insane Socialist project for the industry's nationalisation been realised. But British reluctance has deeper roots than in British industrial pride. It is grounded in our fear of relinquishing a particle of our national sovereignty. For without giving up something of this it is patently impossible to put international production under an international authority. And this is the essence of the Schuman-Monnet plan. Our profound dislike for the idea of risking our necks under even the semblance of a foreign yoke, which we habitually minimise by naming the thing an "entanglement," was at the bottom of our unwillingness to enter into any definite military understanding with France before the 1914 war—an understanding which might have prevented that war from breaking out. This national timidity finds no better example than our opposition to the Geneva protocol of 1924, fathered if not inspired by that far-seeing statesman André Tardieu, which would have dowered the League of Nations with the rudiments of an international force, whose existence might have prevented the war of 1939. We feared to enter into commitments the full extent of which we could not foresee. This is a fear very easily understandable and certainly shared in varying degrees by every Englishman. Our country, circled by its silver sea until the advent of aviation a sufficient defence of our independence, has for centuries practised a policy, going back at least to Henry VIII, known as the balance of power in Europe. This was the reason, if not an excuse, for Lloyd George's right-about after the victory of 1918 that so deeply shocked Clemenceau, and for our patronage of Germany's recovery that directly led to, if it did not actually cause, the second world war. Yet, however understandable it may be and however excusable some may still think it in that last vital conjuncture, the time has now gone by when we can practise such unwillingness without the direst consequence to ourselves. Whether we wish it or not, military aviation and the invention of long-distance arms, to say nothing of the possibilities of the atomic bomb and its successors, have had the result of making Great Britain an integral part of the Continent of Europe and of the world beyond. The day of islands is done. The fact is plain and we must make the best of it. If we wish Europe to survive, and ourselves with it, against the most

redoubtable of all the assaults of Oriental barbarism stretching over the centuries back to the beginning of Greek and even of Egyptian civilisation, we must be prepared to pay the price, and that price is combination with the rest of Europe, as well as with the children of European civilisation over the seas. Now combination spells here joint and equal responsibility and authority.

That the development and application of the Schuman plan must encounter numerous and stubborn obstacles of a technical character, even once the principle of an international authority be accepted, is clear. It can be no easy task to reduce inequalities created by geography, natural wealth and social levels, including the divergences of customary or legal wages, to a common denominator enabling the two great industries concerned to work for the good not of themselves alone but of Europe as a whole, and thereby to prevent one country from turning its productive wealth and skill into a means of aggression against another. Herein doubtless lies the explanation of the fact that the plan has been so far less enthusiastically received by the chiefs of the steel and coal industries in the countries concerned, who see most plainly the difficulties confronting its realisation, than by leaders of opinion outside them, with their eyes fixed on the equally plain benefits to be obtained from its success. In so far as it is possible to form an idea from the proposals published concerning the general function of the international authority, there would seem to be envisaged a body of experts to fix a large rationalisation of the two industries, while at the same time leaving room for compromise between the various national situations, established practices in the industries, and technical requirements, freedom of initiative and research being assured within the scope of agreed quotas and marketing agreements. Although the method of the Schuman plan is economic, its aim, as should not for a moment be forgotten, is political; the assurance of peace between France and Germany, and the provision of a firm basis for European security. The spectacular character of the proposal, its breadth, its vision, are undeniable. How it will work out, time alone can show. But the vision is there. And for humanity vision is a potent force, even to the point of moving mountains.

The fulfilment, in whatever degree, of the Schuman plan, does not constitute France's only current problem. One certain result, by the way, is to give to M. Schuman's name, like those of General Dawes and Mr. Young, a firm place in history, though the outcome of the Schuman plan may confidently be hoped to be of a more beneficial character than was that of the plans of the two gentlemen named. But, plans and names notwithstanding, the life of simple folk goes on. Wheresoever you may be in France and of whomsoever you may ask how things go you are sure to hear the word *marasme*, which can best be rendered by "Business is d——d bad." One intelligent stationer and book-seller added: "But I suppose when it's bad in one country it's bad everywhere." I was able to assure him that not a month ago a lady going into perhaps the most fashionable store in London at 11 a.m. had been dumbfounded to find herself the sole customer on the whole luxurious ground floor. None the less, signs of economic depression are inconspicuous in France. Unemployment is decidedly low, prices though high are on the whole less high than in England—the luxury trades and attractions for foreigners excepted—and, oh, miracle! Radio Française, counterpart of the B.B.C., has just declared a respectable profit, rare example indeed among State-owned enterprises.

People everywhere are well fed and, apart from the eternal grumble at *le marasme*, in the main contented ; one is inclined to attribute this last in part to the working of the tax, as foolish economically as it is wicked, on *les signes extérieurs de richesse*, which makes all men profess to be less well off than they are for fear of the taxgatherer extorting from them still more of what he has left them. The hardest hit are the *rentiers*, or retired members of the middle class, penalised as they have been in England, but even more inequitably in France, by Socialistic legislation seizing their investments for an inadequate compensation. The fall in the value of gold, should its new rate be maintained, must help to uphold confidence in the franc, although, when 50 per cent. of the entire budget goes to pay for what are politely known as "parafiscal" charges, that is, those not required for the defence of the land, its general administration and the maintenance of law and order, in other words the essentials for which Government exists, it is hard for anyone not in receipt of plums out of the pudding to feel that taxes are put to their proper purpose. Excessive weight of taxation, and fear of yet heavier, are the real brakes on French recovery and expansion, as they are in other lands too. On the whole, however, it may be taken that Frenchmen are, little as they may want to admit it, conscious of being on an upward grade ; in the recent words of one, "the after-war period has really begun."

Still in the background of French life, but still urgently weighing on it, is the problem of Indo-China, dealt with in this REVIEW at the beginning of the year. Here little or no change has taken place, save that the international recognition of the urgency of the situation, then pleaded for, has actually come. Without generous aid from the United States in money, and still more in military equipment, it would be impossible for France in the long run to hold her own. And since, aside from the question of vast French capital both material and moral sunk in Indo-China, France's position there is that of guardian of civilisation's fortress in South-East Asia against Communism fresh from its victory over China, it is indispensable for that aid to be continued and augmented to the point where the road shall be completely and definitely blocked against the conquering horde bent on the destruction of all the values in life as we have learned to conceive them. The desperate effort made by the Communist Party in France to prevent the arrival of international aid and to provoke opposition within France affords ample evidence of the seriousness of the situation as viewed from the Kremlin. How it is viewed by the French themselves is too involved a question to be dealt with here. Yet we may note that, despite all the difficulties inherent in France's task in the Far East, a slightly greater degree of confidence in its outcome is noticeable now than six months ago. Had the attitude of Great Britain at Colombo been more definite and less inclined to be governed by the long view than by the urgency of a terrifyingly urgent necessity, doubtless this desirable process would have been accentuated. Great Britain has in her latest period lamentably lost the power to inspire confidence in the efficacy of her international action. Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would" is not the way to take the lead in world affairs. It is indeed by no means unlikely that the platitudes put out by public relations officers, more properly called Ministerial Press agents, to cover want of action by Great Britain, or sometimes her contradictory actions in the Far East, are in part responsible for France's decision to produce the Schuman plan, like a rabbit from a conjuror's hat, without giving

the public, and especially the British public, time to analyse the proceeding beforehand or opportunity to turn it into an elegant corpse for subsequent dissection. M. Schuman's promptitude, if not agreeable to all his friends, at least saved his and M. Monnet's plan from any envious Burke or from some prowling coward Hare.

JOHN POLLOCK.

P.S.—Since the above was written, Transport House has spoken its word. The Labour Party has spewed out the Schuman plan. So is the method of the French Government in launching the plan justified. Also, despite Mr. Attlee's subsequent embarrassed tergiversation, the Transport House manifesto (published indeed by Messrs. Dalton and Aneurin Bevan perhaps with the express object of embarrassing Mr. Attlee) seems to make even more doubtful than before Great Britain's co-operation—at least under a Socialist Government.—J. P.

YUGOSLAVIA AND THE WEST.

YUGOSLAVIA is a Socialist State, governed by a Communist Party through a National Front and an elected Parliament, that has been sent to Coventry by the other "People's Democracies," and so in order to succeed in building Socialism at home must trade with the capitalist West. The one point on which Soviet opinion and official American opinion are agreed is that this situation is bound to end with Yugoslavia being drawn into the Western camp. Communist Parties indeed, echoing the views of the Soviet Communist leaders, declare that the thing has already happened; they profess to perceive American bases and concessions in Yugoslavia. They say the Yugoslav Government has gone Fascist. They accuse it of restoring capitalism and acting as an agent of United States foreign policy, etc. United States official opinion is more cautious and discreet. But it would not be far wrong to say that what Communists claim has already happened is what the Americans hope may happen in the next two years (with the exception of the term "Fascist," which in the Communist vocabulary applies to anyone who is not Communist, whereas in the official United States vocabulary it is no longer applied even to the Franco régime or to the revived Nazis in Western Germany or to their Japanese equivalents).

But the Yugoslavs have their own view of the future of their country. They are determined not to be drawn into the Western camp and to continue to defend their independence against Soviet claims. They believe that they are standing for an important principle. They are confident that they can hold out because of the economic resources of their country, the spirit of their people, the quality of their national leadership, and, last but not least, the stalemate and rivalry between the two great armed camps. If the Soviet and official American view is correct, the Yugoslav stand is only a temporary incident in the cold war, regarded as a windfall by one side and as an accidental misfortune by the other, but without calling for any change in political strategy. Even so, it is important. The collapse of the Yugoslav bid for independence might take the form of the régime breaking up in internal disorders, culminating in its overthrow. If so, the insurgents would

certainly receive help from the Soviet Union directly or through Yugoslavia's Cominform neighbours. Whether that was so or not, the Soviet Union would certainly get the blame in the West. Or else the Yugoslav régime would succumb to United States pressure and blandishments, aided by fear of the U.S.S.R. and of Cominformists within the country, and become an ally of the U.S.A. That would mean becoming a client of the Marshall Plan and ultimately United States concessions and bases and the virtual abandonment of the attempt to build Socialism. These developments would probably bring about the disorders and consequences of the former alternative.

In any case, as Mr. John Foster Dulles, the Anthony Eden of the Republican Party and now one of Secretary of State Dean Acheson's principal advisers in America's "bi-partisan" foreign policy, warned his countrymen: "It can be assumed that the Soviet State would use the Red Army if its leaders felt that their homeland was imminently and seriously menaced. That is why . . . the United States should not seek military bases so close to the Soviet Union as to carry an offensive threat that is disproportionate to its defensive value."* The establishment of American bases in Yugoslavia would most certainly be regarded by the Soviet Government as an imminent and serious menace to their homeland. That is why any possible alternative to the policy of national independence and international co-operation through the United Nations, without joining either of the great armed blocs, on which Yugoslavia has embarked, would aggravate the cold war to the danger point. It would bring us to the verge of, if it did not plunge us into, the third world war. Contrariwise, if the Yugoslavs succeed in establishing a relationship with the capitalist West that enables them to go on building Socialism at home and to preserve their national independence between the two great camps, they will have introduced a new factor in world affairs that may prove the turning-point in post-war history. For the mere existence of such relations between the capitalist democracies and a people's democracy may show how to remove the principal obstacle to the opening of negotiations between the Great Powers. It could mean that the end of the cold war and the dawn of peace were just under the horizon.

At present the issue is undecided. But it is possible to discern certain tendencies. They are on the whole encouraging. The Yugoslavs themselves say that their conflict with the Soviet Union is largely a contest for the understanding and support of progressive opinion in the West, and that on the outcome may well hang the issue of war or peace. It was the growing tension between the Great Powers that led the Soviet Union, as part of her search for security against the danger, real or fancied, of Western intervention and war preparations, to insist on acceptance of her leadership of the Cominform States to a point that touched off the Yugoslav revolt. When I saw Marshal Tito in September 1948, soon after the conflict came into the open, he was quite clear on the fundamental issue: It was not true, he said, to claim that there were ideological differences between Yugoslavia and the other people's democracies which could justify a quarrel. The real issue was a

* On March 8th, 1949, Mr. Dulles preceded the words just quoted with the following remark: "So far as it is humanly possible to judge, the Soviet Government under conditions now prevailing, does not contemplate the use of war as an instrument of its national policy. I do not know any responsible high official, military or civilian, in this Government or any other Government who believes that the Soviet State now plans conquest by open military aggression."

question of principle that was new and that had to be raised and settled sooner or later. Perhaps it was a good thing that it had fallen to the Yugoslav Communist Party to settle that issue, for the others would have caved in and they were going to stand up to it. The issue was what should be the relations between Socialist States. The Yugoslavs claim that they must be based on equality and reciprocity and the ultimate right of self-determination, and not on the big fellow giving orders to the others. Even then he foresaw that there might be an economic boycott of Yugoslavia and said that if so, the situation would be difficult but the Yugoslavs would pull through and be able to complete their Five Year Plan, although possibly with some delays.

In September 1949, on my next visit, the Yugoslavs were staggering under the shock of the Cominform boycott which cut off half their exports and imports, including machinery vital to the Five Year Plan, much of it already bought and paid for (\$20 million worth in Hungary alone). Everyone was wondering just how far the Soviet Union intended to go after the boycott, the tearing up of the treaties of friendship and alliance, frontier incidents between Yugoslavia and her neighbours, partial rupture of diplomatic relations, threatening notes, rumours of troop movements, etc., etc. At that time Western diplomats were still cherishing the delusion that the Tito régime under this pressure were bound to evolve towards or even be overthrown from the Right, and that something more like pre-war Yugoslavia, more agreeable to the Western Powers, would emerge.

On my six weeks' visit in March and April this year the situation had changed. Marshal Tito had been calm and confident all the way through. In 1948 there were not many who saw the dangers ahead as clearly as he. In 1949 most of the leading men I met were determined to resist, come what may, but were anxious and tense about what the future might bring. This time confidence was general. This was partly because the country has weathered the shock of the Cominform boycott. The trade lost in the East has been more than compensated by increased trade with the West. The first two and a half years of the Five Year Plan have been successful enough to warrant the belief that the plan will be completed, with the consequent great increase in Yugoslavia's production and rise in the standard of living, well within the next three years.

Life is still hard, prices are high and there is an acute shortage of consumer goods. But the feeling is general that better times are coming. The people have been put on their mettle by the Cominform campaign. At first the mere fact of breaking with the idolised Soviet Union which could do no wrong bewildered and frightened many people. Now the sheer extravagance and silliness of the Cominform propaganda broadcasts, day in and day out, from a number of powerful stations on Yugoslavia's frontiers, has touched the people's pride, outraged their common sense and, worst of all from the Soviet point of view, tickled their sense of humour. Not only are factories, collective farms and public buildings of all sorts plastered with slogans denouncing the Cominform propaganda, but the Belgrade wireless once a week puts on something like the Crazy Gang, and their back-chat now rings with cracks and take-offs of Cominform propaganda against Yugoslavia. It is a staple subject in the weekly comic paper *Jezh*. "Old Man Stalin's" vain attempts to get the better of "Our Tito" has become the theme of folksongs. There are no penalties on listening to Cominform propaganda—many listen and then vent their feelings

in ridicule, satire or amazed indignation. There is no doubt about the fact that Yugoslav national feeling has been aroused. The régime has not lost the loyalty of the workers, for it is going ahead with Socialism, but it has rallied many patriotic Yugoslavs who are not Communists or even Socialists but want their country to remain free.

With all this the attitude to the West is changing : Marshal Tito in his speech to the new Parliament after the March election spoke of the improving relations with Austria and Greece. The Yugoslavs have dropped irredentist claims for the Slovene minority in Corinthia, and would be content if the Austrian Government were to respect their cultural and linguistic rights as a national minority. Diplomatic relations have been restored with Greece, and negotiations are afoot for the reopening of telegraphic, telephonic, postal, road and rail communications and the renewed use of Salonika as a free port. The Yugoslavs believe that the coming to power of Plastiras may mean a modest first step towards democracy in Greece.

Marshal Tito also spoke in a conciliatory tone about Italy and Trieste. Here the Yugoslav view is that if the Italians will abstain from attempts at blackmail and threats such as trade hold-ups and strong language about Trieste, it should be possible to negotiate a settlement on the basis of leaving the Yugoslavs in possession of the "B" zone and letting the rest go back to Italy, with guarantees for the rights of Slovene minorities. But they say that if the Soviet Union can get nowhere with them by bluff and blackmail it is ridiculous for the Italians of all people to think that they can do business with Yugoslavia by such methods. The Fascist forces in Yugoslavia during the war did not impress the partisans with their military prowess, to put it mildly. On the other hand fraternal relations have continued between Italian partisans of the Garibaldi brigade and their old Yugoslav comrades-in-arms.

United States policy towards Yugoslavia is changing. At first the break with the Cominform was treated as a trick or as something temporary and of no great importance. The State Department continued to issue American passports with a notice that they were not valid for Yugoslavia. This ban was imposed after one American plane was forced down and another was shot down, when the Yugoslavs had got tired of vainly asking the Americans not to fly over their territory. The State Department ban on Americans visiting Yugoslavia was lifted early in April 1950. Then came the policy of allowing Yugoslavia to do just enough trade with the U.S.A. and trying to limit her trade with the West to the point where the régime could just keep going but could not show any striking success. Now State Department policy, or at any rate the United States diplomatic view in Belgrade, seems to be that the Yugoslavs are too obstinate and unreasonable to be really frightened of the Russians and, therefore, to accept any kind of military or political commitment to the U.S.A. But since it is nevertheless a lesser evil to have an independent Communist Yugoslavia than a Kremlin Communist Yugoslavia (and the Americans after toying with the idea of a swing to the Right believe those are the only alternatives), the U.S.A. must encourage trade and credits for Yugoslavia, even if that country goes on building Socialism at home and taking its own line in international relations. Sooner or later, they believe, the Yugoslavs will feel that they are militarily threatened by the Soviet Union and will voluntarily contract an alliance with the U.S.A. Meanwhile American policy should be to make Yugoslavia "the show place of the

Balkans " so as to prove to other Communist-governed countries that it pays to have good relations with the West, and that they need not fear that to do so would lead to interference in their internal affairs.

The Yugoslavs are perfectly aware of the ulterior motive in this new American policy. They are under no illusion as to the abyss between declarations of local American diplomats and even the intentions of the State Department on the one hand and the decisions of Congress on the other. They are sceptical about Congress ever voting credits for a Communist country. They prefer to think that with enough iron for their national needs, large resources in non-ferrous metals, ample supplies of oil, soft coal, timber, and water power, fertile lands and rich fisheries, they can afford to buy the machinery they need and to pay for it out of their increased production on a business basis, asking no favours. They do not believe that the Soviet Union will attack them because, they say, the U.S.S.R. thinks in social and not military terms. If there were serious unrest or a large-scale rising in Yugoslavia there would no doubt be Soviet help and encouragement. But they are confident that their people are and will remain united in support of the Government's policies and that so long as that is the case they need not fear aggression. At the same time they are not neglecting their defences.

Meanwhile the breach with the Soviet Union and her satellites and the resulting necessity for trading with the U.S.A. and what the Yugoslavs regard as America's satellites are influencing Yugoslav domestic policy. The Yugoslav leaders have been studying the evolution of the Soviet Union and are determined not to repeat the errors of that country: the evils of bureaucracy and centralism have grown in the Soviet Union, they say, largely because the latter, owing to the hostility of the West, overstrained its people in building heavy industries out of its own resources. Therefore a \$20 million ten year credit from the Export and Import Bank is going to be used by Yugoslavia to buy raw materials for making consumption goods. There is a vigorous campaign against bureaucracy. Far-reaching measures have been taken to raise the status of the individual republics and to decentralise administration by putting the management of many key industries into the hands of the republics, with only small co-ordinating committees to link up production and planning under Federal chairmanship. Much is being done to put life and reality into the elected people's committees. The only opposition in the last election, it is true, was " Western reaction and the Cominform Bureau " depicted on election posters as a pig-like figure in a top hat and a daft-looking goat. But the " no " box was provided for those who wanted to vote against the Government and the voting was so conducted as to enable people to cast their vote in that box without being detected and to explain that they could vote in either box.

There is free discussion of the fundamental issues arising out of the break with the U.S.S.R. I was told at the Writers' Club in Belgrade of a recent visit of one of the chief Yugoslav leaders, who told his hearers that the Government had only one directive to give them, namely that there were no directives for them. They should write as they pleased. Not only is there no attempt by the Yugoslav Communist Party to interfere in the business of artists, writers, scientists, etc. but their associations speak their minds freely on public affairs. That does not mean that the Yugoslav régime, which is barely six years old and has emerged from war, civil war and revolution in (as it then was) a

primitive and largely illiterate country, has attained the standards of democracy, freedom and tolerance which we try to observe. As one prominent Yugoslav leader said to me, "We must admit that in the Socialist States we have not yet solved the problem of freedom." But there is no doubt that the Yugoslav régime is very much in earnest about including democracy and freedom, as we in the West understand those terms, in the Socialist society they are building.

Yugoslavia's stand is a challenge to both sides in the cold war and an opportunity to those who want to make peace. It challenges the leaders of the Soviet Government and Communist Party to give up the claim to direct Communist Parties in other countries, since that claim is inconsistent with the Charter of the United Nations and incompatible with the confidence between nations necessary to civilised intercourse. It challenges the Western Powers to make it clear that when they talk of "defending democracy against Communism" they are not using this as a cloak for policies of interference in the internal affairs of other countries, going all the way to fomenting civil war and counter-revolution, but are merely insisting that Communist Parties must cease to act on a view of "proletarian internationalism" which amounts to accepting the judgment and leadership of the Soviet Communist Party as their supreme authority. It is an opportunity to those who want to make peace to propose the beginning of negotiations for an all-round settlement, on the basis of the Western Powers ceasing all policies of anti-Communist discrimination and intervention and bringing the Soviet Union into full partnership in settling the affairs of Europe and Asia, provided the Soviet Union and the Cominform States restore normal economic and diplomatic relations with and call off their propaganda campaign against Yugoslavia. For by doing so they would effectively and irrevocably abandon the claim to direct other Communist Parties, which would promptly claim the same right to run their own show as the Yugoslav Communist Party and thereby remove any valid or respectable reason for continuing present Anglo-American policies against Communist Parties in other countries. Yugoslavia is a challenge to the Russians to prove they are Socialists, to the Americans to prove they are not Fascists, and to all of us to show that we prefer even a tepid peace to the cold war.

K. ZILLIACUS.

TIBET, THE LAST REFUGE.

WITH the armies of the Chinese Communists approaching her frontier the independence of Tibet is drawing to a close and with it will perish something very rare and precious in the modern world. The frequent closing of Tibet to visitors, which has encouraged the incursion of a number of adventurers, few of them acquainted with the language, religion or traditions of the people, has created a myth of a country of superstitious and dirty savages, ruled by a despotic and oppressive ecclesiastical polity. The Dalai Lama has been represented as a combination of Pope and Emperor, and the term "Lamaism" to describe the Tibetan form of Buddhism is in origin as deliberately offensive as such phrases as Popery and Romanism were intended to be in our own history. One does not have to enter Tibet itself to disprove such fictions. As one travels up any one of the three mountainous routes that lead from India to Tibet,

through Sikkim, Ladak or along Kim's Hindustan-Tibet road, one becomes increasingly aware of the existence of a homogeneous society of balanced and happy people, living amid majestic surroundings a life permeated and enriched by a doctrine, without political regimentation or our fevered sense of time. Even if the will to enforce it existed, which it does not, there is no apparatus for a modern despotism or theodicy. Everywhere one can see in the well-built houses and their furnishings, especially in the family chapels, evidence of a uniformly high artistic taste. That even the ordinary peasant can appreciate the good points of a kettle or carpet with such sureness of judgment suggests that Tibetan culture is real and widespread, though some deterioration of standards along the frontier has followed the arrival of factory-made articles.

Confirmation that these impressions of the borderlands of Buddhism are not unrepresentative of the centre from which the culture derives comes from that great Orientalist Professor Jacques Bacot, who wrote : " The Tibetans impress one at once by the dignity of their persons. . . . In all Tibet one would be hard put to it to discover one fool. The Tibetans are not barbarous or uncultivated ; nor for that matter is their country. Under their rough hide they conceal refinements that we lack, much courtesy and philosophy, and the need for beautifying common things, whatever happens to be useful to them, be it a tent, a knife or a stirrup. . . . Moreover, they are gay, these Tibetans, as is not elsewhere the case to-day, more so than our wretched workers in their wretched factories, armed with the whole arsenal of their rights. . . . I love their companionship during long rides, for they are taciturn, or else they speak only with good sense, originality and a taste for speculative things."

To call Buddhism a religion is to confine it within the narrow and exclusive limits which modern Western thought assigns to metaphysical and theological activity. To Eastern thought, as to our own medieval ancestors, such restriction is inconceivable. The Hindu and Buddhist doctrines, as Mr. Marco Pallis has written in his *Peaks and Lamas*, give coherence to whole civilisations, formulating the hierarchy of values and permeating every aspect and activity of society. The *mani* walls outside every Tibetan village, the *chortens* or *stupas* at their gateways, the prayer-wheels in running water and the prayer-flags in the wind testify to the all-pervading influence of the gentle and humanising doctrine. Buddhism is one of the world's great religious traditions whose ethic, although based on a fundamentally life-denying philosophy, can rank with the best that Christianity has produced. Indeed, in its attitude to all living creatures it is in advance of anything in the New Testament and in most other Christian writing, until Schweitzer. " That which makes one weep," wrote Marpa, one of the Tibetan saints, " is that all creatures could be Buddha, that they know it not and die in suffering. . . . If that is what you are weeping about, you should go on weeping for ever." Travellers in Tibet all marvel at the abundance and tameness of the animal life, where no one kills but of necessity and many do not kill at all.

There is much misunderstanding in the West about the lamaseries, or monasteries, in which one man in every seven or eight is said to serve, but it is universally regarded as a high honour ; there is no compulsion either to enter or remain (and indeed many alternate between village and cloister), and a lamasery more nearly corresponds to a university than to our conception of a monastery. There is a strong

tradition in Tibetan teaching, as also in Indian, that true comprehension of the doctrine can never be attained by individual study without the assistance of a personal teacher. The relationship between tutor and pupil (the Indian *guru* and *chela*) constitutes an essential intellectual apprenticeship lasting many years, and is exemplified in the contrast between the exoteric "Behold I know. . . ." and the humble esoteric "Thus I have heard. . . ." The lamaseries provide the centres for worship, research and instruction, and it must be remembered that the distinction between religious and secular education is utterly foreign to the Buddhist tradition. Superstitious practices, of course, exist, most of them derived from the pre-Buddhist Bonpa cults, but few are harmful or violent ; and if popular piety does not everywhere attain the ideal, intellectuality is always respected. It is one of the great glories of the Hindu and Buddhist traditions that their adherents have never fought a war to enforce uniformity of belief or to proselytise others. Indeed, so strong is the pacifist element in Buddhism, that its followers have sometimes, as in the case of the Sakyas of the Himalayan foothills from whom the Buddha himself sprang, suffered extermination rather than oppose force with force. Unhappily, Hindu India and the other homelands of Buddhism, Ceylon, Burma, Siam, China and Japan, have all fallen more or less under the corrupting and anti-traditional influence of Western materialism, whose acquisitive societies worship the false gods of progress, evolution and predatory commercialism—or that ultimate apotheosis of idolatry, Communist dialectical materialism. Tibet alone, blessed with her mountain barriers and a stony and sterile countryside, has been able till now to preserve a traditional society.

It is to the credit of the rulers of Tibet that the closure of the frontiers has been at least in part the product of a deliberate policy of excluding anti-traditional influences : a fact which, if understood, might have deterred the better-mannered among the "gate-crashers." But unfortunately there is a gap in the natural defences of the country on its Eastern or Chinese side, and it is from there that Tibetan civilisation is now threatened by the legionaries of totalitarian materialism, whose rulers dare not allow a true religious tradition where it could compete with their own arid ideology. Since their soldiers come armed with Russian and American weapons, it is too much to hope that the Tibetans will be able to resist successfully, even if they forsake their traditional pacifism, as some probably will. It will be said that Tibet has been subjugated before by China without losing her tradition. But China has become infected with the Western anti-traditional virus in its most vicious form. As Mr. Pallis presciently wrote in 1939 :

Just as Japan, forced against her will to become Westernised, learned her lesson only too well and has now caught the nationalist infection as badly as anyone and has become an aggressor in her turn, so China, driven to defend herself against invasion, may find that natural self-defence has turned her also into a militarised national State, with the mentality that belongs to that condition. In that case, Tibetan independence would be precarious, and resistance to an army equipped with modern weapons could only result in a repetition of the Abyssinian tragedy. A democratic China, intent on modernising herself throughout, might well force the Tibetans to follow suit. But till it is clear which road China is going to tread, one worthy of her glorious and pacific past or one leading to yet another version of the modern barbarism, the issue must remain in the balance.

Until it is proved that Chinese Communists are more Chinese than Marxian, it must be feared that the doctrine of "the opium of the masses" may shortly be applied in Tibet. Which, then, is the more truly civilised? The gospel of Lenin or the vision of the great Tibetan poet, Mila Repa :

The notion of emptiness (absence of real self) engenders compassion,
Compassion does away with the distinction between self and other,
The indistinction of self and other renders the service of others effective.

Buddhism is the one tradition which is at least the spiritual and ethical peer of Christianity. A great living champion of Christian ethics, Dr. Albert Schweitzer, wrote of Mahayana Buddhism (the vehicle which is current in Tibet) : "For the first time in the thought of mankind, a world-view (theory of man's purpose in the universe) is dominated by the idea of compassion. . . . How wonderful that there was once a time when there were in the world millions of people so entirely dominated by compassion." Schweitzer was writing of earlier centuries, but that felicity lingered till to-day in the remote part of the world we call Tibet. If the worst happens, and the Communists overrun that country, we must only hope that, as so often before in the East, the victors will eventually be conquered by the culture of the vanquished. It could be that historians of the future will name Tibet among the leaders of that Eastern counter-attack on Western values, which Professor Toynbee foretells ; for the West lives too complacently in the Round of Existence, and the Eightfold Path to Wisdom may become the ally of the Christian ethic of love for our redemption.

C. W. M. GELL.

SHOULD BRITAIN QUIT MALAYA ?

THE real story in Malaya lies behind the Communist *putsch*. For it is the story of the birth of a nation and is only indirectly concerned with bandits and guerrillas. Two years' experiment in operating the Federal Constitution inaugurated on February 1st, 1948, and the free ventilation of fundamental issues by which this practical experience has been accompanied have been a powerful stimulus to political development, especially among the Malays. As a result, Malaya is now entering a new phase. The leaders of all the domiciled races have come to realise that the evolution of an acceptable *modus vivendi* between them is an essential pre-requisite to that self-government which is to-day the passionate aspiration of all Asian peoples. The crux of this problem in Malaya is the attainment of mutual tolerance and reciprocal co-operation between the two major and numerically near-equal races, the Malays, who are unquestionably the true natives of Malaya, and the immigrant Chinese, by whose enterprise and industry the country has been developed. To bring this about has been the ceaseless aim of the Commissioner-General, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, and to his patient diplomacy must be attributed the first appearance of the accredited Malay and Chinese leaders on a common platform pledged to a common purpose.

The emergence, on September 18th, 1949, of the Communities' Liaison Committee, as the sponsors of a draft programme demanding self-government with sovereign status and a Malayan nationality, startled local opinion not a little. Besides the founder-members,

Dato Onn bin Ja'ffar, President of the United Malays National Organisation (U.M.N.O.), and Dato Tan Cheng Lock, President of the Malayan-Chinese Association, (M.C.A.), its members include representatives of all communities, with a Ceylonese, Dato Thuraisingham, as chairman. Membership is, however, on a strictly personal basis, and no organisation is committed to support of the programme by the presence of its leader. This means that all proposals launched by the Liaison Committee have subsequently to be submitted to the respective racial organisations for approval before any further action can be taken to convert them into accepted policy. In practice proposals endorsed by U.M.N.O. and by M.C.A. would easily secure adoption by the Federal Legislative Council (L.E.G.C.O.) and, unless anything occurs to disrupt this Malay-Chinese coalition, the committee now holds the initiative as policy-maker and pace-setter. How far it commands the support of the rank and file on either side is another matter.

The initial statement of policy, which was the fruit of a year and a half of negotiation and preparation, also urged, "as soon as circumstances and local conditions permit," the introduction of legislation for the election of members to the several legislatures of the Federation of Malaya, beginning in "those municipalities, states and settlements which are ready for them." Though the Liaison Committee's statement does not expressly say so, it appears to be intended that the provincial legislatures should have found their feet before the final plunge is taken into elections for the Federal Legislative Council, which would thereby become a "national assembly" or parliament, equal in status to that of Ceylon, having full powers to write or re-write its own constitution and to decide whether to remain in or secede from the British Commonwealth.

The insuperable obstacle to the creation of a Malayan State is the difficulty of determining who shall constitute the Malayan nation. In Malaya as a whole, including the Federation and Singapore, the Chinese outnumber the Malays, though in the Federation alone the 1947 census shows 44 per cent. Malays and 39 per cent. Chinese. With such a demographic picture, the problem of constituting a Malayan nationality, which is the concomitant of independence, or even of a Malayan citizenship, which is the concomitant of an electorate in a Protected State, is obvious. In Burma and in Indonesia there are a number of native and immigrant minorities who have to be reconciled to the dominant majority ; but in each the dominant race commands a substantial majority over the minorities singly or in combination. The task there, however difficult, is not beyond the wit and goodwill of man. Malaya, on the contrary, is almost equally divided between two races who differ in every fundamental respect. The Malays, who preponderate in the less-developed northern and eastern Malay States, are true natives with no alternative homeland and claim Malaya as their country. The Chinese, who are concentrated in the towns and mining areas, are mostly immigrants retaining close ties with China and are unable, under Chinese law, to divest themselves of their Chinese nationality no matter where they may be domiciled. Even without further immigration, with their higher birthrate the Chinese promise to attain numerical superiority in the Federation as well as in Singapore. Sheer weight of numbers, added to their existing economic superiority, under any electoral system would enable them to become masters of Malaya within a foreseeable time. It was this prospect which stirred the Malays to resist the "Malayan Union" proposals for the establish-

ment of "equal citizenship." A modified scheme for "Federal Citizenship" was included in the Federal Constitution in which, to meet Chinese demands, the qualifying period of residence was reduced from fifteen years to ten years, while the reconstitution of the Malay States and control over immigration were to safeguard the Malays against political submergence. But neither side was satisfied and, although all Malays have automatically become "Federal Citizens," the admission of non-Malays to citizenship was shelved.

Now comes a third scheme from the Communities' Liaison Committee, whose proposals were published on April 17th. These differ from their predecessors in adding fresh safeguards against excessive Chinese penetration, an essential condition of Malay support. For two and a half years Chinese Communists have been waging civil war against the Federation, and Malay hostility to admitting their co-nationals to political rights is understandable. To appease Malay opinion, therefore, the Liaison Committee proposes that uniform nationality be established in each Malay State and that all Asians or Eurasians born in a Malay State become the subjects of its Ruler. Federal Citizenship would be automatically acquired by (i) subjects, born or naturalised, of a Malay State, and by (ii) any citizen of the United Kingdom and the Colonies born and permanently resident in any part of the Federation. It would also be obtainable upon application by any citizen of the United Kingdom and Colonies who was not born in any part of the Federation but who fulfils the same requirements as laid down for obtaining naturalisation in a Malay State. These include (a) ability to make himself understood in the Malay or English language; (b) a declaration of permanent settlement; (c) taking the oath of loyalty to the Federation; (d) continuous residence in the Federation for ten years.

Citizenship on this pattern is a very different proposition from the pre-fab model thrust upon an unconsulted Malaya by the Colonial Office in 1946. As defined by the Liaison Committee the proposed citizenship (it suggests the substitution of "Citizen of Malaya" for "Federal Citizen") is clearly a local product, and owes not a little of its inspiration to that distinguished third-generation *British Malayan*, Dato Sir Roland Braddell. The new proposals certainly represent a sincere attempt by all concerned to draw the mesh sufficiently fine so as to exclude from political rights the Chinese immigrant who is unable to speak the language of the country and has no intention of making it his permanent home. They at least demarcate a clear frontier between the two categories of Chinese, i.e. on the one hand Chinese born within the Federation and therefore subjects of the Malay Rulers and thereby automatically Federal Citizens as well are linked with the old "Straits-born" and present "Singapore-born" Chinese who are British subjects and can claim Federal Citizenship as of right; while on the other hand is the new immigrant who, after ten years' residence, may apply for it. In practice this would mean that all Malayan-born Chinese become potential electors on equal terms with the Malays. If elections were fought on a communal basis (though it is an essential part of the Liaison Committee's plan that they should not) the Malays would start with a small numerical advantage, even without the Malays of Patani who, if ethnological laws prevailed, should be an integral part of any Peninsula Malay State. Theoretically both U.M.N.O. and M.C.A. are non-communal bodies, each having opened its doors to members of the other race, and if elections were held now, the cleavage would presumably lie between

candidates standing on the "ticket" of the Liaison Committee, which now claims to represent a non-Communist United Front, and the Communists.

Of course, there are many who deride all talk of introducing elected institutions at a time when the "Emergency" is intensifying rather than abating. But, apart from the fact that the legislation necessary to admit non-Malays to citizenship and to set up electoral machinery would, under existing constitutional procedure, take at least two years to enact, it is essential for the British public, on the spot and at home, to realise that the demand for elected legislatures is rapidly growing. Those pressing for a national parliament are young Malay intellectuals who, if relatively few in number, are convinced believers in the Liaison Committee's vision of creating a Malayan nation by the political fusion of three or more disparate races. So rapid, indeed, flows the current of political evolution that a recent forecast by a competent observer that "the most influential elements among the Malays will not press for democratic reforms in the Federation* is already out of date. A proposal by Dato Onn for converting the Federal Executive Council into the form of a "Cabinet," under which holders of departmental folios would be appointed by political and other organisations, is now being studied in Whitehall. The Federal structure is the object of growing criticism as being cumbersome, "colonial" and, for these reasons, an obstacle to real assimilation. Advocates of the assimilation policy, both British and some of the more westernised Malays supporting Onn, argue that with the introduction of free uniform State education—in itself a tremendous revolution—in the Malay and English languages for all races, real fusion has become a practicable ideal. As these "assimilationists" maintain, the old system of racial segregation in childhood, especially in the Chinese schools, where the children were taught only in Chinese by teachers imported from China, led inevitably to cultural isolation, communal alignment and later to potential political conflict. The essence of the Liaison Committee's scheme is to give Malays a greater share in the economic life of the country and Chinese a greater share in its political life. Malays who support it, and they are only a small minority, urge that, in common with all other countries of South-East Asia and indeed of the whole world, the people of Malaya are confronted with a choice between Communism and Social Democracy, *alias* equality and freedom; that those trained in democratic ideals prefer freedom if they can get it. If, on the other hand, the Western democracies refuse to fulfil their own gospel, disillusioned Social Democrats will turn to Communism and its doctrine of equality as the best hope of improving their lot. On this premiss the most effective way of undermining the Communist appeal is a rapid acceleration of the self-government repeatedly promised to Malaya by British spokesmen.

The vast majority of Malays, however, are hostile to the citizenship proposals of the Liaison Committee, fearing that Onn has surrendered the keep without obtaining a comparable *quid pro quo*. It is indeed difficult to discern any practical safeguard in making Chinese State subjects, a measure more calculated to irritate the Chinese than to flatter the *amour-propre* of the Malays. The vague promise of government aid for rural development in Malay areas and for the stimulus of Malay industry and commerce contained in the Committee's plan does not carry much conviction, especially when offset by the allocation of a million Malayan dollars for the settlement of 300,000 Chinese

* *Political Questions of Malaya*. By G. L. Peet. C.U.P., 1949, p. 30.

squatters in the jealously protected Malay preserves. Onn's request, when he came to London in January 1948, for a £1 million loan for the establishment of an Agricultural Bank was rejected, as also his proposal for the appointment of a Malay Deputy High Commissioner (which would have meant himself) owing to the opposition of the Sultans who resented the idea of a commoner occupying a higher position than their own. The substitution of a single Paramount Sultan for the existing nine Malay Rulers is a project long-cherished by Onn, the same principle of rotation to be applied as governs the Perak succession; but his rupture with the absentee Sultan of Johore has been interpreted in many quarters as foreshadowing a split between U.M.N.O. and the Sultans as a body. Before Malay nationalism became an active force the Malay States were undoubtedly an effective barrier against Chinese encroachment; but with the rising demand among Malays for dominion status on the Ceylon model, the State structures are becoming anachronisms. This tendency is strengthened by the want of public spirit among the Rulers themselves. With the exception of the late Sultan Iskandar of Perak, who, as a royal Malay patriot, might have attained a position comparable to that now held by the Sultan of Jogjakarta in Java, and the young Rajah of Perlis, who is genuinely social-minded, their interests are selfish and personal. If, in response to his own judgement and/or the views of his followers, Onn turns Republican, the States, and possibly the Federation which they comprise, would survive merely as the bastion of British power and ultimately go the way of the Dutch-manufactured Federation in Indonesia.

A fully developed "Malayan" policy implies the substitution of nationality for citizenship, the election of a central legislature and the incorporation of Singapore. It also implies giving free rein to the evolution of Malay nationalism, even to the extent of allowing Malays to recast the form of their own polity if they so desire. There is every likelihood that under a new and stable Labour Government "dominion status" would be brought appreciably nearer. But the keystone of Labour's assimilation policy is a stop on immigration from anywhere, a Shangri-la situation which can only be provided by British arms. Without British support the whole experiment would dissolve into chaos overnight. The interests of Malaya and its people, no less than dollar pressure, preclude any British Government from contemplating withdrawal at any foreseeable date. A clear declaration that we have no intention of pulling out is complementary to political advance. But the two are inseparable, and the greatest danger is that political urgencies should be lost sight of in the midst of a military campaign which alone will never overcome Communism.

BARBARA WHITTINGHAM-JONES.

TURKISH SNAPSHOTS.

FLYING in at 5,000 feet one searches the horizon for a glimpse of the Black Sea, but the distance, "vaporious, unaccountable," is veiled in a gauzy mist of blue and pink. Nature itself draws a curtain over the lost importance of this once-prosperous waterway, which—already in decline before the second world war—is now to all intents and purposes closed to international trade. "I guess that's the Bosphorus! And there's the Golden Horn!" excitedly exclaims the American woman colonel as we near the forked blue channel of water. Accustomed to the sight, the returning Istanbul Greek busies

himself with preparations for landing : he has been in Italy arranging further shipments of the *chapeaux de paille* which have been summer's most popular masculine headwear in Istanbul. On either hand the shore line of russet-coloured hills is broken by a green fretwork of fig and cherry orchards, of olive groves and almond plantations. To our right, as we curve in over the magnificent panorama of the former imperial city, gold-tipped minarets glittering in the afternoon sun and the domes of many mosques crowning the slopes—among them the onion-skin brown of ancient Aghia Sophia—give the first intimation of an eastern landfall.

Of all the cities of the world only Rio de Janeiro and San Francisco can claim a site of comparable natural beauty ; only Cairo—and perhaps Calcutta—offers such a mixture of East and West ; only Rome is as ancient and as rich in history. To-day Istanbul seems a frontier post : no longer is there sea or land traffic worth mentioning, and the only passengers brought three times a week by the Orient Express are diplomatic couriers and such commercial travellers as are lucky enough to get visas from both the Titoist and the Moscow-controlled Bulgarian police. The visitor is met with typical Turkish hospitality, friendliness and courtesy ; but welcome is tempered with caution and acceptance is guarded. Ever present in the public mind is a fear which expresses itself in the question put to me by the airport Customs officer. " Is Bolshevik propaganda strong in England ? " he asks, as we exchange a few commonplaces in German. From the airport a ten-mile drive skirts the ruined Byzantine walls—a relic more impressive even than Carcassonne of a superb fortification—and plunges into the maelstrom of the old city. Here narrow, congested streets, clanging trams and a multitude of large, American-built taxis driven by wildly speeding and hooting Turks create the noisiest, liveliest scene imaginable.

Though shabby, old Istanbul has a distinctive appeal which has been enhanced by the improvement schemes of recent years. Slums have been cleared, and unsightly shops which crowded often against the very walls of historic mosques, obscuring their splendours, have been demolished. This is work of which the governor, Dr. Lütfi Kirdar, and his French town-planning adviser, Professor Henri Prost, may well be proud. In the autumn of 1949 Dr. Kirdar was returned to Parliament in a by-election and was succeeded as *vali* by Dr. Fahreddin Kerim Gokay, a nerve specialist and head of the Istanbul mental asylum, who proposed to continue the building and housing policy of his predecessor. The governor, incidentally, since the removal of the capital to Ankara, is fortunate enough to occupy the famous *Babi Ali* or Sublime Porte, until 1920 the seat of the Grand Vizier. Shopping is well organised, with displays of everything from speedboats to costume jewellery. The former, of course, represent American imports and the latter comes from Italy or Czechoslovakia. Surprisingly enough, as exporter to Turkey, Czechoslovakia in 1949 took the third place after the United States and Great Britain. Germany—or rather Western Germany—is again Turkey's best customer. For entertainment one must go to Beyoglu. Crossing to the former Pera is to enter a strangely contrasting region of nondescript banality. Even the Galata bridge traversing the Golden Horn expresses the difference between the sector we are leaving and this quarter inhabited by national minorities and foreign residents ; behind stands the solemn edifice of the Valideh Mosque ; at the bridge-end rises an unimpressive pile of shipping buildings and banks. The

foreign visitor must stay at Beyoglu because only there are there a few hotels of not unreasonable comfort ; but architecturally there is nothing worth seeing in this ugly part of Istanbul. It offers, however, a variety of modest amusements. If you are not one to mind a two-year-old film, there are cinemas showing American, British and French pictures, as well as inferior Turkish and Egyptian productions. If food is your hobby, restaurants present the choice of European *cuisine* or native dishes. Whether eating their meal to the accompaniment of *raki*, or savouring the ritual of the hookah, or *nargileh*, and coffee, the company (like the modern muezzin, whose call to the faithful appears to be "too fine for mortal ears") is largely silent. (Provocative reflection for the curious visitor : what might have been the Prophet's reactions could he have foreseen that his embargo on the juice of the grape would stimulate the thirsty faithful to produce a fig distillation so excessively incompatible to the liver as *raki* !)

In the afternoon everybody saunters along the Istiklal Caddesi, or Independence Avenue, once the Grande Rue de Pera, at the northern end of which the Square of the Republic, with its statue of Atatürk and pedestal awaiting that of İnönü, divides Beyoglu from the new residential quarter. This, modern as Ankara, and home of the new Turkish middle class, is the only district, by the way, where I saw a new mosque. Though officially Turkish rule is no longer bound up with religious life, the formalities of religion continue to be observed, and in the villages especially there persists some religious fervour. Faith, of course, also bears the responsibility for the thousands of starving cats which are a problem everywhere in Istanbul. In an earlier day the problem was dogs and Abd-ul-Hamid's solution to this was to round up the wretched creatures and abandon them on an islet of the Prinkipo archipelago, there to exterminate themselves. In the evening promenade it is pleasant to pause at one or other of the embowered cafés scattered along the slopes of Beyoglu. In their gardens, violin, lute, clarinet and tambourine nightly produce a mournful and, to European ears, monotonous music, accompanying the primitive cadences of Turkish folk songs.

The University of Istanbul, housed in the spacious buildings of the old *Seraskerat* (War Office), has over 10,000 students, of whom the majority are passionately Nationalist, regarding with suspicion the present régime, which in their eyes is too "soft" and too "anti-clerical." On the recent death of Marshal Fevzi Çakmak the students, deeming insufficient the Government homage to their hero, snatched his coffin from the gun carriage and from its official escort and, lifting it above the crowd on their upstretched hands, themselves carried it to the Eyub cemetery. Taking in also the suburbs on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, Istanbul has a population of more than 900,000 inhabitants, including over 100,000 Greeks, 55,000 Armenians, 47,000 Jews and 28,000 other non-Moslems. Before World War I these non-Turkish minorities controlled the economic life of the capital and even of the Ottoman empire. To-day they work harder to earn less and all would gladly leave if it were possible to do so—preferably for the United States—and if they could take with them the gold or dollar proceeds from the sale of their businesses and belongings.

A commonly heard protest is that Istanbul is not Turkey. None the less it is interesting to note that a dozen Turkish-language morning papers are published in Istanbul's Fleet Street, the Babbali Caddesi, against only three in Ankara. The largest circulation is around 70,000,

and with one exception all the newspapers claim to be either independent or opposition organs. As comment is free and there is no libel law, and as, on the other hand, the virtues of toleration and moderation are not very deep-rooted, personal attacks are the order of the day. Abdullah, says Ahmed, is dishonest. "I am a hundred times more honest than your father was," retorts Abdullah the next day. The polemical complexion, it will be seen, owes nothing to subtlety.

Market gardens and orchards give place to hills and ravines as the one-track railway line threads the winding valley of the river Sakarya, climbing constantly. Two hours after leaving the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, we are on the Anatolian plateau, a barren, treeless, but not uninhabited land. The monotonous landscape lasts for hours. Towards evening, when the mountains on the horizon become a backcloth of pink and mauve, the train stops suddenly amidst trees. The air is sweet with the fragrance of flowering acacias. We are at Gazi, a model farm or *çiftlik* founded by Atatürk and now a suburb of Ankara.

The capital of Turkey is an oasis in a desert, a triumph of willpower and determination to survive, a pleasant mixture of old and new. On a rocky hill rising 500 feet above the plain the old walled town is picturesque, with its narrow streets and flat-roofed, mushroom-like houses. Below is modern Ankara, with spacious Government buildings, sometimes happy attempts to create a new Turkish style. In general, however, the wide boulevards and yellow, pink and apple-green apartment houses of the new city present a very European aspect. Trees, flower beds and even an artificial lake in the centre of the town suggest some opulent health resort of Western Germany, an impression perhaps induced by the fact that a German, Professor Hermann Jansen, was the chief planner of modern Ankara. When he drew up his plans it was officially estimated that the population of the new capital, which by 1922 numbered 25,000, would reach 150,000 around 1950. To-day it is approaching 300,000. "And it is still increasing," Dr. Ragıp Tüzün, the first elected mayor of Ankara, told me proudly. "In 1949 we gave permits for the construction of about 2,400 new apartments by private enterprise. Because of financial difficulties, the Government had to postpone many plans, but they are going ahead with the new Parliament building on the slopes of Kavaklıdere."

The construction at this juncture of a new *Maclis* is symbolical, for Turkey is undergoing a process of transition towards democracy. Some scepticism as to the genuineness of this development was dismissed after I had had conversations with politicians of the Government Republican People's Party and of the opposition Democratic and National parties. Reasons of practical policy, and not of some metaphysical anxiety, prompt the Turkish leaders to discard the one-party system. Listening to the proceedings in the *Maclis*, I am struck by the school-like atmosphere conveyed by the daily roll-call and the two-by-two seating arrangements. But it is long since this collection of representatives knew their schooldays. Scarcely a young face among them: few can be under 50 in this gathering of hard-headed politicians. The debate is sober, undistinguished; but personalities are not excluded. "You are another Abd-ul-Hamid," the National Party spokesman throws at Semsettin Günaltay, the Prime Minister. "He was afraid of progress and you are afraid of religious freedom." It is understandable that those in the saddle are reluctant to give up power. The leaders of the People's Party feel responsible for the fulfilment of Atatürk's revolution and fear new hands on the reins.

Change of Government alone cannot bring prosperity. Four-fifths of the population are peasants, who remain uninventive and cling to archaic methods: a family's average yearly income is no more than about £35. Though the 8 per cent. of the population engaged in industry or the 5 per cent. in public administration fare better, their average yearly income being about £300 per family, taxation diminishes their earnings by a third. Wages and salaries have not been increased since 1946, when the prices of food were five times higher than in 1939: now they are six and a half times higher. A Turkish civil servant earns on an average three times less than his British opposite number, and to live in moderate comfort the intellectual and clerical class must often follow several occupations: one acquaintance, for instance, combines teaching with journalism and practises also as a lawyer. The remedies, of which I found most people well aware, are obvious. Farming methods will have to be modernised and transport developed; further industrialisation should not be long delayed. But money is short, and the "cold war" waged on Turkey does not create favourable conditions for private investment in the national economy, which probably has been saved from collapse only by American aid, modest though that is. Americans are replenishing and standardising army equipment and building strategic roads and airfields. The streets of Ankara are thronged with United States army officers: with difficulty, in face of the peasant lack of technical skill, they are teaching the Turks how to handle American machines and equipment. Sometimes this unfamiliarity with modern mechanisms is the despair of the instructors. One of these told me, for instance, of a car journey undertaken with a Turkish driver. When ignition trouble developed the accompanying Turkish officer assured the passengers that the driver was a good one and would soon put things right. Seeing him, however, furiously cutting the wires with a knife, the Americans decided that it would be quicker to walk the few miles to their destination. Perhaps an untried faith in the potentialities of American machines rather than pure ignorance was responsible for another incident in which Turkish soldiers were actors. A steam crane built to lift a maximum weight of five tons naturally came to grief on being used for a load twice as heavy. "This machinery," was the comment, "is not so good after all." Change is of course on the way. But it will take a generation to bring modern civilisation to the villages of Anatolia, and a long period of peace is essential. The vital question is will there be such peace?

K. M. SMOGORZEWSKI.

WORDSWORTH'S OLD AGE.

"O H, Mr. Wordsworth, how could you be so giddy?" The bard was already over sixty when he heard this question from Mrs. Hemans, the winsome Felicia whose name can never be dissociated from Casabianca and his burning deck. She had come on from Abbotsford to visit the Bard of the Mountains at Rydal, and found that in two hours she was on better terms with him than she had been in several days with the author of *The Heart of Midlothian* and of *The Lady of the Lake*. In fact, she found a lurking love of mischief in him. He had already arrived at the moment when his sister Dorothy's brain gave way, and the voice which had been like a hidden bird that sang was heard too often making noises like a turkey gobbling, while at others she whistled shrilly between her teeth. Her ageing brother

watched over her with patient affection for the eighteen remaining years of his life, but he turned to other women for what she had given him in her youth from her passionate appreciation both of him and of the sights she saw of land and sky. Of these women, Mrs. Hemans was too soon to die and Wordsworth was writing :

Mourn rather for that holy spirit
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep
For her who, ere her summer faded
Has sunk into a breathless sleep.

But three women remained to play a great part in his life. There was his daughter Dora, in whom Sara Coleridge found a compound of vehemence of feeling with gentleness, sharpness with lovingness, Dora who was soon to fall in love with a poet neighbour, Edward Quillinan, but not to be allowed to marry him till she had languished many a year, partly because he was a Catholic and partly because her father found it so engaging not to be taken too seriously and to be rallied by her unseriousness from the time she came into his bedroom to give him his morning kiss. She entered into the recesses of her father's mind, wrote Hartley Coleridge, and drew them out to gambol with her in the childishness that always hung upon her womanhood. Dora's death in 1847 clouded his remaining years with such spells of gloom, such recurring tears that the ancient power of joy deserted him ; nor could he speak again of " rejoicing secretly in the sublime attractions of the grave " or " the appropriate calm of blest eternity." For the misery over his daughter's death presents one of the puzzles of his life ; in spite of all his mystical philosophy, his being " prepared in peace of heart, in calm of mind and soul to mingle with eternity," the nearer he came to death, the more he was prone to distress.

This was noted by the two other women who shared with Dora the chief place in the old poet's heart. One was, of course, his wonderful wife. We have heard so much of Dorothy that we tend to forget a little the great part played by Mary Wordsworth. She, too, could write prose, as we can see if we look at her part of the *Journal of their Tour of the Continent*, written in 1820. It was she who actually composed about the Gowbarrow daffodils the familiar lines :

They flash upon the inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.

And of this bliss Thomas de Quincey further wrote that " she seemed to have a perpetual enjoyment of her own thoughts." She was a thrifty housekeeper, and of her husband's work an independent critic : yet every year, in spite of her slight squint, she grew more beautiful in his eyes till she became " dearer far than light and life are dear." As he wrote already in *The Prelude* :

She came no more a phantom to adorn
A moment, but an inmate of the heart
And yet a spirit there for me enshrined
To penetrate the lofty and the low ;
Even as one essence of pervading light
Shines in the brightness of ten thousand stars
And the meek worm that feeds her lonely lamp
Couched in the dewy grass.

Those were to be the two parts for Mary Wordsworth, the galaxy and the meek worm ; and in each her light was to keep shining till the end.

When he was seventy-five he wrote of her smile shining in his passionate heart :

As the clear moon with modest pride
Beholds her own bright beams
Reflected from the mountains side
And from the headlong streams.

Mary Wordsworth's modesty and meekness, however, when she was dealing with her husband were not overdone, and she had a wit which her friends enjoyed. Her sense of humour once led her so far as to send to Mrs. Arnold at Fox Hill across the Rotha some lines written by a curate who had noticed that a birch tree in the neighbourhood had withered when the famous schoolmaster came to live close by. The curate had suggested that this tree for fear lest its twigs should be :

Put by fate
To use both savage and indelicate
Sickened at Rugby's lord.

But Mrs. Arnold, so Crabb Robinson noted, did not appreciate the curate's verses as much as Mrs. Wordsworth had done.

The third woman who, after Dorothy's light was dimmed, meant most to her brother was Isabella Fenwick, a woman of means and family whose fine features expressed her interplay of keen judgment with keen feeling. "A more generous and more tender heart I never knew," wrote Edith Coleridge to Aubrey de Vere. "She is a woman of large and noble heart," he wrote in turn, "with a peculiar spirit of self-sacrifice," her feelings were impetuous and passionate, but dignity marked both her loyalties and her scorn. Sympathy and independence, judgment and womanly tenderness joined to make her a perfect companion to the ageing Wordsworth. "Never," wrote Edward Quillinan, "was there such an admirable woman."

To her the poet dictated famous notes about his poems. His friendship with her was not short of a romance ; he loved to go and visit her at all hours : he read her in impassioned tones long passages of his poems, including those he was revising ; he greeted her with the kiss of affection and invited her to come and stay at Rydal Mount in order that his frequent visits to her might not provoke the gibe of gossips.

And what did Mrs. Wordsworth think of this unusual friendship ? She was delighted with it and welcomed Miss Fenwick as warmly as her husband did. "She is such a blessing to that dear old couple," wrote Quillinan, "that I half believe neither the poet nor his wife, happy as they are in each other, are ever quite happy without her." She has left her own record of him : she saw his violent temper and tumultuous memories held together with his genius and his intense spirituality in one complex unity of gigantic grandeur. "I have witnessed many a sad scene," she wrote, "yet my affection and admiration, even my respect, goes on with increasing knowledge of him." Yet it was Mary that she really admired the more.

There are many brilliant descriptions of his old age from other pens. One of the best known is that of Leigh Hunt, who said he never beheld eyes that looked so inspired or supernatural. They were like fires half burning, half smouldering with a sort of acrid fixture of regard, and seated at the further end of two caverns." "I never met," said Robert Perceval Graves, in a passage which has escaped attention, "with a mind that seemed to me to work constantly with so much vigour or with

feelings so constantly in a state of fervour. The strong intellect was, to use his own expression, steeped in the strong feeling, but the man was always master of both ; so broad was the basis of his mental constitution, so powerful the original will which guided and controlled his emotions." Carlyle wrote of a vivacious strength looking through him and of a rustic simplicity and dignity.

It was a different Wordsworth of whom the neighbouring rustics spoke. "For a' he was a sizeable man, he was plainish featured and was a man as had no pleasure in his faace. Wordsworth was not lovable in the faace by no means, for a' he was a sizeable man . . . For a' he had noa pride nor nowt, was a man who was quite one to hissel, ye kna. He was not a man as folks could crack wi' nor not a man as could crack wi' folks. But there was another thing as kep' folks off, he had a ter'ble girt deep voice and ye might see his face agaan for long enuff. I've known folks, village lads and lasses, coming over by old road above which runs from Grasmere to Rydal flay't a'mo' to death there by Wishing Gaat to hear the girt voice a groanin' and mutterin' and thunderin' of a still evening."

But others quoted the lines :

He murmured by the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.

And Aubrey de Vere, who considered it the greatest privilege of his life to have stayed a few days with the Wordsworths, has also given us a vivid account of his company : "He strikes me as the kindest and most simple-hearted old man I know, and I did not think him less sublime for enquiring often after you, and saying you were a person not to be forgotten. He talks in a manner very peculiar. As for duration, it is like the rising up of the sun to the going down of the same. As for quality, a sort of thinking aloud, a perpetual purring of satisfaction. He murmurs like a tree in the breeze, as softly and as incessantly ; it seems as natural to him to talk as to breathe. He is by nature audible as well as visible and going on thus uttering his being just as a fountain continues to flow or a star to shine. . . . But it was only among his mountains that Wordsworth could be understood. He walked among them not so much to admire them as to converse with them. They exchanged thoughts with him in sunshine and flying shadows, giving him their own and accepting his. Day and night, at all hours and in all weathers, he would face them."

Such then was the old poet as he appeared to those who came to him to enjoy admiring. And Miss Fenwick, in one of her most touching letters, says how one morning when he looked unusually happy she discovered that the reason was that his wife had told him he was cleverer than ever, the wife who had been so sparing of her praise, so ready to point to the ever recurring lines which were ludicrously unworthy of genius far less sublime than his. And Mary Wordsworth had agreed : "I do believe he is greater than ever."

But was he ? The general opinion of the last fifty years is that he had ceased to be a great poet thirty years before. It was the view of Harper, who devotes only 80 pages out of 640 to the last thirty-five years of Wordsworth's life. It was put brutally by Dr. Garrod. It has been echoed by Mr. Fausset. It was mentioned by Ernest de Selincourt, and what was maintained by him is never contradicted by Miss Darbishire. But it was vigorously contested by another leading scholar, Miss Batho, and still receives strong support from an American lady,

Miss Mary Burton. In *The One Wordsworth* Miss Burton subjected the two verses of *The Prelude* to the most searching scrutiny yet given them, and as a result she undermines the contentions of Ernest de Selincourt. The revision Wordsworth makes in his old age, she concludes, "forces us to recognise in him a discerning critic and a fine artist . . . the revision of *The Prelude* has been repeatedly cited as an evidence of his deterioration as a poet and thinker, as a proof of his so-called apostasy, by the dictum that there were two Wordsworths. A thorough study of that revision has proved it to be of no value for the substantiation of such beliefs. On the contrary, it has shown Wordsworth, so far as this poem is concerned, a vastly better poet than his younger self and a clearer thinker on any point touched upon by the revisions." And with the axe of quotation, Miss Burton hews Ammon hip and thigh.

But it is not only the perfected *Prelude* which we owe to the aged Wordsworth. He was over sixty when he wrote to Scott what many have held to be his most perfect sonnet, and added in *Yarrow Re-visited* the moving verse :

For thou upon a hundred streams
By tales of love and sorrow
Of faithful love, undaunted truth
Hast shed the power of Yarrow.
And streams unknown, hills yet unseen
Wherever they invite thee
At parent Nature's grateful call
With gladness must requite thee.

Wordsworth was seventy-three when he wrote of Southey :

Wide were his aims yet in no human heart
Could private feelings meet for holier rest
His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top ; but he to heaven was vowed
Through his industrious life, and Christian faith
Calmed in his soul the fear of change and death.

He was seventy-five when he wrote :

That to this mountain daisy's self were known
The beauty of its star shaped shadow throne
On the smooth surface of this naked stone.

At the age of seventy-one he voices in tones of undiminished nobleness his zeal for those

hidden from all eyes
In silence, and the awful modesties
Of sorrow.

and added :

Feel for all, as brother men
Rest not in hope want's icy chain to thaw
By casual boons and formal charities.
Learn to be just, just through impartial law.
Far as ye may, erect and equalise
And what ye cannot reach by statute, draw
Each from his fountain of self-sacrifice.

And so he would

Learn to make Time the father of wise hope.

And he could well depict the elements when he wrote :

Downbearing with his whole Atlantic weight
Of tide and tempest on the structure's base
And flashing to that structure's topmost height
Ocean has proved its strength.

These later poems have their value, as *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale* have their value in relation to *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*. None could be more just than was Hartley Coleridge in a letter of 1836 :

“ Mr. Wordsworth looks older, but keeps up his spirits wonderfully ; his character, like his poetry, is much softened by age. I know not how Derwent can think his last volume poor and degenerate. This is indeed nothing like the *Ode on Immortality* or the finer parts of *The Excursion*. There is neither the same profundity of thought nor the same solar warmth of feeling—but there is a vein of tenderness, sweetness and beauty which is almost new. It is natural for an old man—and such our revered friend now is, to withdraw alike from intensity of intellectual exertion and from perturbation of feeling. My father could not have written *The Ancient Mariner* at sixty, but who will say that his genius declined ? The genius was there as mighty as ever, but the frame could no longer endure to set it a-going. ”

The argument as to Wordsworth's last thirty-five years is, however, not generally settled by literary standards. It is a question of politics and belief. And people will continue to take their stand accordingly. But if there should be among men of letters a turn to Wordsworth's church allegiance, or if the competence of universal suffrage should be doubted, then more will return to the views held by Keble and Aubrey de Vere in Wordsworth's lifetime and by Dr. Inge, Miss Burton and Miss Batho in our own time ; then it will be the vogue not to deplore the Lost Leader but to venerate the believer and the mystic. To the man of the left, and the sceptic, Wordsworth is trying ; for he returned from doubt to belief in the Church of England and sympathy with Catholic worship, though not with Catholic emancipation ; he returned from hope in revolution to enthusiasm for tradition. He refused to believe in the dogma that the greatest number knew with infallible accuracy how to secure the greatest good. But at either end of his life his views were not extreme. On the contrary, in all its phases his life and genius were consistent, from childhood to the resignation and weariness of his final years. At all times his love of nature was one with passionate fondness for his own family, and indeed, as his decline from his early triumphs in combining description of nature with spiritual experience coincides with his absorption in the life of his family. His sister Dorothy was always stimulating his attention to the outward scene ; his daughter Dora concentrated his attention on herself, “ her laughter-loving gaiety and lightly sportive wit.” And nothing is more instructive than to compare the sublime passage in *The Prelude* which he wrote on the gorge of Gondo with the commonplace verses he wrote in the same place when in 1820 he was thinking of getting home to Dora. He was right, no doubt, in preferring Mary and Dora to the Langdale Pikes : but these affections increasing when he had said all there was to say of the fine scenes around him, showed that by that time we must look for other things—and if we search for them we discover them. For the later Wordsworth is more unknown now than he was a hundred years ago.

ROBERT SENCOURT.

THOMAS MANN.*

IT is possible to look at Thomas Mann's achievement from various angles. One can admire his becoming bolder and bolder as an artist the older he gets ; and one can, at the same time, see how he who, from the beginning, looked at the species of artists with doubts and irony, almost despairs of the artist's, of art's rôle in our days. Secondly, one can see him de-bourgeoisise himself by and by ; and lastly, one can see him un-romanticise himself more and more radically. All these three sides of his development mean the same thing : freeing himself from inherited valuations.

Artistically, he has once confessed that in his youth he liked to lean on inspiring masters. The older he grew, however, the more his artistic pride bade him leave the beaten track and search for new ways—until he found that "the essence of art" consisted "in making possible something wholly new, capriciously unlike anything else, a perfect venture." It is very characteristic of him that, in *Lotte in Weimar*, he makes the lonely Goethe say with a deep sigh : "Ah, if one only lived in a free, witty society, what powerful and extraordinary things one could write for it ! How much is art restricted and shackled in its natural boldness by petty considerations !" In his latest novel, an intelligent critic says about the artist-hero : "With every finished work he makes life harder for himself, and in the end impossible. Spoilt by the extraordinary and made fastidious by it against anything else, he must at last be stranded on the cliffs of the impossible, of what simply cannot be done." It is clear that Thomas Mann lifts here, for a moment, the curtain from his innermost experiences as an artist. There is only a surface resemblance between his highly artistic novels and those of other novelists who are still, with slight alterations, writing novels *à la* Thackeray, Flaubert, Tolstoi. They constitute (for readers who are responsive to their fascinating charms and sophisticated secrets) a new literary form, something of which the conventional novel writers have never dreamt.

Parallel with that development runs a growing doubt about the rôle of art and artists. Still very early he confessed that he "entertained the greatest possible mistrust against the artist, the poet." He painted various portraits of artists which are full of self-doubt and self-hatred ; he pictured the life of the artist as being outside real life, as only a sham, like the life of the crook surreptitiously assuming one rôle after the other. And in his latest novel we read : "Work, time, and artistic play, they are one, and together they fall victim to critique. It no longer tolerates artistic play, the fiction, the self-sufficiency of form which censures passions and human suffering, divides them out in parts and translates them into pictures. Permissible is still only the non-fictional, the non-playful, the undisguised and unmitigated expression of suffering in its actual moment."

His moving further and further from the ways of his bourgeois forefathers, from bourgeois valuations, constitutes a different development. In his early days he was "a bourgeois gone astray" and sometimes felt a melancholy longing to go back to the simplicity of naïve people who felt secure within the confines of their bourgeois conventionality. This, however, was a longing made half unreal by irony, and he began to feel comparatively early that being a writer naturally meant questioning one's inherited ways of living and thinking. For a

* Thomas Mann was 75 on June 6th.

long time he had kept away from politics. When, however, he had realised that also an unpolitical attitude implied politics of some sort and that he could not possibly shut his eyes any longer, it took him not very long to realise that bourgeois democracy was outmoded and to propagate its transformation into a social democracy, which, while retaining the idea of liberty in the intellectual sense of the word, would bring about a juster distribution of wealth. In his *Joseph and His Brethren* we find various humoristic examples of his criticism of bourgeois thinking. When Jacob flying before the wrath of his brother Esau arrives in the house of Laban without any means, this delightful uncle says to him: "The consequences must be drawn for thee and me according to the laws of trade and husbandry." He also talks of "the natural harshness that governs the life of trade" and makes his nephew a slave, saying: "For thou knowest not whither to go and art not a man to write conditions." Later in the novel, we find Potiphar making Joseph read to him various pieces of Egyptian literature, one of which he particularly likes, a "sinister and frightful prophecy of encroaching disorder in the two lands, ending in complete anarchy, an awful reversal of the order of things, when the rich would be poor and the poor rich. . . ." Thomas Mann suggests the conjecture that the Egyptian dignitary liked to hear that account "perhaps only for the shudder which he might enjoy while reflecting that the rich were still rich and the poor still poor, and that they would remain so if one avoided disorder and sacrificed to the gods."

It is, in this connection, interesting to follow Thomas Mann's opinion on Soviet Russia. Although he could never approve of the philosophical dogmatism of Communism or of the suppression by the Russian Communists of all intellectual and personal liberty, he sees a difference between the Bolshevist and the National-Socialist revolutions. The Nazis, he argues, tried to make the world believe that their utterly retrograde ideas were something very new and utterly revolutionary. In reality, they were "without any love for humanity and had no relation whatever to the idea of a perfected society." As to the Russian Revolution, however, we shall in future have to forget its "atrocities," as we have decided to forget the atrocities of the French Revolution in order to do justice to the undeniable progress it introduced into European society. The policy of the West between the world wars, however, was to allow Hitler to grow in a formidable measure, so that he might march against the East, and with horror Thomas Mann sees the very same thing being repeated since 1945. "Victory," he states, "will be lost this time in worse a manner than last time," and on another occasion he said despairingly that in present-day Germany "the German hopelessness meets with another one, with that of the politics of our occupation authorities." Nothing would be further from the truth than to call Thomas Mann a crypto-communist. He has denounced the totalitarian ideology, the "holy terror" of Communism (and Catholicism) more than twenty-five years ago, at the time when he began to question the adequacy of bourgeois democracy. Earlier still, however, when criticising the ways of politicians, he had said that intolerance, hypocrisy and selfrighteousness were their main vices. As to the Germans, he has shown in his *Doctor Faustus* that a real betterment of every German could only come from the realisation: "My sin is greater than it can be forgiven me," whether one understands this confession in a Christian or in a secular-humanistic sense. But the manner in which the West is now courting the German people makes them forget

what they have done between 1933 and 1945. That other great German poet and novelist, Hermann Hesse, Nobel prizewinner like Thomas Mann—they were the only two German writers of high standing who fought National Socialism from the beginning—writes about his present-day compatriots: "If you try to speak to them, however cautiously, about the fate of the Jews in Hitler-Germany or the German guilt, you meet with reactions that make you blush with shame." German nationalism is growing again. What Thomas Mann thinks of such a situation one can guess from his statement that in our days "all nationalism is suffocating." Looking at the social affairs in post-war Germany, he is reminded of what he stated years ago: that capitalists always "preferred to unite with the arch-enemies of freedom rather than to consent to social regulation of freedom so that freedom might outlive liberalism." Freedom, he asserts, is an eternal idea but the liberalism of *laissez-faire* is only the way of life of the bourgeois period. Parallel to his freeing himself from bourgeois prejudices goes his freeing himself from all religious and philosophical dogmatism. In his biblical novel he treats religion with perfect detachment. He shows that religion has helped civilise humanity, but he shows at the same time that man has always created his gods in his own image, conceiving a more ethical idea of the godhead the more civilised he became. Thomas Mann shows that the various religions which grew up around the Mediterranean sprang from an identical idea, the conception of a Great Mother and her world-saving Child—an idea to be found with the old Sumerians, Babylonians, Phœnicians, Egyptians as well as in Christianity. Thomas Mann emphasises that the ethics of Christianity is one of the two pillars of our European heritage, the other being Greek humanism, but about the Christian dogma he states that "one can easily understand that to civilised antiquity it must have seemed like a hideously atavistic relapse with its awful revival and reanimation of primordial religion, its primitive mentality, its blood- and bond-meal of the flesh of the divine sacrifice." He cannot help being astonished at the career, among so many rival gods, of the god of a small Palestinian tribe with the peoples of Europe. His attitude towards religious dogmatism is similar to that of Goethe, whom he makes say: "The conceptions of religion are an ingredient of culture which one (i.e. I, Goethe) may use in a cheerful and symbolic manner if one wants to make some general truth visible and perceptible in a familiar and homely image." This is what Thomas Mann did in his *Joseph and His Brethren* and at the end of his *Doctor Faustus*. Whenever he uses religious notions he does so in a metaphorical sense, again, in this, like Goethe. Just as Goethe had outgrown the opposites of "Christian" and "heathen," so Thomas Mann declares "that the humanity of the future will not exhaust itself in the spirituality of the Christian faith, in the Christian dualism of soul and body," and hopes for a piety which "will be Christianity no longer nor heathenism once again." He not only steers clear of religious dogmas but also of all philosophical dogmas. "Doubt and sin," he once confessed, "are more fertile and more liberating than virtue, the dignity of reason, the philistine pride of the proprietor of truth." He goes even further and says: "To the artist, new experiences of 'truth' are new incentives for his artistic play, new possibilities of expression, no more."

Thirdly, Thomas Mann's intellectual development includes his ever-growing de-romantisation, and that means his un-Germanisation, as he sees it. Very important in this process was his relation to music,

more especially to Wagner. *Tristan* and *The Ring of the Nibelung* were his deepest experiences in the world of art, and his critical utterances about Wagner have more passionate accents than his pronouncements on any other artist, as for instance: "Wonderful hours of a deep and lonely happiness, hours full of shudders and short raptures, full of ecstasies of nerves and intellect," "indescribable delight," "miraculous works"—these are a few, chosen at random. By and by, however, and already very early, he began to doubt whether that romantic music was at all salutary for the soul of its German hearers. It is no mere chance that, in *Doctor Faustus*, the artist-hero, being the conqueror of all romantic music, chooses just a piece of Wagner's music in order to demonstrate how worn-out have become all the musical forms used for centuries by one generation of composers after another. But already twenty years before he wrote this novel he had said in full view of the growing danger of National Socialism: "Everybody who thinks it of importance to give the German soul clarity and shape in order to make it possible in the world, was forced to fight the equivocal mysticism of music in Germany, though he might thus do violence to his own nature." (And here Hermann Hesse agrees with him again.) Romanticism and music are in Thomas Mann's view identical notions. What, however, is romanticism? "A certain dark richness and piousness—I might say: antiquarianism—of soul that feels very close to the chthonian, irrational and demonic forces of life"—more fascinating than rationalism, but susceptible to dangerous misuse, as National Socialism, that most barbaric expression of German romanticism, has shown to the full, as Thomas Mann outlined in essays and in his *Doctor Faustus*. If incorrigible German fanatics hate this novel and its author, they only prove that they are unable to grasp its innermost meaning. *Doctor Faustus* is not only a severe judgment on the Germans, it is also, and perhaps above all, Thomas Mann's judgment on himself. By it he renounces all that is German, all too German in his own soul, as we can see from his direct confession in another connection: "Not a word of what I have tried to say about Germany came out of alien, cool, detached knowledge. I have it also in me, I have it experienced myself!"

One can see that it was psycho-analysis that helped him decisively in his de-romantisation. He applied the psycho-analytic theory in his early writings, at a time when he did not yet know anything about it. But when he came to know it, it impressed him so much that he paid homage to it in more and more admiring terms during the last three decades. The most impressive person in his biblical novel, the charming hero, is an infantile and exhibitionistic Narcissus, just as depicted in Freud's books. In *Lotte in Weimar*, however, we find poetry which is "beauty itself," described as narcissism. It reminds us, we read there, "of that charming old story of the boy who leans to gaze enraptured at the reflection of his own charms." Poesy "tends to mirror itself. . . . Why should not the beautiful rejoice in itself? It does so even when anguishing with passion; it is human in its anguish but godlike in its self-delight." As to psycho-analysis, Thomas Mann sees in it a variety of modern philosophical irrationalism. But, he adds, while the other forms of German irrationalism have given an ideological superstructure to National Socialism, Freud's teachings alone "do not allow themselves to be misused for reactionary purposes." Also Freud's scientific passion was devoted to the "nocturnal realm of the soul," but it never "degenerated into a glorification of its object at the expense of the

intellect." The mock religious German neo-romanticists, however, have defamed intellect as "the impotent enemy of life" and called "nature, instinct, force the be-all of the frame of this world," with the political result that "every attempt to help reason triumph over instinct" was reviled as "a crime against life." Freud's "anti-rationalism consists in seeing the actual superiority of instinct over intellect," but it does not mean a "derision of intellect." Psycho-analysis is anti-rational "since it deals with the night, the dream, the instinct, the pre-rational," but it is out to serve enlightenment, to help the intellect conquer instinct. When Thomas Mann expressed his gratitude to Goethe for the help he has given him on his way of de-romanticisation, he may have done so remembering the famous statement of Goethe's that he belongs to those who "are striving from darkness to light."

J. LESSER.

COMMUNISM IN NORWAY.

THERE are many indications that, after a prolonged truce, the Communist Party of Norway intends to start a fresh offensive. Purely from the viewpoint of propaganda, its chances have improved. In order to balance the national budget the Gerhardsen Labour Government was compelled to give up the policy of subsidies which had been followed ever since the end of the war. As a result, prices of most commodities are soaring. The additional expenditure for an average family of six is estimated at 540 Crowns a year. At the same time demands are raised for higher wages, which for a long time had been kept stable. The Communists will doubtless take advantage of this economic crisis and exaggerate its causes and consequences in the usual way, though its extent is, in fact, far from catastrophic. Readers of *Friheten*, the central Communist organ, or its Narvik edition, *Norlands Arbeiderbladet*, are already familiar with the slogans which are being used. "These are the results of the Marshall policy," reads one catch-phrase. "How well we could live if the military expenditure were reduced," says another. Norwegians are told that their armed forces are costing ten times as much as in 1940. Though Norwegians do not believe in the success of these cunning Communist tactics, they take them seriously. The trade unions have not yet been cleared of radical Leftist elements, whose unrestrained propaganda remains a problem not to be underrated by the Labour Party.

A review of the development of the Norwegian Labour movement is essential to the understanding of the respective Socialist and Communist positions and their tactics. Their origins were far more radical than in Sweden and Denmark. Einar Gerhardsen, to-day a moderate Labour Premier, was one of those men who once demonstrated for higher wages in front of King Haakon's palace. This radical movement had its roots primarily in the trade union opposition which spread rapidly and developed into a majority. The central figure was Martin Tranmael, whose name remains unforgotten. He was very active during the year 1911, following a trip to America which brought him into close contact with syndicalist groups and tendencies. Although he and his political friends did not fully subscribe to Moscow's principles from the outset, they were deeply impressed by the Russian

revolution. At that time they formed the centre of gravity of the Labour Party. The Norwegian Socialdemocrats joined the Third International, whereas those of Sweden and Denmark stood aloof. Contrary to the rest of Europe, the first split occurred not towards the Left but the Right. The moderate elements which were in the minority left the Labour Party, grown to a considerable size, and constituted themselves, in 1921, the "Socialdemocratic Party." Two years later the Norwegian Labour Party left the Third International, since the decisive circle around Martin Tranmael felt that continued membership could not be reconciled with their greatly valued Socialist ideals. They were further repulsed by the Slav emphasis on the Moscow course as well as by the increasingly strong demands to abandon any national sovereignty in favour of Soviet leadership and imperialism.

The Communists, ready to toe the line, now separated themselves from the Labour Party and soon began to accuse it of Trotskyist tendencies. With a bold sweep they captured numerous bases, especially in the field of publicity, where they owned no less than fifteen dailies in 1923. Their support was particularly strong in Bergen and Trondheim; the latter, in fact, sent two Communist deputies to the Storting. Most of the Communist organs, however, had to close down within a surprisingly short period, and there was a strong trend back to the Labour Party. When the dissident Socialdemocrats rejoined it under Magnus Nielsen in 1927 they were accompanied by many Communists. It was possible to wed the marked individualism of the Norwegian to Socialism, but it could not admit a synthesis with Communism, whose collectivist theories and rejection of all ideals of personal freedom are alien to his independent mind.

Oslo's road did not lead straight from Moscow to Basle but was diverted by participation in the International Coalition of Independent Labour Parties. Here Tranmael found himself in the company of Zeta Höglund, who subsequently rejoined the Socialdemocrats but always belonged to their extreme Left wing, and who is to-day regarded as Stockholm's uncrowned king, of Rosenfeld, co-founder of the German Socialist Workers Party, and of delegates of the British Independent Labour Party. This group, therefore, was half-way between Moscow and Basle, though it was more sharply rejected, and even attacked, by the Comintern than by the Second International, whose approaches were sometimes successful. By 1940 the Labour Party was moderate in its policy and the strongest political power in the country. By contrast, the decimated Communist Party was merely a political sect. Four newspapers remained, and the Storting contained neither Communists nor Fascists. Even considerable unemployment did not lead to extremist developments. Norway's Communists originally condemned the war against Hitler as imperialism, and showed no resistance to the German invasion in April 1940. It advocated a far-reaching trade agreement between Norway and Germany, but in the summer of 1940 they were included in the ban on all political organisations excepting the Quisling group. The Communists were included in the arrest of party leaders, but were allowed to receive members of the Soviet Legation in Oslo's Møllergaten prison, and a few days later some of them were released.

After Hitler's assault on the Soviet Union the Norwegian Communists at once changed their tactics. They now accepted the necessity of resistance, but opinions were divided as to whether there should be

close co-operation with the home front or separate action. Fifty-eight-year-old Peder Furubotn tended towards the first alternative. Previously he was only known as an authoritative theorist who liked to refer to his six years of Russian training; now he began to play the part of partisan leader in the mountains. His importance in the resistance front has never been disputed, and the central Communist organ in Sweden praised him as the Norwegian Tito. That this much appreciated title of honour is now his undoing is an ironic feature of contemporary history. The Communists formed an important, and perhaps the most active, part of the national resistance front and frequently even pressed for acts of sabotage which would have entailed unnecessary loss of life. At the same time, their party machine remained intact illegally, whereas all other political organisations gave up their activities during the war in favour of the common cause. The advantages were considerable. Norway's Communists did not have to rebuild their organisation in 1945 and were thus a good deal ahead of the other parties.

In the coalition Government under Gerhardsen some important ministries were held by Communists. They polled about 180,000 votes in the 1945 elections (in 1936, 4,476), and they sent eleven representatives to the first post-war Storting. In addition to the organisational advantage mentioned above there were other reasons for this success. The Soviet Union had gained in prestige, above all the Red Army, whose exemplary conduct in liberated Finmark stood in striking contrast to the German scorched-earth tactics. Soviet prisoners left behind by the Germans were praised and fêted as heroes in 1945. The Communists had outstanding acts of sabotage and countless martyrs to their credit. While the other workers confined themselves to the study of the illegal trade union organ, the Communists had their own underground Press.

Gerhardsen's coalition cabinet was succeeded by his Labour Government. Like the non-Socialist parties, however, the Communists had also committed themselves to a programme of joint reconstruction, and their opposition was only gradually increasing in strength. Unifying efforts were not lacking in the two Labour parties—a tendency which existed before the war but was then of a more platonic nature. Communists ascribe the chief reason for failure to British influence. A visit by Professor Laski, for instance, is said to have reversed the benevolent attitude of Gerhardsen and his circle. This thesis is contradicted by the Labour Party, according to whom the Communists had made impossible and proportionally unjustified demands. They probably aimed at obtaining as much superiority as their colleagues in the United German Socialist Party (S.E.D.) or the various mergers elsewhere. Even the sincerity of the Communists is denied in retrospect. During the negotiations they had already agreed to a joint programme with the fundamental principle of bringing about Socialism by democratic means. Now the Communist leaders declare cynically that their agreement was never meant seriously, since it was impracticable and in contradiction to Marxist theories.

The steady decline of the Communists since their big success in 1945 has a number of reasons. There can be no question of Russophobia in Norway. Frontier problems have never existed, and the latest territorial revisions in the extreme North were based on mutual agreement. Filled with U.N.O. ideals—Trygve Lie is not quite by accident Secretary-General of this new League of Nations—the Norwegian

people refused for a long time to give up the illusion of one world. Moscow's policy in Eastern and South-Eastern Europe, however, was bound to create distrust, and after the Prague *coup* distrust became dislike. A strong feeling of mutual sympathy has always existed between Czechoslovakia and Norway. Bjørnsen was a pioneer for the liberty of the Slovaks and Masaryk was a popular figure in Norway. Since the Communists wholeheartedly continued their support of Soviet policy they were regarded as potential quislings after the warning of Prague. The party lost its high resistance prestige and its membership dropped. Official Communist sources put it at 40,000, while Labour estimates give it as 20,000.

The possibilities of internal propaganda were equally restricted. Gerhardsen succeeded in banishing the nightmare of unemployment. The controls of planned economy hit the well-to-do, while the standard of living of workers, peasants and fishermen (i.e. the main supporters of the Government party) has improved, so that they are immune against cheap propaganda whether from Left or Right. Some visible signs pointed to the decline of Norwegian Communism. The party organs in Trondheim and Bergen, with a circulation of 10,000 each, had to cease publication. Narvik's *Norlands Arbeiderbladet* is only being printed in 2,000 copies. The central organ, *Friheten*, boasted a circulation of 105,000 in 1946, and is now down to 30,000. As a rule, there is nothing more boring than a loyal party organ. Compared to *Friheten*, however, the Communist central organ in Denmark, *Land og Folk*, is a lively and well-edited paper. Devoid of imagination and humour, the articles in *Friheten* are rarely even informative. The only exception is the daily column of Alf Bie Christiansen on "Foreign Politics." At least he possesses wit and writes brilliant polemics.

With regard to the trade unions, the Communists have lost some of their influence and are nowhere in control, though they have retained a few of their positions. Thus Olav Bjerke is vice-chairman of the important railway union. Communist elements can also be found in other executive posts and their influence is still comparatively strong in the export industry. On September 9th, 1949, the biggest post-war strike, after small activities in various places, took place in the important Henøya works, which had a Communist majority of 2,000. After two full months of fruitless striking to achieve the introduction of a forty-hour week, this unsanctioned obstruction effort collapsed, not without considerable loss of membership. In the hope of police intervention, the Communists had agitated accordingly, but fortunately the State did not intervene. In the Finnish town of Kemi the employment of police won sympathy for the Communists.

On both sides of the Norwegian-Finnish frontier the Communists manage to maintain their positions comparatively well. These traditionally depressed areas were harassed by a permanent unemployment problem. Kirkenes, for instance, is mainly dependent on seasonal fishing. Communist influence is also more apparent in the districts near the Soviet border. Rumours circulate about agents who are, however, said to be under control. Despite its downward trend the party has substantial funds, as was evident at the local elections in Oslo and Bergen, which were not quite without successes for the Communists. In the Parliamentary elections of October 1949, however, they were routed while the Labour Party triumphed. Nearly half the Communist votes were lost, and not a single member was returned to the new Parliament, as a result of an election law unfavourable

to the smaller parties. The fact that this was not welcomed in Labour circles and even gave rise to non-Socialist protests demonstrates the deep-rooted democratic tradition.

A Norwegian proverb says: When the trough is empty, the horses begin to fight. An internal revolution broke out in the Communist Party just after the elections. Although he had the backing of the majority of the Executive, Furubotn was ejected almost by force. Olav Sund, of partisan fame, and Strand Johansen threw him out of the editorial offices of *Friheten*, under the pretext that one of Furubotn's ideological articles was inconsistent with Lenin-Stalin theories. I had an opportunity to read it and could not discover any grounds for this charge. A violent campaign was thereupon launched against Furubotn, the prominent ex-trade unionist and Secretary-General of the party, as well as fifty others who shared his fate. They were branded as Trotskyists and Titoists, and the fact that Furubotn played the part of a Norwegian Tito was now used against him. His enemies suddenly remembered also that he is not poor but owns a house and a car.

Supporters of both groups are found everywhere, though they do not split in trade union elections. Furubotn even stresses his loyalty to the party. He has the almost undivided support of the Herøya Communists. The Communist youth of Norway, too, feels drawn more towards Furubotn than to his enemies. Young Oslo Communists told me that only two men had the entire Marxist dialectics at their fingertips: Furubotn and Dr. Solheim, his closest collaborator. The driving force in the other camp is Strand Johansen, a fanatic like Furubotn, but as a Minister in the Gerhardsen Coalition Cabinet he kept himself under control. He spent several years in a German concentration camp, and maintains very close relations with the Soviet Union. He is said to be the only Communist in Norway to have direct contact with Stalin. Twenty years spent in Russia are, at any rate, a recommendation at the Kremlin. Strand Johansen's second wife is a Russian who works in the Soviet Embassy. Disappointment at the recent developments has affected him deeply and intensified his fanaticism. He described Furubotn as the worst criminal of our time, by whom his life was endangered. Released from the psychiatric clinic, Strand Johansen has renewed his political activity.

The greatest opponent of Furubotn, however, remains the victorious party chairman, Emil Løvlien (though he received only four votes in his ward). Løvlien is the owner of a farm. He comes from the Hamar district, also called "red Norway"—the only place with big farmers and a certain amount of social conflicts. Moscow-trained and of personal integrity, Løvlien is a good theorist who favours academic formulas and manages to hide his extremism. In the radio discussions between all party leaders which took place before the elections, Gerhardsen and Løvlien were voted the best speakers and analysers. Moscow has so far not taken sides in the Løvlien-Furubotn conflict, although certain conclusions may be drawn from the fact that the former was permitted to write in the Cominform organ. Both Løvlien and Furubotn congratulated Stalin on his seventieth birthday, and neither received a reply. Well-informed Oslo circles prophesy that the Kremlin will soon demand a reconciliation, which is also indicated by the fact that polemics are abating. After the elections an internal conflict was tactically not an unwise solution. Now that the rise in prices offers a target for attacks against the Government, however, the

Communists will have to rally all their forces. Their hopes are great. The Labour Party, however, does not believe in any Communist revival.

A. J. FISCHER.

GENERAL VON SEECKT.*

GENERAL HANS VON SEECKT is not one of the best known of German generals. This is all the more regrettable since he is one of the most interesting from both a military and a political standpoint. Moreover, a study of his career is indispensable to understanding the foreign policy of the Weimar Republic, for Seeckt based his policy on *entente* with Russia. His pre-1919 career gave no hint of these future developments. He was born in 1866, the scion of a Prussian military family. His father ended his career as Military Governor of Posen, the Prussian part of Poland, and the son followed naturally in the framework marked out for him. From the cadet school he passed into the aristocratic Alexander Regiment and thence to the General Staff. During the first world war he was Chief of Staff to the armies of von Mackensen and was largely credited with the latter's breakthrough at Gorlice-Tarnowo, in 1915, which earned from Ludendorff his promotion to Chief of Staff to the Turkish armies.

When the war ended Seeckt was in Constantinople. He returned at once to Berlin, via Odessa and Warsaw. The journey was an unforgettable experience of suffering. Everywhere he saw the German Eastern armies in growing disorder and disintegration, and he found the capital itself given over to quasi-revolution. All the old supports of authority, it seemed, had crumbled. During 1919 there was little he could do beyond ensuring that the unity of the Reich was maintained and the Spartacist revolution ruthlessly crushed. In this he was at one with his fellow generals; where he differed from them was in his attitude to the Bolsheviks. He was one of the first prominent Germans to see that the struggle against Bolshevism at home must be separated from the struggle against Bolshevism in Russia. To this end he vainly tried to bring to an end General von der Goltz's anti-Russian campaign in the Baltic in favour of purely defensive measures aimed at safeguarding East Prussia. At the same time he reopened the "wire to St. Petersburg" through his former Turkish associate Enver Pasha. Twice in 1919 the latter tried to reach Moscow and each time the aircraft crashed. On the second occasion, in October, he was captured and interrogated by the British military authorities in Kovno. He was found to be carrying documents inquiring about the possibility of establishing a Junkers factory in Russia, of opening trade relations with the Soviet Government, and maps prepared by the German General Staff designed to aid the Soviets in their struggle against the interventionists. This journey had no immediate sequel, but its symbolical importance is clear.

In Germany, meanwhile, a conflict was brewing that was to repeat on a larger scale the Seeckt-Goltz clash over the Baltic, and this time Seeckt was the victor. The point of crystallisation of the struggle was the Kapp Putsch of March 1920. On the one side, using Kapp as their

* Apart from the references in the text, this article is based primarily on the following sources: *General v. Seeckt—Aus Seinem Leben, 1918-36*. By F. v. Rabenau. Leipzig, 1940; *Assize of Arms*, Vol. I. By J. H. Morgan. London 1945; *Documents on British Foreign Policy*. Series 1, Vols. II and III. Edited by Woodward and Butler.

tool, were such military personalities as von der Goltz, Ludendorff and Hoffman. Their internal political aim was to establish a military dictatorship, while in foreign policy they were distinguished by a fanatical hatred of Bolshevism. On both points Seeckt differed from the plotters. In the first place, their precipitate action brought them into a head-on conflict with organised labour, which immediately declared a general strike; and Seeckt saw that their opposition to Bolshevism was an attempt to turn back the wheel of history. By the beginning of 1920 the Bolsheviks had established their position and further intervention would have had even less prospect of success than in 1919. In January 1920 he had already written: "Since the future understanding with Great Russia" was to be the "permanent target of Germany's foreign policy," it was, "inappropriate to antagonise Russia's masters." Through careful manœuvring he was able to swing over a sufficient number of senior Reichswehr officers from supporting the Putschists. In conjunction with the general strike this was sufficient to leave them with no alternative but to retire as gracefully as possible. Their defeat was resounding. It was not until Hitler seized power that Ludendorff came to play any part in German politics. Nor did von der Goltz and Hoffman have any share at all in the creation of the new Seeckt-dominated Reichswehr.

Immediately after the Kapp Putsch Seeckt was made chief of the Reichswehr. One example of his breadth of vision in his new post may be quoted: under his direction the Reichswehr was the first of the post-1919 armies to use psychoanalytic techniques in selecting candidates for promotion. But it was still some time before he could put his more far-reaching plans into effect. The Russian defeat in the Russo-Polish war of July-August 1920 was a disappointment, leaving as it did a barrier between the two countries which could only serve the interest of the *entente*. None the less it served as the decisive factor in clearing the decks, so to speak, for a political and military *rapprochement* between Germany and Russia. On the one hand it sealed the isolation of Russia; on the other, it confirmed the Germans in their view that the Russians were as hostile to the Versailles system as they were themselves. At the end of 1920, Seeckt formed Special Group R to organise co-operation from the military angle. Its first move was to send a three-man delegation to Moscow consisting of Major Tschunke, General von Niedermayer and Lieutenant-Colonel Schubert. Tschunke was an economic expert, Niedermayer an explorer and strategist who had led German military missions to Persia and Afghanistan during the first world war, and Schubert had formerly been the German Military Attaché in Moscow.

Almost a whole year passed before these contacts were to lead to tangible results. The major part of 1921, on the Russian side, was occupied in weighing the desirability, or otherwise, of *rapprochement* with a bourgeois Germany. The issue was not decided until the end of the year, but thenceforth Seeckt's plans began to mature. In September 1921 negotiations were opened in Berlin, in the apartment of the then Major Schleicher, between Krassin and Vigdor Kopp, representing the Russians, and General Hasse, representing the Germans. The talks resulted in the establishment of a "Company for the encouragement of industrial enterprises," known by its German initials as G.E.F.U. Its capital was supplied by the German Government, acting through Josef Wirth, at that time Minister of Finance as well as Chancellor. G.E.F.U.'s three main tasks were the establishment of a Junkers

factory at Fili, near Moscow, a factory for poison-gas at Trotsk in Samara province, and the production of 300,000 artillery shells under the supervision of German engineers. This was mainly Tschunke's responsibility. Niedermayer was principally concerned with the erection of tank and aviation training schools. Schubert soon left the mission to maintain contact with Krupps.

The political background to these developments, based on the Rapallo Treaty of April 1922, was favourable, and for some three to four years collaboration on these lines continued. But later developments inside Germany were to deal severe blows to Seeckt's policy vis-à-vis Russia. The first of these was the election of Hindenburg to the Presidency in early 1925. Although the full effects of this were not to assert themselves until the early 'thirties, the forces behind Hindenburg were fundamentally extremist. The second blow at Seeckt was more immediate in its impact: It was the speech delivered by Scheidemann, the leader of the Social Democrats, to the Reichstag on December 16th, 1926, when he revealed many of the hitherto closely kept secrets of the Reichswehr. This resulted soon afterwards in the factories being closed down. There was also another reason for this. When the Inter-Allied Military Control Commission was withdrawn early in 1927 as one of the unwritten conditions of the Locarno pact, and when its final report, revealing the full extent to which Germany had thwarted the Commission's efforts, was suppressed, the need for arms factories abroad automatically lapsed. Thus, for a variety of reasons, the main theatre of German rearmament from 1926-7 was transferred to Germany itself. In the special case of Russia this reflected at the military level the weakening of the Rapallo political basis following Locarno.

The last blow at Seeckt was his own forced resignation from the post of Chef der Heeresleitung. This took place in October 1926 and was largely engineered by Schleicher, who exploited the political blunder committed by Seeckt when he invited the ex-Crown Prince to attend some army manoeuvres. Nevertheless, the tradition of Russo-German "Waffenbrüderschaft" had taken such deep roots that Seeckt's disappearance from the scene made little difference. Shortly before his exit he was able to assure Krestinsky, the Russian Ambassador to Berlin from 1921 to 1930, that no change in German military policy need be feared. All that happened was that, with the closure of the factories, the emphasis shifted to training in forbidden weapons, tactical exercises, the testing of prototypes, etc. This second phase lasted from approximately 1927 to 1934. It is much less well documented than the earlier, and the student is reduced to fragmentary items of information. These go to show, however, that the collaboration continued until Hitler put an end to it. On January 19th, 1927, for example, the *Münchener Post* published a list of Reichswehr officers who had gone to Russia to conclude agreements relating to the manufacture of a new heavy fighter. In 1929, one of the charges of treason against the pacifist Carl von Ossietzky was that he had published in his journal *Die Weltbühne* material relating to German aviation activities in Russia. In 1931 the widow of a Lieutenant-Colonel Amlinger inserted a memorial notice in the Press stating that her husband had died "in distant Russia for his fatherland, in the exercise of his profession as aviator." And at the Nuremberg War Crimes Trial of twelve Krupp officials late in 1947, one witness, Johann Hoffman, said he had been sent to Russia in May 1933 to instruct the Red Army in the use of Krupp tanks.

During this latter period Seeckt was largely removed from the scene of action. In the late 'twenties and early 'thirties he spent much time in China, having accepted an invitation from Chiang Kai-shek to reorganise the Chinese Nationalist armies. In 1930 he joined the German People's Party, which Stresemann had led for so long, in an attempt to secure a political base for his plans. But very soon afterwards Seeckt moved over to supporting the Nazis, in whom he saw the only force capable of providing the army with the mass backing it needed for its further development. In contrast to the experience of the Kappists, the army would not now find itself in opposition to the masses but, on the contrary, would be assured of their support. On this basis a reconciliation of a sort took place between him and such old enemies as von der Goltz and Ludendorff. It was of short duration, however, for Seeckt took a more serious view of the Nazis' aggressive intentions towards Russia than did most of his contemporaries in the Reichwehr. In several articles in the *Kölnische Zeitung* in 1933 and in a brochure of the same year—*Deutschland zwischen Ost und West* (Germany between East and West)—he constantly discusses the theme of relations with Russia and always comes to the same conclusion; "Shall Poland advance to the Oder? Such possibilities assume tangible form if we leave Russia out of our calculations." Niedermayer, too, was hardly less categorical. In his *Wehrgeographische Betrachtung der Sowjet-Union* (Military-geographic considerations on the Soviet Union) he writes: "In the same way as Russia needs our political and technical help for its internal reconstruction, we need Russia's help and friendship in the struggle against Versailles." Seeckt did not live to see his warnings disregarded by Hitler. He died in 1936 at the age of seventy. But his prophecy of a Poland on the Oder is a tribute to his insight into the strategic nature of Russian foreign policy and to his foresight into the danger of any German attack on Russia. Where he failed was in backing the Nazis. Like the rest of the Reichswehr, he also was "hoist with his own petard."

LIONEL KOCHAN.

WOMEN AND COLONIAL DEVELOPMENT.

AS far back as 1913 Lowes Dickinson wrote the following, which is not only increasingly true of India but of every other territory where British rule in any of its varied constitutional forms has been shaping the people's development. "The position of women, too, another peculiar feature of Indian civilisation, is being profoundly affected by Western influences. . . . Still for good or evil, whoever rules India, and even if she rules herself, this change, I believe, will proceed. There is something in it world wide and secular, and it is one of the profoundest social changes which the modern world is witnessing." Few officials who have worked overseas would be inclined to deny this, but the impression remains that it is not an aspect of growth which is sufficiently discussed or considered. The concentration seems to be so much on political questions that some of the more fundamental reasons for the break-up of the social pattern do not receive the investigation they merit. When, for example, there is a riot at a colliery in Nigeria, there is talk of Communism and subversive forces. Without a doubt these matters are serious and action must be taken on immediate

problems, but from the point of view of the general public the discussion seems to stop there and any analysis of influences other than political ones is not made known, even if it is undertaken at all. No one here really believes that man is a political animal only, although it would be easy to deduce the idea from much current literature, especially in newspapers and journals. What is, however, unfortunate is that the intelligentsia in so many newly developing countries do appear to have come to the conclusion that politics is all that matters. For one thing there are branches of the subject which can be easily seized upon and dealt with superficially, with always much excitement and sometimes a little glory. The deeper changes in a social structure move slowly and are unspectacular, and unlike the political manifestations no one can snatch an immediate advantage from an attempt to understand them.

One of the results of these changes among all peoples coming to political consciousness is a want of balance in the new form of society by reason of the differing rates of development between the women and the men. It has always been recognised that in the older patterns, before the influence of Western civilisation had begun to take effect, a definite equilibrium had been maintained. There can be no question now of turning back to this. As Lowes Dickinson says, for good or evil change will proceed, the change he mentions and many others as well. It seems doubtful whether in the many plans which are made for colonial development enough attention is given to this danger of encouraging a society to grow on a one-sided pattern, or whether it is often considered that a completely unexpected pattern might emerge, should the women of a country start to change in their own way and at their own pace.

It is not difficult to understand why theoretical discussion of this type is not common. Too many unknown factors are involved for generalisations about future possibilities to seem anything but the wildest surmises. Moreover the people most competent to make such an analysis are those who know a country thoroughly and the interwoven strands of all the human aspects of its growth. These people are usually working officials whose numbers are few and whose tasks are heavy. Their days are burdened with the administration of such prosaic but necessary affairs as justice, budgets, agricultural controls, and there is little time for imagining a future dependent on remote contingencies. A point may arrive when it is obvious that the machinery is not working as it should, but it is impossible to stop it and take it to pieces in order to find out what is not fitting. Examination of difficulties has to be undertaken while the day-to-day business still goes on. Flaws may therefore increase to alarming proportions, because the underlying causes could not be discovered in time nor perhaps remedied even when found. It may unhappily be possible that this question of women's development lies in the latter category. The cheerful side of the picture, however, is that, as the effects cannot be calculated, hope is still permissible.

Bound up with this matter of administration is that article of the British creed which does not wish to disrupt unduly the organisation of a society, as it had evolved before the coming of Western rule. This has resulted in the famous system of Native Administration and at the other extreme has produced an exaggerated fear of "detribalisation." Under this system and also in cases of Direct Rule the contacts of any official will be to a very great extent with the men of the tribe only. There are exceptions to this, of course, but the number of instances in

which women are consulted in administrative matters is bound to be so small as to be negligible. This does not mean that the women's interests are disregarded through deliberate neglect ; it is assumed that they are represented in the development of their menfolk. This may not necessarily be true. It is axiomatic that the interests of both men and women in any pattern of society are indissoluble but it presumes a high degree of insight for these complexities to be thoroughly understood. It is certainly beyond the capacity of the average man progressing from a tribal organisation. Intoxicated by the vision of his own emergence from village hut to Government office he may very well be forgiven if he does not realise the emptiness of this promotion without a corresponding growth on the part of his womenfolk. If, moreover, European officials applaud such development and overlook the want of balance it is not to be hoped that he will see it for himself. It takes several generations of masculine education and often a certain degree of sophistication before the men themselves become aware of the injurious effect of this discrepancy between their own level of advancement and that of the women from whom they must choose their wives. The egoism of this attitude is quite unintentional.

At a less advanced stage one often finds an unreasoned clinging to the existing manner of the domestic hearth. For example in comparatively primitive pagan areas students or the older pupils in a school, who would generally be of mature age and possibly already married, find no inconsistency in fitting themselves as clerks and teachers into the world as they know it, but are chary of altering the way of life of their women. Start a discussion, as the writer has often done, on the subject of girls' education and the criticism is always in the form of practical details concerning the changes which would ensue in the present social structure. The notion is not regarded as fantastic nor condemned out of hand but examined in the light of the conditions which they know. These young men do not realise the anomaly of their own position and it is hardly to be expected that they would understand the complicated adjustments with their womenfolk which the very fact of their own schooling will gradually necessitate. To so many education is just another amenity to be added on to ordinary life. The uncomfortable inner stirrings it produces are but dimly apprehended and often break out in ways which prove troublesome to all. Nevertheless men who welcome the changes in their own sphere and do not question their desirability are frequently conscious of the disrupting effect on home life and the stability of its routine, should their women be educated and begin to think for themselves.

There should be no thought here of ascribing blame to anyone, not to the men who grasp eagerly at educational opportunities nor to the early European administrator, who offered these. It would have needed an unusual degree of vision in the latter for them to have foreseen the results of the modest amount of education which they regarded as necessary in the beginning. And something more than human for them to have predicted the present unfortunate lack of balance. To say that they were of necessity themselves male is not to sneer nor to carp but to recognise that problems, so much hidden from view, would not be likely to occur to a man doubtless overwhelmed by other difficulties demanding immediate action. Most of all in the majority of the territories concerned the masculine element would be predominant in the normal form of the existing society. It is not an oversimplification to say that on the whole the position of a woman in these overseas countries falls

into one of two groups. She is either shut away in some form of purdah or harem or she is the worker on the small agricultural plot. The term "drudge" is generally applied to the latter but it has overtones of meaning which suggest unfairness and tend to distort the picture. In a primitive state of society this element of unfairness does not enter; it is only when the masculine status begins to change and the shape of the social structure is altered that the word "drudge" is merited.

It is natural that in either of these types of society education should come first to its men. They were encouraged to accept Western ideas and they seized with zest on a few such as colourful politics and the glories of office without thought of the position of women in this changed society. When, however, comparisons came, the immediate demand was for better housewives to fit into the new conditions as comfortably as wives had fitted into the old régime. Education for girls in most places therefore begins on this note, "better wives and mothers." What is not understood in this connection is that human beings are not so indefinitely malleable as the planners wish to believe. Just as the original intention to educate the men of an administered territory to fill minor posts in the administration has led to the vast projects which culminate in institutions of University status, so this timorous idea of improving home life is beginning to have the repercussions which Lowes Dickinson noted. This is equally true of other places than India but it is often obscured through such statements as the following, which appears in an education report for Northern Nigeria. Speaking of domestic science centres the report states: "They are very popular with parents and with prospective husbands of schoolgirls."

The opinion of the girls themselves no one thought to record. It is highly probable that the girls in question enjoyed the courses very much but it is part of the manner of regarding girls' education that the emphasis is given to the husbands' approval. It is to this point that attention should be directed. The education of women can no longer be thought of only in terms of their men's wishes. Whether "for good or evil" the change has come to some women and is coming to others. However small and limited the amount of schooling allowed to girls it sets them apart from the tradition of the old ways and no amount of concentration on domestic science centres can contain within prescribed boundaries the growth which arises, however hesitantly, from any sort of beginning. In some individual cases the growth is rapid and plenty of examples can be found in English colleges and hospitals of women from overseas anxious to learn from motives which they cannot explain, but certainly adapting themselves to a strange world in a way which will modify the lives of many others. These cases are too obvious to need emphasis; they are the extreme manifestations of a widespread change of attitude which may revolutionise social patterns far more than any political creed. Nurses and teachers are needed but it is not only in their work that they are important. It is because they have stepped out of the age-old picture of woman in the home and economically dependent on her husband. So far the majority of women may appear to be untouched and the acceptance of their traditional place to continue. It is sometimes argued therefore that no change of moment is taking place, but such argument betrays merely a wilful blindness.

The educational ferment may act slowly at first but it is enough for it to have begun at all. It is highly significant that there are places where women who are experiencing the satisfactions of the teaching

profession, particularly from the point of view of interest, power and monetary considerations, begin to question the desirability of marriage on the terms they know. In Mohammedan countries, for instance, the ease and prevalence of divorce makes the stability of a woman's life exceedingly precarious. Women who are capable of responsibility for their own affairs, and who can retain also the respected status of a schoolmistress discuss in all earnestness therefore the advantages of celibacy and independence.

Unfortunately the desire for independence does not always manifest itself in such inoffensive decisions. There are places, particularly seaports and large towns, where the escape from a burdensome domesticity is to a life of licence. The relationships resulting from this other extreme make as bad citizens out of both men and women as intemperance in politics makes of half educated men. The answer to this is not, of course, no education for women but more and better education for both sexes. Such instances do not represent by any means the whole of the picture but they are always and very properly cited as illustrating the decay of the traditional equilibrium in a period of rapid and headlong change.

Even in Europe the strains and stresses in the balance of society have not yet been fully adjusted, but the growth of institutions has been slower, with time for consolidation. In reasonable measure educational opportunities are equal for both men and women. In the Colonies and other administered territories time is an enemy, because it cannot be allowed in adequate amount. Moreover much of the^d discrepancy between male and female education is due to sordid matters of finance and the difficulties of staff, as well as to the attitude discussed above. There is never enough money and everyone is so impatient for results that whatever revenue is available has to be spent on clamant needs. To enable the education of women in these places to draw level with that of the men would mean calling a halt to all new schemes for boys' schools and colleges and letting the present ones continue in a modified form, while all the funds were concentrated on girls for an unknown period of years. It is, of course, the proposal of a lunatic, for, even if a Government had the strength and temerity to attempt such a measure, it would be impossible to guarantee the required results. Unprecedented ventures are liable to develop unforeseen consequences; and the interest of the experiment would hardly justify its being undertaken. As one example among many, however, one may note the figures given for education in the year 1945 in *Agriculture in the Sudan*. On boys' education at all levels expenditure was £E145,800, on girls' £E29,000. For the Gordon Memorial College the figure was £E57,000 and since then this institution has received a donation of one million pounds from the British Government. The same is true of most of the countries under Colonial Government, although in many cases the facts are masked by a presentation of the figures as a whole.

This is not intended as a querulous complaint about unfairness. Practical administrators have to be governed by the immediate needs of the people they rule. Yet with so much planning going on it is permissible to ask how far this uneven balance of development is taken into account. The most widely heard reference to the matter is generally that "the backwardness and conservatism of the women retard progress." Statements of this kind are made not only by officials from outside but by the men of the country itself. Sometimes this backwardness serves unjustifiably as an excuse for inaction or for an explanation of the fact that progress is not following the lines

expected. Underlying this attitude is the false assumption that without the brake of the women's backwardness progress would follow the desired plan. There is no reason to believe that this would be so. Human material is exasperatingly intractable.

In the Report on the Development of Education in Sierra Leone the following occurs concerning the content of syllabuses. "This opinion, which has long since been discarded by Education Departments, is still held by some educated Africans who tend to regard any attempt to Africanise the school syllabus as likely to impede progress and who view such proposals as those in connection with Literacy Movements and Mass Education as matters of minor importance in comparison with the expansion of the traditional school system." The Education Departments may have right on their side in theory but the demand for the European type of education, which does after all stem from a liberal tradition, is not likely to lessen while Africans conclude that it has been responsible for the supremacy of Europeans in overseas territories.

This refusal to develop according to plan is likely to be even more noticeable where women are concerned, because in their education so much emphasis has been laid on the advisability of vocational training only. Both administrators abroad and educational pundits in England suggest that the aim of schools for girls should be to equip competent nurses and midwives and possibly teachers but most of all good housewives. It can hardly be repeated too often that here also once the process is begun, it is not within the power of the policy-makers to retain it within specified limits. In the matter of chemical processes a ferment may be checked because all the ingredients are probably understood. The education of women is not as easily controlled as the making of vintage wines. Admittedly this is not peculiar to women's education. There are plenty of cases of systems which started off with such aims as the following but to which pressure of circumstance has brought very different results.

"The needs . . . consist

- (i) in the creation of a small artisan class
- (ii) in the diffusion among the masses of the people of education sufficient to make them understand the elements of the machinery of Government.
- (iii) in the creation of a native administrative class who will ultimately fill many minor posts."

It is a far cry from this to Legislative Assemblies and demands for Dominion status. Similarly there are numerous indications that half-hearted beginnings to educate for "better wives and mothers" have developed into schemes for a liberal and academic education for women. What is of supreme importance is not only what these women become as individuals but the faint stirrings among them to criticism of their accepted lot, for in this matter the few will infect the many. It would be idle to pretend that there is a change of outlook of any dimensions but it would be equally irresponsible to suggest that modern trends leave the women of developing countries untouched. The question at the moment is not whether action can be taken or plans conceived regarding unpredictable developments but whether if in making plans for the future this imponderable element is sufficiently considered. There is little doubt that the subject of balance as a disturbing factor in rapidly growing nations has not received enough attention and still

less has been turned to this slow revolution which may well upset the most careful calculations. There is so much writing on the wall these days that few have time to decipher the fainter scripts, but this legend is not written any less plainly now than when Lowes Dickinson remarked it.

INA BEASLEY.

THE JEWS OF ROME.

APOMPOUS and decidedly ugly building, dating from the beginning of this century, with a high, gilded dome and strange, orientalising ornaments, disturbs the quiet harmony of the old houses bordering the Tiber near the Portico of Octavia and the remains of the Marcellus Theatre. It is the synagogue of Rome's Jewish community, and the maze of narrow, dirty streets directly behind it constitutes, even to-day, a kind of ghetto inhabited almost exclusively by Jews and full of their characteristic trades such as pedlars and tailors. Gourmets of every denomination like to come here on account of several famous Jewish restaurants, most famous among them that of Piperno's, where the best fried artichokes as well as some other renowned specialties are to be found.

With its dubious taste and splendour the synagogue bears witness not only to the decline of Italian architecture around the turn of the century but also to the self-assertion of Rome's Jewry at a time when the Mayor of Rome was a man by name of Nathan. A Jew at the head of the Eternal City's administration ! In order to realise the significance of this, one must remember the many restrictions and humiliations to which the Jews had, for many centuries, been subjected under Papal rule. Whenever a new Pope was crowned the elders of the Jewish community had to appear prostrate before him, in a sort of mock ceremony, to implore his indulgence. They were not allowed to leave the ghetto except on one day during the Easter week, when they were herded into a certain church to listen to a special sermon by a Catholic priest who pointed out to them their guilt of crucifying the Saviour and their consequent damnation to the torments of Hell. All this came to an end when, on September 20th, 1870, Italian troops marched into Rome. No racial anti-semitism had ever existed in Italy, and with the downfall of the Ecclesiastical State discrimination on religious grounds was immediately abolished. Jews now became free citizens, in Rome as well as throughout the rest of the Italian kingdom, and they could make full use of their remarkable talents in every sphere of activity. Nothing prevented them either from building their somewhat showy Temple, whose gilded dome seemed to challenge the Cathedral of St. Peter's, far across the Tiber.

It is easily understood that Roman Jews turned into good, patriotic citizens of that Italian State to which they owed a particular debt of gratitude. As good patriots, quite a few of them became fervent Fascists at a time when it looked as if Mussolini were the only man capable of saving Italy from chaos. Fascism, on the other hand, displayed an attitude of complete racial and religious indifference and freely admitted Jews to high positions in the party, the State and in the economic life of the country. Only in 1938 it became apparent that grave dangers might be ahead for Jews in Italy. In a completely unforeseen move Mussolini adopted a set of racial laws of the Nazi

type. They were mild, as compared to German models, and they did not spell inevitable ruin for those concerned; moreover, they were applied with remarkable restraint and moderation. However, Fascism had now become openly anti-semitic, and with the rising tide of German influence in Rome it could be foreseen that sooner or later pressure on the Jews would further increase. Nevertheless, very few Jews left the country; the great majority were confident that things would not take too bad a turn after all. And, indeed, these optimists seemed right. The Italian people flatly and openly disapproved of the Duce's new anti-semitic course, and one may even say that with its racial laws Fascism for the first time lost a good deal of its popularity. Mussolini himself became aware of this and was reluctant to move further in a direction so obviously damaging to his credit with the nation. Thus, the Roman Jews remained more or less unmolested during the first phases of the war, although it was perfectly obvious that their sympathies were not with Hitler and Mussolini but with the Allies.

When, on July 25th, 1943, the Fascist régime was overthrown, the golden times of complete freedom and equality seemed to have come back. The Jews passed six happy weeks. But then came that grey, oppressive September afternoon, when German panzers, draped with big swastika banners, made their entry into the dumbfounded city, when Marshal Kesselring's menacing proclamations appeared on the walls and harsh German voices started bellowing orders from Rome's radio station. This marked the beginning of a nine months' period that will live on in the annals of Roman Jewry as the most terrific episode in all its two thousand years of experience. It started like in the darkest Middle Ages: the Germans imposed a contribution on the Jewish community—so and so many pounds of pure gold, to be delivered within 24 hours, as a ransom; otherwise the ghetto would be ransacked and set on fire. Pale and frightened elders went from house to house and collected among their co-religionists every available piece of gold, down to the last wedding ring. But when the lot was weighed it was still several pounds short of the total prescribed by the Germans. Then something happened that, in its way, may be considered an historic event. The Pope sent word to the Jewish community that he was willing to furnish the missing quantity of gold. Thus the Holy See, for centuries the oppressor of the "infidels," now turned into their saviour from disaster.

The S.S. officer who took over the contribution must have been at pains to conceal an ironic grin. Very soon it was to become obvious how little the "tolerance" bought with this gold was worth in reality. Early one morning, a few weeks later, the Jews found S.S. guards with tommy-guns at every exit of the ghetto. Thousands of men and women, babies as well as greybeards, were torn from their beds, herded into trucks and carried away—to Poland. Only a few of them were to come back alive after the war. Outside the ghetto, too, the manhunt broke loose on that fateful morning. All throughout Rome the S.S. arrested every Jew they could lay hands on. Those who were spared that day owed their lives to the spontaneous assistance of the Roman population, who did everything in their power to warn the menaced, to shelter and hide the fugitives. On the other side, the Jews had a traitress among themselves—a demonic, dark-haired girl by name of Celeste Da Porto, nicknamed "Pantera nera"—Black Panther—for her cruel ferocity. She took money from the S.S. for betraying the hideouts of many Jews, and even lured some among them into the deadly Nazi trap. When,

after the liberation, Italian authorities hunted her down and put her to trial for her misdeeds, she was all but lynched by a mob of furious Jews led by relatives of some of her victims.

Catholic monasteries had now become the main hiding-places of the Jews, who could no longer dare to sleep in their homes. Rome is full of Catholic convents, congregations and hospices, and they all threw their doors open to the persecuted. However, it was by no means sure whether the S.S. would respect the immunity of those religious institutions. Therefore the following eight months were a period of constant fear for the Jews who had found refuge within their walls. Moreover it was also a period of confinement, for only during certain hours of the day, and with many precautions, could they venture to leave their hideouts, always in danger of getting caught in one of the frequent round-ups. At 7 p.m. the monasteries closed their doors, and whoever failed to come back before that hour would very probably never return.

Towards the end of May 1944 the windows of Roman houses rattled from the roar of gunfire slowly approaching across the Alban Hills. The Jews, in their hideouts, listened to the far sounds, their faces radiant with hope. And then, after two days of anguishing uncertainty as to whether the whole city was to be blown up by the retreating Germans, came that unforgettable evening of June 4th, when the endless grey tank columns of the Fifth Army felt their way into Rome, and jubilant crowds lined the streets to greet the liberators. That night an old man performed a strange sort of hieratic dance on Via del Babuino, in front of the passing American troops. "*Sono ebreo!*"—"I am a Jew!"—he exclaimed over and over again in a paroxysm of relief and elation, and the people around him congratulated him, shook his hands, slapped him on the shoulder, embraced him. A couple of days later, the synagogue on the bank of the Tiber was reopened. A solemn thanksgiving service reunited all that had survived of Rome's Jewish community. An American Army Rabbi sang the old Hebrew prayers and then addressed his Roman brethren in a lengthy speech. All of a sudden the audience became restless and fidgety. "It is nearly seven," someone called out to the Rabbi, "the monasteries are going to close!" Whether literally true or not, this anecdote is very characteristic of the entirely new relationship between Roman Jews and the Church that had developed during those nine months of Nazi persecution. This was further underlined by a sensational event: Rome's Chief Rabbi embraced the Catholic faith and explained this surprising step by stating that the conduct of the Catholic clergy towards the Jews during that period of persecution had convinced him of the inner truth of the Christian faith.

One of the best preserved among the ancient monuments on the Forum Romanum is the Arch of Titus, famous for its reliefs showing the conquest of Israel by Titus and the destruction of the Temple. Around this arch gathered Rome's Jewry, waving flags and chanting Hebrew hymns, when the United Nations Assembly resolved to create an independent Jewish State. They thus celebrated the rebirth of Israel on the very spot and in front of the very monument that bears testimony to Israel's downfall almost two thousand years ago. Rarely has there been in human history a commemoration so full of a deeply moving symbolic significance.

PERCY ECKSTEIN.

Anacapri.

“FLYING SAUCERS.”

WHAT is behind the mystery of the so-called “flying saucers,” or discs? For, when the incidents are examined and due allowance made for the hoaxing tendencies of some North Americans, there remains a balance of evidence, and curious data—an element of mystery—which cannot be fairly dismissed as “mass hysteria,” hallucinations, or the exercise of a mythopoeic faculty almost as common in our own age of mechanism and atomic nuclear fissioning as in the later Middle Ages, or the middle decades of the seventeenth century. After two years of investigation through the medium of a body called the “Project Saucer,” the United States Air Force, in December, 1949, dismissed the whole affair as misinterpretation of natural objects, confusing the planet Venus with something very different, and so forth. But this downright dismissal of the whole mysterious affair ignores, as this article hopes to show, well corroborated incidents, and even one case of tragic death recorded in the files of the United States Air Force’s “Project Saucer.” Its own experts admit that since January, 1948, they have, with the aid of scientific consultants from universities and from governmental institutions, examined more than 375 reported incidents. It must also be noted that the United States Air Force report on the “Project Saucer” says nothing of the very large number of incidents examined by their investigators before January, 1948.

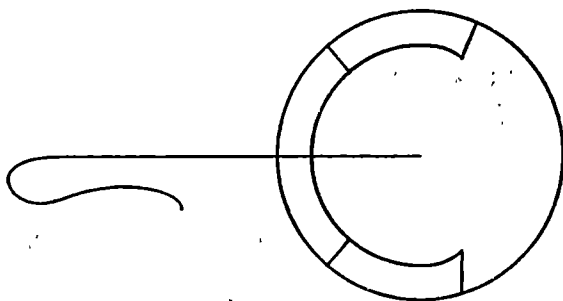
Let it be said that in both Great Britain and the U.S.A. there are many intelligent and thoughtful people, by no means crackpots or “delusional mystics,” who have been investigating this mysterious subject as far back as 1946, when the stories about these crudely named aerial objects began to appear in the United States and British Press. I myself, then a member of the editorial staff of a London morning newspaper, soon noted how a sort of tacit censorship began to eliminate such stories from the tape machines even before they became the stock-in-trade of those luckless gentlemen, the newspaper cartoonists, who are hard put to it to find daily subjects for their naturally flagging and jaded powers of invention. Both in Britain and the U.S.A. authority is well aware of the tendency of many folk to panic after the long-drawn-out nights and days so many of us endured in the last world war. Nerves were on edge; indeed, still are so. It is a matter of observation that the general apprehension, arising from the realisation of the fact that man now has it in his power to destroy himself and his so-called civilisation by using knowledge hardly fit to be entrusted to gods, has created a psychological atmosphere in which the reported “sightings” are not so cavalierly dismissed as they doubtless would have been, say, in 1939.

The dissidents ask some significant questions: (1) Why do the United States authorities in Washington refuse to allow anyone outside the top ranks of the Air Force to see the “sighting reports” of the “Project Saucer,” from 1947-9, on which their very summary judgment is based? (2) What about the other reports—not illusions or hoaxes—involving deaths of experienced pilots in the “flying saucer” chase that, as I said, are in their own files, and cannot be “killed” or explained away in this downright fashion? These queer aerial objects have been seen all over the world, and inside the Iron Curtain, and have been of a type to preclude any notion that they are long-range controlled missiles. In England they have been seen in Surrey, flying in opposite directions. They have been reported in the skies over Birmingham. My last account is that one was seen in January, 1950,

in the shape of a green light and tail of white sparks, travelling at an amazing speed in the sky off the coast between Filey and Berwick-on-Tweed. Some newspapers called it a "meteor," but what meteor carries a green light and emits tail sparks? I wish to draw notice to a remarkable fact about the periodicity of these strange objects in the sky. At the United States Air Force's base at the Wright-Patterson airfield, in Ohio, the "Project Saucer's" experts have a graph showing that, since 1947, the sightings of these objects start in January (as in this year, 1950), reach a peak in July, and then there is a break, after which the next cycle again starts in the January following, and reaches a climax in July. No one knows why these mysterious objects seem to fade out of the skies after July.

It would be wrong to assume that reports of mysterious objects seen in the skies are only a phenomenon of our own day. Indeed I have myself, in ten years of research, accumulated a very lengthy dossier of such reports, dating both before and long after the year 1836. Many of them are to be found in scientific journals and annual reports of learned bodies. I have only space to cite one such report, and I do it for a particular reason:

Journal of the Royal Meteorological Society, 1870: Extract from the log of the barque, *Lady of the Lake*, Captain F. W. Banner: On March 22nd, 1870, in Lat. $5^{\circ} 47' N.$, Long. $27^{\circ} 52' W.$ (in the North Atlantic, west of the coast of Liberia, West Africa), my crew reported a strange object in the sky . . . It, as I saw, was a "cloud" of circular form, with an included semi-circle divided into four parts, and a central shaft running from the centre of the circle and extending far outward and curving far backward. . . The thing travelled *against the wind*, appearing from the south, settling right into the wind's eye, visible for half an hour, much lower than other clouds, and was lost to sight in the sky as dusk came on. I drew it as follows:



In March, 1950, an exactly similar object was seen in the sky over St. Matthew, South Carolina. The man who saw it says "It was like a half moon with a tail in it."

Astonishing reports of strange objects in the skies were made by United States pilots flying over the Philippines in June, 1944. One pilot logged what he saw as follows: "Saw a huge mystery craft in sky. It turned at angle of 90 deg. in an instant." Japanese war-time fliers saw them over Japan and took them for United States mystery planes; but they were neither Japanese nor United States machines, nor of Russian or British origin. Again, I summarise reports made by United States pilots over Japan, and in the Rhine area, in 1944-5. The pilots nicknamed them "Foo fighters."

U.S. crews of B.29s over Japan were followed by "balls of fire," which came very close and changed colour from orange to white. One was a ball three feet in diameter. Pilot went into cloud and tried to

evade it, but could not. These mysterious balls had no wings or fuselage, but could keep pace with top speed of any U.S. plane. Over Truk lagoon, a B.24 Liberator at 17,000 feet was followed by two red lights from below. Their colour repeatedly changed. At dawn one pilot saw a ball climb 15,000 feet and stay in the sun. These mysterious objects seemed under an unseen central direction, but were *not* aggressive. . . . Eight similar balls seen in night sky over Strasbourg. U.S. ground stations, radioed by pilots, ridiculed reports that these balls were there. Dec. 1944: Two U.S. pilots reported seeing glowing red object shoot up from below, and "suddenly change into an aircraft that did a wing-over, dived and vanished!" (This happened at Neustadt, near Vienna.) At same place, U.S. pilots radioed ground station that a gold ball with metallic envelope was seen flying at terrific speed. Ground station replied: "Nothing in sky but your own planes!"

I now have to tell of a remarkable experience of a United States coastguard patrol off Maury Island, Washington, West Coast, U.S.A., at 2 p.m. on June 21st, 1947. Here is the story I had from Harold A. Dahl and Fred L. Crissman of the harbour patrol of Tacoma, Washington, and I may preface it by stating that, after their experience became known, an unprecedented thing in United States coastguard annals happened. They were suddenly shifted overnight, and every effort of myself and some American friends failed to elicit from the United States authorities where they had gone and why. We were forced to conclude that the United States authorities desired to prevent the news reaching the Press, and so starting a possible panic. Said Dahl and Crissman—both sober-minded men, as would be demanded of a United States coastguard patrol:

We were in our patrol motor launch off Maury Island, when this amazing thing happened. The sky was cloudy. Nearing the beach of the island. I [Dahl] looked upward, to scan the clouds, and was startled to see six very large, singularly shaped objects, which I can only describe as like aerial doughnuts. They were directly overhead at a height of about 2,000 feet. Five of them were circling and hovering round one that seemed in distress, and was slowly sinking. Not a sound could be heard of any machinery at work, and no living object was visible in them. The machine in trouble came down till it was only 500 feet above our heads. Each machine was clad in a shining metallic casing like gold or silver, burnished. Also each had a great dark cavity in the centre, and around the outer rims were spaced large portholes. On the inside of the hulls were what looked like large observation chambers. I [Dahl] had a camera with me, and I took photos of the phenomenal spectacle. On a sudden, one of the five circling machines lowered itself to the one in trouble. There came a dull explosion, and about two tons of white hot metal, incandescent, were spewed out. It hit the water of a lake below and generated clouds of live steam. We rushed for shelter to an overhanging cliff. A dog we had with us was struck by a piece of metal and killed. Then the rain of metal stopped. The whole strange formation of machines rose at high speed, noiselessly, vanished into a cloud, and seemed to go out to sea. We picked up some of the metal and found it still hot to the touch. Back on board our launch we found our radio out of action, though it had been in perfect operation when we set out on patrol. I surmise that, by some radiological means, the strange machines had ionised it and put it out of action.

United States military intelligence sent two officers to collect specimens of the metal. They were loaded on to an Army bomber and flown back to base for a metallurgical analysis. On the way, the port engine burst into flames, the automatic fire extinguisher mysteriously went

out of action, and in the crash the two intelligence officers were killed. Strange to say, when a search party minutely examined the débris not a trace of the metal was found after a long and careful search. I am told that specimens of the metal were later analysed by chemical metallurgists at Chicago University, and found to consist of sixteen elements with a very high content of calcium. It looked as if the calcium had been cast on to the upper surfaces of the hulls of the singular machines, *in order to absorb radioactivity, or the lethal rays of cosmic emanations in outer space!*

So far these strange machines had been non-aggressive. Perhaps, if they come from outer space, "they" may be aware that man in our own planet has now the power not merely of destroying himself and his culture but of very seriously affecting extra-terrestrial conditions by blasting forth energy of whose nature he really knows very little. It is much easier to theorise why, if "inter-space ships" are a fact, "they" are so keenly interested in terrestrial doings than to say whence these machines come. Now occurred a tragic incident in which an experienced and careful war-time United States pilot, Captain Thomas Mantell, ordered to chase and close with a "flying disc," was smashed to atoms and his first-class Army plane disintegrated. At 1 p.m. on January 7th, 1948, Mantell was ordered, with other pilots, to go in pursuit of a strange aerial object seen high over the airfield of Fort Knox, Kentucky. His orders came from the commandant of the airfield, Colonel Guy Hix. Here is a report I had from a man on the airfield at the time :

Hix, in growing excitement, had watched through binoculars a queer object seen in the sky over the top of the observation tower. Hix said it was umbrella-shaped, half the apparent size of the moon, and white in colour, except for a streamer of red which seemed to rotate. He ordered Mantell and three other pilots to chase and close the queer thing. Two of the fliers found it impossible to overtake it. Its speed was terrific. They broke off, but Mantell went on climbing. At 18,000 feet he radioed to the control tower : "Am not gaining on it. It is flying at around 370 miles an hour. I shall have to break off soon." Soon after, Mantell's plane—a first-class U.S. Army machine—disintegrated in mid-air and crashed over a farm. The poor fellow was instantly killed. He was a level-headed chap, with an excellent record as a war-time and peace-time flier.

The question arises : Did he try to close with the object, which in self-defence, operated or not from some unseen parent ship, brought some lethal ray of cosmic type to bear on his plane ? If that were so, we have a startling vista of possibilities ahead which one may wisely leave to the imagination of the reader.

I must now close with an equally startling letter I had in 1948 from a man who was flying in his own plane in a Middle Western State, in the same month as that in which Mantell was killed. This man was 600 ft. up, when, as he wrote me :

I saw a sudden flash of light overhead. My engine coughed, and supposing ice had got into the carburettor I gave her full throttle. To my amazement the engine suddenly went out of action, but instead of the nose dropping for a glide, as is normal, the plane remained fixed and gripped, held in a level flight position. It seemed to be defying gravity, and the airspeed indicators were at zero. My body prickled as if with electricity. I had a queer feeling I was being examined minutely by something. I glanced aloft and saw one of the strange flying discs. It had a sort of glazed rim dotted with portholes. It was motionless, about

a quarter of a mile away. Higher up, I could see another strange machine. Then something forced me to switch on my magneto. My propeller turned and the engine functioned rhythmically again.

As I write this, one reads a fantastic report of a mysterious machine crashing in lone mountains near Mexico City. No axe can dent its metal, and one makes no comment on the yarn that a man twenty-three inches tall emerged from it. "Improvements" of this sort merely gild the lily! But one may be fascinated by the Wellsian notion that, as these stories imply, if we cannot behave decently, and live as men, not as demons whose knowledge is ill adapted to our spiritual evolution, we may one day find that our wonderful cosmos has a police that may enforce, with dire consequences, the warning that we are not the only pebbles on the beach of the universe, as some of our scientists seem rashly to suppose! Have any of them ever heard of Mark Twain's *Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven*? It would do them no harm to read it.

HAROLD T. WILKINS.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

STEEL AND DISARMAMENT.

THE interest created by the French Government's proposal of May 9th last for a sort of pooling of French and German coal and steel production, as the nucleus of a wider international experiment in that sense, was due in some measure to the instinct to clutch at straws when danger threatens. In such a case, however, a straw might be transformed miraculously into a raft. In its essence the proposal reminded one, at any rate in the motive, of M. Briand's old idea of a United States of Europe: but though the Schuman plan was more restricted in scope and envisaged a single practical factor in unity, yet the Briand prototype was on a first impression more logical; although logic is not necessarily decisive in these things. The question suggested to the timid people by M. Schuman's proposal was this, how could there be any workable system of joint productivity and control unless and until some form of political federation had first been agreed and put into operation? In other words, how would it be possible for the coal and steel production of, say, France, Germany and Britain to be subjected to a joint authority set up by the three governments when those governments retained their full independent national sovereignty? In practice the British representative on the authority, for instance, would, according to this argument, be a mere ambassador, who would constantly have to refer to his government for full powers. It would thus merely be another case of the old council of ambassadors. It could not aspire to anything more than to provide a regular and continuing machinery for treaty-making about coal and steel; though such provision, of course, might be useful. Thus the timid argument.

On the other hand, M. Schuman's initiative had the merit of raising again, in a new form, the chronic problem of world government as the corrective of unrestricted national sovereignty. Leagues of Nations, United Nations and the rest are old and familiar challenges. During the past half-century the relevance of unrestricted national sovereignty to all proposals for international co-operation has been the constant obstacle. There must obviously be one of two things: either the governments of the world must continue to be independent, sovereign and

armed, or they must merge their individual sovereignty in a supra-national sovereignty. So long as the nations remain totally sovereign—and this truth has been illustrated *ad nauseam* during the present half-century—there cannot be any effective organisation of a league of nations, no matter what name be given to it. The idea of constituting an international army—which was the main difference between the United Nations and the former League of Nations—fell flat for the same old reason : namely, that nothing is to be gained by an attempt at self-bamboozlement. So long as governments are individually and separately sovereign, and their independence is backed by armed force, so long will it be quite impossible to make any progress along the road to international harmony, peace and co-operation.

Yet the notion of a world, or an international, government bristles with difficulty. No effective steps have yet been taken towards its realisation, for the simple reason that the nations are not prepared to take the "risk" of sacrificing their armaments. In an intelligent point of view the greater risk lies, of course, in the retention of armaments, but that is too old and too obvious a truth to need restatement. So long as the nations are armed and independent so long will peace be denied to them. Can M. Schuman's suggestion make any impression on that old problem ? The kernel of the problem is the old enemy, fear. So far in diplomatic history the enemy has had no setback, because in essence this is not an economic nor a political but a religious question ; and the religious content of the matter, the value of faith as the only possible safeguard against fear, is not even considered in the field of diplomacy. Yet there is no escape. These international discussions, conferences, impulses will go on until the simple vital truth begins to dawn ; and until it dawns they will go on failing.

M. Schuman had the effect both of renewing the challenge and of suggesting a subtle method of meeting it. Steel is almost synonymous with armaments in the diplomatic vocabulary. (It incidentally happens in Great Britain to be a roost to rob in the Socialist outlook ; a circumstance about which M. Schuman was careful to be tactful when in his announcement of May 9th he declared that "the institution of the higher authority will not in any way prejudice the methods of ownership of enterprises.") Is it possible to subject steel, the main source of armaments, to international control (that is, to remove it from the unrestricted sovereign control of individual governments) ? That was the main, the startlingly revolutionary, question posed by M. Schuman, who made no secret of his desire to exorcise from Europe the old curse of Franco-German fear, suspicion, hatred and enmity, which has been the pivot, or one of the pivots, of the catastrophe that has devastated Europe and the world for half a century. Whatever be the answer it was a bold and commendable enterprise on M. Schuman's part. M. Schuman has boldly declared that his scheme involves a sacrifice of national sovereignty.

It may be arguable that in so perverse a field of activity as that of international affairs, where the logical technique of putting the horse before the cart has never been tried, there might be achieved some accidental success by the opposite technique. If—a big word perhaps, but *if*—the cart and the horse could somehow be got together, even backwards, there might be a possibility of a swing-round which would bring the horse to the front. In other words, if the means of making war were taken away the will to make war could be left to die its natural death. Put in that way the argument sounds attractive. What

is certainly and obviously true is that disarmament must come first if ever there is to be any settled state of security between the nations. The practical criterion, therefore, on which the Schuman initiative will inevitably be judged is whether it can help towards disarmament? Will it be possible for what M. Schuman calls the "authority" to be set up to lead, say, the French and German Governments into a treaty which would effectively curtail their separate competence to manufacture armaments? If such a triumph were indeed to be achieved M. Schuman's name would live imperishably in the hearts of men. The thin end of a good wedge would be well and truly driven into the old bad tradition. May God bless the enterprise in that sense!

The essential points in the Schuman text were these: (1) "... the task with which this common higher authority will be charged will be that of securing in the shortest possible time the modernisation of production and the improvement of its quality; the supply of coal and steel on identical terms to the French and to the German markets as well as to the markets of other member countries; the development in common of export to other countries; and the equalisation as well as improvement of the living conditions of workers in these industries"; and (2) "the essential principles and undertakings... will be the subject of treaties signed between the States and submitted for the ratification of their parliaments.... The common higher authority entrusted with the management of the scheme will be composed of independent personalities appointed by governments on an equal (*paritaire*) basis. A chairman will be chosen by common agreement between governments; its decisions will have executive force in France, Germany and other member countries. Appropriate measures will be provided for means of appeal against the decisions of the authority. A representative of the United Nations will be accredited to the authority...." and so on.

The publication of the proposal seemed to take many people by surprise both in France and in Germany. It was generally received with approval, and in some quarters with enthusiasm. General Smuts, whose opinion on such things commands universal respect, promptly greeted it with the observation that "M. Schuman has broken the spell that bedevilled Franco-German relations and has laid the basis of a new European order" (Cape Town, May 10th). The British Government, which has a craving for controlling things, kept its own enthusiasm well under control. Mr. Attlee on May 11th told the House of Commons, with a marked lack of enthusiasm, that the Schuman proposal was "a notable contribution towards the solution of a major European problem"—namely, as he put it, "the entry of Germany as a free member into the comity of European nations" (an almost irrelevant assessment of what was afoot)—and added that the proposal "will require careful study by His Majesty's Government." One can readily understand that the idea of controlling British steel by any other authority than that of the British Socialist planners under British Socialist public ownership needed quite a lot of careful study on the part of Mr. Attlee and his colleagues, especially as they had not yet robbed that particular roost. It should be remembered, in fairness to the British Government, that coal and steel are too vital an element in British economic life to be lightly thrown into any pool, no matter how good be the pool.

At a later stage of the preliminary exchanges it was made clear that the British Government would not commit itself, though the door was

left open for British participation after the scheme had been launched and after the British Government had had time to weigh it in the balance. In the upshot it was decided that the enterprise should go ahead without Great Britain. On June 3rd a joint declaration was issued in the six capitals concerned. "The French, German, Belgian, Italian, Luxembourg and Dutch Governments [it ran] in their determination to pursue a common action of peace, of European solidarity, and of economic and social progress have assigned to themselves the pooling of the production of coal and steel as their immediate objective, and the institution of a new higher authority whose decisions will bind France, Germany, Belgium, Italy, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, and the countries which may adhere in the future. Negotiations on the basis of the French proposal of May 9th will open at a date which will be proposed almost at once by the French Government, with a view to arriving at agreement on a treaty which will be submitted for ratification to the respective governments." (The date of the opening of the conference was duly announced, as June 20th.)

Before the outcome was thus formulated the British Government had submitted to the French Government a reasoned statement of its objections to the Schuman plan; a statement which in effect was brushed aside by the French and the other five Powers. There was little substance in the British statement, which was published on June 5th, except a plea for postponement and time for more preliminary discussion. The relevant passage in that statement was this: "They [the British Government] consider that a detailed discussion, which would throw light on the nature of the scheme and its full political and economic consequences, is a normal and indeed essential preliminary to the conclusion of a treaty. They feel that there is a substantial difference of approach between the two governments as to the basis on which the negotiations should be opened." The British Government went on to offer their participation if their alternative method of "approach" were accepted. It was not accepted.

Whatever be the further outcome we have the immediate satisfaction of witnessing an attempt at something practical and constructive in the field of high diplomacy: a rare experience. It will perhaps be hard to dismiss from one's mind the consciousness that this sort of thing has happened so often before in our time, has so often passed into the limbo of its forerunners, and spent itself without benefit to the general state of affairs; for we are apt in fact to run in circles. We have not yet fully grasped the only true principles which could profit us. The argument in favour of the Schuman plan is that it may, as it were insensibly, take us one step nearer to such a realisation.

HIGH AND ROUND.

Diplomacy may in a sense be "high." High or low, it is essentially round in the sense that it tends to move endlessly in circles leading nowhere except to where it began. If so sweeping an observation be thought too sweeping, let the broad question be answered: How much has high diplomacy added to the welfare or joy of nations since 1914? Yet the years that have followed amount to more than the period conventionally reckoned as a generation; and so long a span of life is surely enough to justify the pilgrim in forming a passing opinion. The observant pilgrim, indeed, will notice the astonishing fact that in the particular field of human activity which attempts to regulate inter-

national relations there has been exactly no progress whatever towards resolution of the main problem ; the problem, namely, of how to enable the nations to fulfil their obviously allotted function of supplementing each other's needs and helping each other to live in peace and to a good purpose. It is in that point of view that the Schuman plan may be welcomed by the long-suffering peoples.

There has in our time been remarkable progress in the intellectual and materialist spheres. Man's curiosity, which we call by the technical name of science, has led to many startling discoveries. In a cat curiosity never did much harm, though it may have led one or two cats exceptionally into temptation ; but in a human being it is quite literally capable of killing him. It has indeed already killed them in their millions. The explanation is that man may lead himself into temptation, unless by the grace of God he be either led away from it or protected against it. Man, unlike the cat, is free to reject the grace of God. Now science is the product of one of God's gifts to man. Such gifts, showered as they are upon him, are dangerous unless in their use they be conditioned by conscious, deliberate recourse to the wisdom of God. In individual human beings we do see the perfect manifestation of the mystery whereby man is enabled to thrive and prosper because he subjects the use of his gifts to the necessary guidance of the giver. In mass activity, by contrast, we have not yet in the history of the world been able to bask in the offered prosperity. It is perhaps natural that this should be so ; perhaps it is even inevitable ; because God's grace flows through the channel of the individual. But the ideal stands as a challenge. It is one of man's hardest adventures to attain to a state of affairs wherein the organised nations shall cease to be a danger, and shall become a help and a blessing, to each other. In an address on the subject of America's war dead (May 30th last) Mr. Marshall well said : " We have before us the greatest task ever faced by any generation of men."

After all, the epithet " high " as conventionally affixed to the substantive " diplomacy " may be proved to be fairly descriptive. The very clarity and simplicity of the ideal makes our failure the more interesting. What could be simpler in conception or more obviously true in practice than the Christian precept that welfare is indivisible ? We know in our bones that it is true ; our experience has illustrated its truth ; and yet in our international affairs we go on desperately acting on the very opposite principle ; a principle which the same experience has shown to be catastrophic. But hope goes on being born again. Our leagues of nations, broken on the rock of another war, are followed by charters of united nations, launched with all the former enthusiasm, and doomed, as so soon appears, to all the old failure. In one word, the fault is that high diplomacy has not yet learnt to live up to its epithet. The enemy is fear, which plays havoc with sense. The only cure for fear is faith, which brings us back to the beginning again. Unless and until the practice of diplomacy can be correlated with the guidance and wisdom of God it will go on being as fatuous, as disastrous, as tragic and as repellant to intelligent minds as it is to-day.

François de Callières at the beginning of the eighteenth century had the good sense in his treatise on diplomacy to observe that " the wise and enlightened negotiator must of course be a good Christian." But the centuries pass. Christianity has not established its hold over " the negotiators." The motive continues to be that of selfish sectional

interest, backed by arms, which is the very guarantee of total failure. A climax—there can be no doubt at all that it is a climax—has to-day been reached as we survey a world divided into two camps, the one camp claiming in an orgy of foolishness that, far from seeking the help of God, the thing to do is to spurn God and seek aggrandisement through the negation of everything that God and His love holds out to us. At this moment, therefore, we lie desolate and forlorn; but man's desolation is God's opportunity. Perhaps—may it be so!—this extremity of man's need may perform the miracle, and out of the night we may emerge, after centuries of darkness, into the light. After all, we know by faith that God is omnipotent, which means that He is merciful; that the part we ourselves need to play is so small; and that the sun never fails to rise, morning after morning. It is always possible that this chronic challenge to good sense presented by international affairs may suddenly be answered in a promising and constructive manner. It is possible that M. Schuman may have opened a door in that sense.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

The first and most difficult of the obstacles is the prevalent and deliberate functioning of an iron curtain which is intended to prevent the facts of what is taking place from being known, and the deliberate use of deception as an instrument of diplomacy. How, if such a circumstance persist, can diplomacy prosper? It cannot. The only redress we can look forward to is a change of heart on the part of those who are mainly responsible at this time for so nonsensical a state of affairs. Yet in the meantime we must face it. When the Kremlin informs the Western Powers that it has held up all the traffic between Berlin and the West because, say, of some technical defect in a signal-box, the said Powers take it all quite seriously and they quite solemnly draft a note of protest to the Russian commandant in charge of the proceeding; a note which the said commandant, in full accord with the expectation of all concerned, either rejects, or ignores, or answers in a flippant manner. The last state is no worse, if no better, than the first. The time has indeed come when the proceedings of high diplomacy are no longer taken, even by the parties immediately concerned, as of any practical value; but the time has not yet come when those proceedings can be dismissed as innocuous. They are dangerous.

The words and the conventions may be hollow, may be a mockery of the facts; the Russian Government may give its puppet governments the name of people's democracies, when its tyranny involves the total suppression of democracy, may inscribe the word peace on the banners of its military parades and demonstrations, may conscript the youth of Eastern Germany into pathetic bands of child-slaves and give them the mocking designation of Free German Youth, may label its opponents and intended victims as imperialist warmongers, and so on. But though the words are a sham and raise no feeling except perhaps that of contempt among those who hear them, yet the danger remains of some accidental entanglement which may enmesh the Russian performers in their own verbiage, hoisting them, as it were, with their own petard. Mr. Dean Acheson, for instance, on May 31st last observed that the Soviet Union had been devoting so much of its resources to military purposes that a dangerous situation was developing. He was addressing a joint session of Congress on the results of his recent ten-day visit to Europe, where he had discussed the developing situation with Mr.

Bevin and M. Schuman and attended the meeting of the North Atlantic Council. The pith of what he said was that "if the free nations did not look to their defences, and do so speedily, the maintenance of peace and security might not be possible." Even bluff may be dangerous. Russia's masquerade as world-tyrant is largely a bluff, which has largely succeeded because the free world has developed a complex of fear about it. The bluff will be pushed to whatever length a complacent West will invite it to be pushed. It is clearly the case, as Marshal Tito has illustrated, that if you stand up against it the bluff collapses.

The practical question is what constitutes the appropriate stand? Mr. Acheson on May 31st made this observation on the work of the Atlantic Council in London: "First of all it should be made plain that there was nothing which any of the twelve Foreign Ministers had to say which indicated that there is any immediate threat of war. It was our unanimous view that this is not the problem. The problem is to meet a threat which, in view of the known programme of the Kremlin, will exist unless we act now to prepare our defences against aggression. The work of the North Atlantic Treaty organisation in the first year of its existence has shown that the task of defence is so large, its cost in labour and material resources so high, and the problem of security so indivisible, that only a combined effort will be adequate." There is never, or seldom, much doubt about the willingness of political leaders and their followers to fly to any extremity of military measures in an emergency of fear; and all international emergencies are a matter of fear. What the Atlantic Powers have already done under the terms of the treaty in the provision of concerted military plans, of military equipment and money, is of a gigantic conception. The word gigantic even by modern standards is not an exaggeration. The amount of money alone that pours from the United States in this proceeding is a justification for it. If the waste of money and of effort succeed in warding off a worse calamity, then on the choice of evils it may not after all be wasted, though the tragedy of this human folly remain. But lasting good cannot come through such a channel.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

June 11th, 1950.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

DR. SCHACHT'S APOLOGIA.

Dr. Hjalmar Schacht's *Account Settled* * is translated from the original German edition of 1948. Like the countless other apologias produced by the two world wars it presents the author as a courageous and far-sighted statesman and patriot battling with untoward circumstances which he did not create and with evildoers and blunderers whom he was unable to control. How far can we accept this flattering self-portrait of one of the leading figures on the European stage of the inter-war period? That question was raised and partially answered in the Nuremberg trial, when the author was one of the three acquitted. Why then was he put in the dock? Because he had held high positions under the Nazis and because his wizardry facilitated the rearmament which made aggression possible. That it was a difficult position for Germany's leading banker and economic expert who passionately desired to serve his country, and that in helping his countrymen he was also helping a band of gangsters, is clear enough; and the story of how he

* George Weidenfeld & Nicholson. 15s.

reconciled his public activities and his conscience makes fascinating reading.

His case, which is argued throughout with great power, is that the Weimar régime was a failure; that when constitutional government ended he "had not the slightest idea of the terrible aberrations of which Hitler was to be guilty in the future"; that when the Dictator attacked the churches and the Jews he protested publicly as well as privately; that even before 1939 he "realised that the leadership of the German Reich had fallen into the hands of common criminals"; that he "worked ceaselessly against Hitler from 1938 to 1944" and took an active part in the plans to overthrow the neurotic megalomaniac who had plunged Germany into war; that he was dismissed from his post on the eve of war and later was thrown into a concentration camp from which he never expected to emerge alive. "In my conscience and before my God I felt secure in my innocence. A scoundrelly adventurer had consolidated that power by a frightful reign of terror, and had then plunged the whole people into certain disaster. It was no crime in my eyes to destroy such a man once that proved the only way to salvation." Dr. Schacht had many critics at home and abroad in the days of his power, some of whom may not be wholly convinced by his spirited narrative. But friends and foes will agree that it is an important contribution to the knowledge of our distracted times. The moral of the whole story is that would-be dictators should be resolutely resisted before they grow too strong to be dislodged except by revolution and war.

G. P. G.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Morris's memory stands in need of perpetual reorientation. As a visual artist his importance varies with the strength of the two influences he only coupled to deride—foreign culture and the Industrial Revolution; as a narrative poet his momentum is proportionate to the prevalence of the romantic ideal; and as an economist he is most widely judged a man who fell from grace when he fell out of step with Marx. Chief among his more ephemeral activities, the arts-and-crafts movements never looked like saving society; and whether his placid neglect of his wife breeds acceptance or dismay is a matter for each reader in turn. Though Mr. Lloyd Eric Grey is rightly shy of these last two topics, his *William Morris: Prophet of England's New Order** is a valuable guide to modern opinion. No one quite knows where Morris takes his stand. A recent critic has firmly pronounced him an orthodox Marxist. Chesterton called him a distributist and abjured all other denominations. Mr. Grey resists the implication that any of Morris's thought was derivative; but he has still to answer the charge of its remarkable inefficacy and to say why, if Morris was indeed the prophet of England's new order, the eventuality fooled him so signally. Not a few thinking people are relieved that *News from Nowhere* has missed its chance of being translated into fact on the front page of the evening papers.

The first part of Mr. Grey's book is concerned with an account of Morris's childhood whose spirit more than compensates the lack of sources, and a workmanlike examination of the narrative poems; the body of which were written before he left Oxford. The main part of the work is given over to a patient analysis of Morris's development as a political thinker. Mr. Grey's self-control, or his devotion, keeps him from an expression of opinion throughout the length of the book. With a subject who demands critical examination as boisterously as Morris does, this is indeed a sacrifice; but since so many of Morris's edifices cry out to have the bottom brick pulled away, Mr. Grey is in danger of being written down uncritical. On balance, however, the common reader may well be grateful. The book is equipped with a comprehensive index and bibliography, and it recommends itself as a scrupulously honest excursus on a timely theme. It should command a wide hearing even outside the ranks of the faithful.

JOHN WHALE.

* *William Morris: Prophet of England's New Order*. By Lloyd Eric Grey. Cassell. 15s.

ELIZABETHAN GARLAND.*

Dr. Boas, the veteran authority on Elizabethan drama, here offers us in most attractive form some fruits of his research and erudition. Several chapters are an expansion of lectures given to learned Societies; their members will be grateful for the opportunity of having them in permanent form, while to many others they will open up fresh vistas. The great Queen and Shakespeare are the central figures, together with personalities and movements of their day, more especially as they are depicted in contemporary and later literature. The essay that furnishes the title shows Elizabeth in drama, beginning with Heywood's two-part play (1605, 1606); moving passages from the first relate her trials as Princess. The group of Shakespearean essays is of absorbing interest; it treats of the poet's knowledge and use of the classics and his general reading, which provided the sources of the plays—chronicles, foreign novels, older plays; his knowledge of scripture is illustrated by a long series of quotations. Ovid, of whom several English translations had appeared, would seem to have been the favourite classical poet of the Elizabethans. Dr. Boas insists that Shakespeare's humanism must not be judged merely by the classical plays, but by allusions freely scattered throughout, such as the lovely use of legends in the Lorenzo and Jessica scene, and the "O Proserpina" lines. The chapter on *The Soldier* in so far as it deals with Shakespeare's presentation of the various types—heroes, braggarts, discharged men, Press-gang victims—agrees in many points with Sir Duff Cooper's newly published *Sergeant Shakespeare*, but covers more ground.

In his account of Sir Thomas Bodley and the magnificent Library of his foundation (1602), with its later benefactions and developments, Dr. Boas points out how extraordinary it was, both that Bodley should have banned "plaies" as "riffe-raffes" shortly after the production of e.g. *The Tempest* and *Cymbeline*, and that, ultimately, his Library should have become a chief treasure-house of drama. A figure who will probably be new to many is Sir Edmund Tilney, Master of the Revels from 1579 to 1610. In that capacity he acted as censor of plays, and dealt drastically with them. ("Mend this," he writes in the margin of *Sir Thomas More* and deletes other passages.) Non-specialist readers may know vaguely that Charles Lamb published *specimens* of rare Elizabethan playwrights; here they can learn more of these, with the aid of copious quotations, and of Lamb's criticisms and preferences. Dr. Boas enumerates English poets, dramatists, novelists (e.g. Dickens), explorers and politicians who have written on America, beginning with an early "Venturer," Rastell, in 1519. Virginia especially is described, from fancy or actual knowledge. One is surprised that the romantic Princess Pocahontas is not mentioned in the recital. Matthew Arnold, it seems, was the first to appreciate the merits of the new American Constitution. It is impossible in a short notice to do more than indicate some features of this delightful book, which will be valued by every student of our literature.

EMMA GURNEY SALTER.

CHARLES LAMB.†

Gone is the impression that Lamb was only at home in London. Mr. Hine, the enthusiastic Hertfordshire historian and antiquarian, is convinced, and convinces his readers in this entertaining book, that at heart Elia was a countryman and a Hertfordshire man at that. Sometimes among these pages, so full of interest and information, Lamb is momentarily lost in the author's exciting search in hitherto undiscovered records. The reader is led into dusty garrets where ancient family records are hidden away; or taken down country lanes to discover at the end the grand old house of Blakesware, where Lamb's grandmother, Mrs. Mary Field, presided as house-

* *Queen Elizabeth in Drama and Related Studies*. By F. S. Boas. Allen & Unwin. 15s.

† *Charles Lamb and his Hertfordshire*. By Reginald L. Hine. Dent. 18s.

keeper. It was this mansion, "this half deserted place," which made the deep impression on Charles and his sister Mary. "I was a lonely child," he wrote, "and had the range at will of every apartment . . . wandered and worshipped everywhere. . . . Every plank and panel of that house for me had magic in it." Mr. Hine's searchings among family records led to important discoveries, among them unpublished letters by Lamb, a household account book of Blakesware called the *Expence Book* of 1696, and one of Lamb's commonplace books. The finder's thrill is passed on to his readers. Equally with Charles did Mary love her Hertfordshire, "the county that made us whole," she writes. Among the very attractive illustrations there is an amusing one by Tom Hood showing how Mary negotiated the stiles in her long country rambles, sometimes amounting to thirty miles during the day. In this work Mr. Hine, who died before its publication, has left us a breath of Lamb's own whimsical literary quality. Of Elia's dream children he writes: "You will not find them in any register of baptisms, because dream children are not baptised. You will not find them in any register of burials because they live for ever." So we feel this record of Lamb will live on because of the devotion and sincerity with which it is written. It has brought the gentle Elia vividly before us in his much-loved Hertfordshire surroundings, and among "old family faces and scenes of infancy."

THEODORA ROSCOE.

MARGARET FELL.*

Margaret Fell, the judge's widow who married George Fox, is one of the most interesting figures of the later seventeenth century. Isabel Ross, making intelligent use of very rich material, has written a straightforward and sympathetic account which sets her against the background of her time. Margaret Fell's life reveals, at its most vivid and touching, that mixture of saintly simplicity and brisk good sense which makes the Quakers so fascinating alike to the social and political historian. Their uncompromising views got them into a briar-patch of difficulties over the oath of allegiance to Charles II and even prevented them from profiting fully by the tolerant government of Cromwell. Yet in all ways not directly concerned with their view of God and truth they displayed a commonsense which distinguishes them sharply from the wilder fanatics of the time. Margaret Fell, with her level-headed judgment and persistent dignified appeals to Charles II—his accessibility must be counted to him for a virtue—is typical of the unruffled good sense of the Quakers, just as her faithfulness to her tenets to the last letter and her willingness to suffer imprisonment and hardship are typical of her heroic rigidity. This sound biography of a very remarkable woman is a useful contribution to the history of the Friends during their earliest and most difficult years.

C. V. WEDGWOOD.

* * * * *

Henry Ireton, by Robert W. Ramsey (Longmans, 15s.), is the first biography of Cromwell's closest friend and son-in-law. It is not an exciting story, for he was an unspectacular person and his military talents were inconspicuous. The value of the book lies in its sober and balanced presentation of an unambitious country gentleman of the highest character forced into politics and civil war by the grave threat to British liberties. There is a suggestion of John Hampden about him. Neither of them was in the least a fanatic, but both were ready to risk their lives for their principles, and after the siege of Colchester he displayed the sterner side of his nature. The publication of the Clarke papers by Firth half a century ago revealed a new Ireton, a skilful debater in the Army Council when the first civil war was over and the second was at hand. To see only a conflict between King and Parliament is to oversimplify the issue, for there were plenty of Roundheads who looked beyond the supremacy of Parliament to the sovereignty of the people. The most

* *Margaret Fell*. By Isabel Ross. Longmans. 21s.

interesting chapter is entitled "The Putney Debates and after," in which we watch him arguing against Rainsborough's claim for manhood suffrage and contending that power must remain with those who had a stake in the country, in other words with the owners of land. Cromwell's views were much the same, though he could not rival his son-in-law in the power to think and talk on his legs. One reason why the Restoration was inevitable was that the opponents of Charles I were sharply divided between moderates of the Cromwell-Ireton type and those who anticipated the ideology of nineteenth-century radicalism. After a short period in the unenviable post of Lord Deputy of Ireland, Ireton died at the age of forty—*felix opportunitate mortis*. Had he lived a few years longer he would have had to choose between life-long exile and the scaffold. There are fine portraits of him and of his wife Bridget.

* * * * *

Sir John Mandeville: the Man and His Book, by Malcolm Letts (the Batchworth Press), throws fresh light on an unsolved problem of our literature. Everyone has heard of the famous travels, written in the age of Chaucer and first printed in English more than a century later by Wynkyn de Worde, Caxton's colleague and successor; and millions have revelled in the quaint stories, as wildly imaginative as anything in *Gulliver's Travels*. It was written in French—the earliest MS. dates from 1371—and translated into many tongues. Mr. Letts, our leading authority on early travellers, rightly describes it as one of the most delightful of all travel books. "That the author never visited the countries he describes, and that the book, as we have it, is a translation in which the author had no hand, makes no difference." If we are tempted to dismiss him as a liar we must remember that his main purpose is simply to entertain and amuse. The contents were lifted from many travel books, old and new. But who was Sir John Mandeville? Was there such a person? If so, we know nothing of him. Was it merely a pseudonym of Jean de Bourgogne, a physician of Liège, as some competent scholars have maintained? Mr. Letts rejects this hypothesis. Though certainty is impossible, he believes that "Mandeville was de Bourgogne, not de Bourgogne Mandeville." The author, whoever he was, "can never be anything but a ghost." This erudite but very readable study should win new friends for a book which is available in the Everyman Series. The illustrations are delightful.

* * * * *

Some English Correspondents of Goethe, by D. F. S. Scott (Methuen, 12s. 6d.), is a product of the bicentenary year. Everyone knows of the correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle, but here are letters from several other British admirers. One from Walter Scott, who had translated *Götz*, gave its recipient particular pleasure. These documents, copied from the originals in Weimar, show that the Nestor of European literature was more widely known in England than we imagined. Dr. Scott's brief introduction and comments on each writer are most instructive. This modest little volume is a welcome addition to our knowledge of Anglo-German contacts in the opening decades of the nineteenth century.

* * * * *

The Noble Duke of York, by Lt.-Colonel Alfred H. Burne, D.S.O. (Stapley Press, 25s.), is both a spirited attempt to do justice to a maligned man and a contribution to military history in the era of the Great French War. Mention of the second son of George III commonly suggests military incompetence and the corrupt dealings of Mrs. Clarke. Colonel Burne, who has utilised a mass of unpublished correspondence at Windsor Castle, succeeds in proving that he was an efficient and conscientious Commander-in-Chief, beloved by officers and men alike over a period of many years, and that he was not

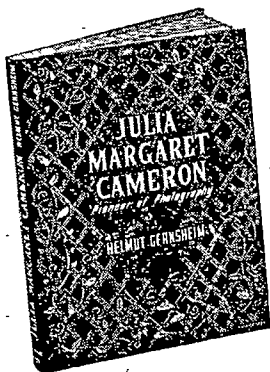
wholly unworthy of the lofty column erected in 1834, seven years after his death. But no attempt is made to present a flawless hero. His life, like that of his brothers, was loose, he gambled, was always in debt, and drank too much. His worst mistake was the selection as his mistress of a clever and unscrupulous adventuress who abused her position by obtaining bribes from candidates for promotion in the army. The most interesting chapter in the book is the exhaustive account of the long Parliamentary inquiry which revealed her intrigues. Though his critics never secured a majority in the House of Commons, there were enough hostile votes in Parliament and enough shrill voices in the country to compel his resignation. Two years later, when his favourite brother, the Prince of Wales, became Regent, he was restored to his high post with general approval and lived down a good deal of his unpopularity. Corrupt he never was, but his grave indiscretions diminished the prestige of the dynasty.

* * * * *

Der Deutsche Historismus in England, by Klaus Dockhorn (Göttingen, 1950), describes the immense debt of British scholars to German learning, so infinitely greater than that of German scholars to England. Beginning with Niebuhr, whose significance was as fully recognised by Arnold and other English historians as by his own admiring countrymen, Dr. Dockhorn traces the ever-widening influence of German learning in the fields of classical history, ecclesiastical history, historical, constitutional, legal and economic studies. Nowhere was its authority more unquestioningly accepted than among the members of the Oxford school, Stubbs, Freeman and Green. Relations were particularly close in some cases, for instance, Kemble, a pupil of Jakob Grimm and the son of a German mother, and Maitland, who introduced Gierke's ideas to English readers and translated part of his fundamental work on corporations. Nowhere did Ranke and Mommsen, the greatest historians of the nineteenth century, find more eager readers than in the British Isles. That Dr. Dockhorn possesses an extraordinary knowledge of the writings of British scholars may be seen not only in the elaborate bibliographies but on every page of this instructive volume. Though the thoroughness of German critical methods alarmed conservative theologians, they delighted Broad-Churchmen like Ghirlwall, Milman and Maurice. For Dr. Dockhorn it must have been a labour of love to recall a century of co-operation in pursuit of truth, untroubled by political differences and the crimes and blunders of statesmen.

A CHOICE OF THE MONTH

by Stephen Potter of 'The Sketch'



Julia Margaret Cameron

by

HELMUT GERNSHEIM F.R.P.S.

Introduction by Clive Bell

"Mr. Gernsheim's monograph is to be recommended from many different points of view. Not only does it include fifty-four large reproductions of Mrs. Cameron's finest photographs, accompanied by a bibliography, 'Notes on Sitters and Plates,' and a technical discussion of her methods and achievement, but in his biographical foreword the writer draws a vivid and detailed portrait of this accomplished portraitist. When Mrs. Cameron took to photography she was already forty-eight, and felt 'drowned in troubles and cares,' so depressed was she by the absence of her husband and sons, who were abroad supervising the Cingalese coffee plantations on which the family livelihood depended. A married daughter gave her a camera; and from that moment there was no looking back.

The remainder of her career belongs to photographic history; but its earlier stages certainly deserve attention, since they reveal a character that, whatever means of expression it had adopted, could never have been commonplace."

—*The Times Literary Supplement.*

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The SPECIAL ATTENTION of CONTRIBUTORS is drawn to the necessity (in view of the present very high cost of production) of sending in contributions typewritten and in their final form (the number of words being stated) so as to avoid any deletions or additions on the proof.

Sometimes the addition or deletion of a single word involves the resetting of a whole paragraph and thus causes much unnecessary cost and delay

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

AUGUST 1950.

AMERICA AND THE NEW CRISIS.

FOR the Government in Washington the invasion of Southern Korea was an event without warning. To the American nation it brought the overwhelming shock of war from a quarter that not one citizen in a thousand had thought of as a possible threat to world peace. The instant decision of the United States to protect the peninsula, the appeal to the Security Council, and the full rally of the United Nations followed in order. It was plain that the mind of America was not troubled by the question of legality and the unanimity rule. The demonstration of public support for President Truman has been most impressive. We cannot do other than infer from its force and extent that the American people as a whole have come to accept the logic of the United Nations. They recognise the truth that, under the principle of collective responsibility, some such challenge as this would sooner or later be delivered and would have to be resisted. And moreover, they know that in the Far East, of necessity, the United States is the arm of power.

It was made known in Washington last month that the General Staff had been in favour of withdrawal from Korea. But, manifestly, no strategic judgment could be more directly hostile than this to the Truman Doctrine by which the American policy of containing the Communist totalitarian governments was defined in straight terms. The advance from the north amounts to a plain avowal of purpose. Soviet domination of the peninsula would complete the vast Communist Empire in Eastern Asia, stretching from Mongolia and Manchuria to Southern China, with Tibet as a proximate objective of Peking.

American calculations at the outset of a campaign are always more optimistic than those of the British people and their military authorities. No provision is made for reverses in the field. At the time these lines are being written, however, Washington is making preparations of unmistakable range and gravity. They comprise the first steps towards a full national organisation for war; and they are clearly built upon the assumption that an initial victory by the North is inescapable. Two questions, therefore, ask themselves: What will be the political and emotional response of America if the imperative task of the immediate future is the reconquest of Korea? And what of the global consequences if the United States and the United Nations contingents should have to be employed to this end?

This is the mid-term election year. Democratic Party prospects have been growingly confused. The Republicans are almost convinced that with a strong candidate (who will not again be Governor Dewey) they can regain the Presidency in 1952. They are unable to believe that the long reign of their opponents will be lengthened to twenty years. Victory for their side, however, is impossible so long as the Democrats command the mass support of Labour. The recent compact between Senator Taft, leader of the Old Guard, and the alarmist McCarthy

faction implied that the party managers were relying upon the Communist scare to make good the absence of an alternative to the Fair Deal. It could be seen that candidates everywhere were preparing to outdo each other simply as anti-Reds. Korea, of course, has transformed the political scene. The chances of the November poll are outside all conjecture.

The eighteen months since Mr. Truman's inauguration as President in his own right make an interval for which there is no parallel in the annals of the United States. The election of 1948 was a personal triumph rather than a victory for the President's party. True, the Democrats gained heavily, and their success in the Senate was one of the surprises of the result. Mr. Truman had campaigned on his Fair Deal policy. He had spoken up stoutly for an expansion of the social services and the Civil Rights Bill aimed at the removal of Negro disabilities. He had denounced the Taft-Hartley Labour Act in terms drastic enough to satisfy the unions, pledging himself to repeal. He had reaffirmed the Roosevelt international policy, as developed since the war by Mr. Marshall, with the aid of Mr. Dean Acheson, who was to succeed him as Secretary of State. Foreign policy having become fully bi-partisan, secure from attack save at the hands of diehard isolationists, and the Democrats having a majority in both Houses, the prospect appeared to be favourable for the President as legislative leader to a degree that had not been possible during the two preceding years.

These appearances, however, were illusory. The American presidential system is unlike all others, and in no respect is its singularity more marked than in the relationship between the Chief Executive and the party of which he is nominally the head. In a parliamentary democracy the Prime Minister whose Cabinet is backed by a decisive majority need not have any misgivings concerning his authority. The Government's principal measures are known in advance and solid party support is taken for granted. Individual members may rebel, and probably will, but they make no difference in the weight of the Government forces.

Far otherwise is it with the President of the United States, and no occupant of the White House since Woodrow Wilson has in this respect encountered difficulties as formidable as those that have beset Mr. Truman since January 1949. Parties in Congress are not defined by labels. In election campaigns the machine governs the party, which is a voting host. But when the Houses assemble party lines do not hold. Groups form themselves and prepare to vote with their natural allies, not seldom in plain disregard of the party "floor-leaders," formally chosen by the two sides. Hence it is that the majority leader cannot assume that his men will support the Administration, while his colleague on the minority side is rarely in command of a united Opposition.

This is invariably the situation in the field of home affairs. But war and world crises, in the days of Roosevelt's ascendancy, brought about a wholly different state of things in the foreign field. From Cordell Hull to George Marshall successive Secretaries of State could proceed in an atmosphere of general agreement. The singular and most regrettable fact of the present Congress is that the one member of the Administration who has been called upon to struggle against enemies from within is the Secretary of State whose province, foreign affairs, is understood to have been, during the past nine years, above the battle.

International policy was not an issue in the last presidential election.

Isolationism continued to be active in both camps, but the Republicans were officially committed to support of the United Nations, to Marshall Aid and the Atlantic Pact, largely through the consistent leadership of Senator Vandenberg and his associates. Mr. Marshall, carrying the unique prestige of a war-time Chief of Staff, had enjoyed an enviable authority in his brief tenure of the Department of State. It was impaired only through the growing evidence of failure in China. The appointment of Mr. Dean Acheson was appropriate and generally approved. He had been a successful Under-Secretary of State. Indeed it was as holder of that office that he had moved ahead of Mr. Marshall in advocating Mutual Aid among the free nations, which his chief outlined in the Harvard speech. Mr. Acheson's main task has been to pursue the path duly laid down in respect of Marshall Aid, now entering upon its third year, the securing of United States funds for the economic restoration of Europe and Western rearmament, and the implementing of the Truman Point Four in furthering the development of the world's backward regions.

The baffling complication has been China. The entanglement with the Chiang Kai-shek régime was the most trying portion of the Roosevelt legacy in Asia. The American commitments were extremely serious. It could be argued that Roosevelt's special envoys had either failed in estimating the forces at work among the Chinese people or else, like General Stilwell, who was amply informed, were hampered by provocative personal qualities. General Marshall was outraged by his discovery of unlimited corruption in the Nationalist Government. During one brief period the American contribution had reached \$1,000 million, and the General found evidence to convince him that floods of money and material had gone down the drain. He was convinced that more aid to a Government incapable of resisting the Communist armies would be fatal to America's standing in Asia; but Congress, refusing to believe in the final defeat of Chiang Kai-shek, could not be prevented from voting further sums. By the time that Mr. Acheson took hold of the State Department the situation had become hopeless for Washington; and it has to be added that since the outbreak of war in Korea American action in Formosa has produced the threefold effect of intensifying the enmity in Peking, infuriating the survivors of the Chiang Government, and damaging America in Korean eyes by linking the Western forces of liberation with the futile business of salving a lost cause to the south. One other point in this connection, arising from the recent effort by the Secretary-General of the United Nations. After his visit to Moscow Mr. Trygve Lie urged, as a first step towards his ten points of settlement, that the United States should agree to the admission of the Communist delegates as accredited representatives of the new China at Lake Success. Mr. Acheson was obliged to reject the proposal. He is aware that in the present state of popular feeling there can be no hint in the Senate of any move, however cautious, towards recognition for Communist China. His answer to Mr. Nehru makes this plainer still.

This brings us to the special reason for Mr. Acheson's difficulties—that is, to the atmosphere of fear and suspicion which, ever since last summer, has enveloped Washington, and the State Department in particular. No capital of the world in our time has suffered so strange an infliction; and there is a peculiar irony in the circumstance that its paralysing results should be felt most severely by the colleagues and subordinates of Mr. Dean Acheson, who is, beyond challenge, the best-equipped

holder of his high office within recent memory, and a statesman of indisputably strong conservative principles.

Although the attacks upon Mr. Acheson himself are unremitting, it should be borne in mind that the enemies of the Administration have directed their main assault upon the Department over which he presides. Early in his term of office Mr. Truman gave his approval to a loyalty test for Government servants, doubtless in the hope that its purpose would be restricted to men and women whose duties touched matters of national security. The purge, however, has been anything but moderate or intelligent. The enlarged activities of the F.B.I., combined with the wild proceedings of the House Committee investigating un-American agencies, have produced a terror such as Washington has never before known. Some hundreds of dismissals were ordered. The resignations reached a far larger total. Government servants saw that the label "un-American" was being made to cover connections of any kind, including membership of harmless progressive societies. The witch-hunt was uncontrolled. The reputation of the State Department suffered not only from the discovery and confession of Communist spies but also from the news that a large number of men had been dismissed on account of personal practices that laid them open to the peril of blackmail.

The agitation and the public alarm were vastly intensified by the extraordinary affair of Alger Hiss, formerly a high officer in the Department enjoying the esteem of many powerful friends. He underwent two sensational trials for perjury (actually, for passing confidential documents to Soviet agents) and received a prison sentence of five years. He is still under appeal. One direct result of this case, and that of Klaus Fuchs, was to spread suspicion to an intolerable extent. If such men could be condemned for treachery, how was it possible for trust to be reposed in any colleague? That is the question everywhere being asked or implied.

Here, then, was the situation when Senator McCarthy of Wisconsin entered the field, with a reckless indictment of the State Department. He asserted that he had the names of disloyal employees by the score, and he coupled with this a railing accusation against several highly esteemed public servants, including Dr. Philip Jessup, the President's roving ambassador, and Professor Owen Lattimore, a prominent expert on the Far East. Such aspersions, obviously, were too absurd for consideration; and as for his departmental list, the Senator failed to substantiate a single charge. This, however, made no difference to his tactics. He took no notice of the clearest disproof, but came on again and again, with abuse of the Secretary of State as the responsible Cabinet officer engaged in shielding foes of the Republic. All this was delivered under cover of senatorial privilege, the accused being without means of defence or knowledge of the evidence, if any.

It was in the midst of this cloud of slander that Mr. Acheson had to prepare for attendance at the May Conferences of Foreign Ministers in London and Paris from which, by general assent, he returned with greatly enhanced prestige. Mr. Walter Lippmann wrote weightily on the central anomaly of the situation, calling pointed attention to the contrast thus strikingly illustrated between American methods and those of European parliamentary democracy. In England or France a Cabinet Minister could not in such circumstances attempt to fulfil an important mission. When under fire he would be assured of Cabinet support and a solid backing in Parliament. His case would be debated

on terms that involved the fate of the Government. But for the United States Secretary of State there is no similar protection. His political friends in the Senate are of no avail. The only formal testimony in his support has come from three former Secretaries of State (Cordell Hull, Byrnes, Marshall) who issued a joint statement containing the needed reminder that the present Secretary of State was not the author of the policy that was being directly and most harshly assailed.

The truth is that for several years past, and increasingly since the challenge of the Berlin blockade and the announcement that Russia was in possession of the atomic bomb, the American people, worked upon by unlimited agencies of publicity propaganda, have been living in a state of fear. We may doubtless assume that the taproot of this feeling, deep below the surface, is anxiety concerning the stability of the existing economic system. The external evidences are heartening. The post-war period has not been marked by any positive warnings of depression. No signs even of a partial recession have been serious enough to arouse misgiving. American industry and commerce make a spectacle of wealth and energy beyond the wildest dreams of the 1920s. Productivity is seemingly boundless. Those ardent believers in the American system who, less than a decade ago, dared to foresee 60 million jobs, may now claim that they were realistic calculators. True, the rise in the cost of living is terrific; the expenditure upon government is above all estimates; the waste everywhere visible is appalling. Nevertheless a population of 150 million North Americans is able to carry all this, under influences which, allowing for enormous defects, appear to be working out towards a less fantastically unequal distribution of the national income. Why, then, should the most powerful nation on earth be subject to fears? Can it be that the American business public is reacting to Communist propaganda by losing faith in the potency of the mighty structure of its own creation?

When we turn to political affairs there need be no difficulty in understanding why the record of the Truman Administration should be relatively barren in legislative results. Civil Rights and organised Labour have been most prominent as regards both trouble and disappointment. Congress and the public had every reason for knowing that Mr. Truman would go forward with the Bill for removing the worst grievances of the Negro. But although the Supreme Court delivers judgments in favour of equal rights, educational and other, the Deep South has still far to go before anything resembling the Bill now pending can be carried or even fairly debated. The President had no alternative but to accept defeat; and who would care to predict that success in this cause is possible before the day of his retirement?

Similarly, in the case of the Taft-Hartley Act Mr. Truman found that his promise of repeal was nugatory. Several major strikes last year made the President and his Secretary of Labour understand that legislation for the control of the unions brings unforeseen results. Once again it was John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers who provided the demonstration. In recent years the stoppages ordered by him, almost annually, have been more concerned with welfare schemes than with wages. Mr. Lewis accordingly has been able to appear as the pioneer on a new line of industrial progress, and so far he has escaped defeat. When last year the idle mines became a menace to national production, Mr.

Truman was urged to forget his election pledge and enforce the coercive clauses that he had condemned. This he refused to do, and a settlement saved him from the odium of tergiversation. But repeal was plainly out of the question. Taft-Hartley or its equivalent will remain.

Meanwhile American Labour is undergoing certain basic changes. It may or may not be possible for the two great federations, the A.F. of L. and C.I.O., to merge, but the organic process will certainly go on under the pressure of giant production and full employment. Welfare schemes, with pensions in the forefront, have opened a new form of rivalry among the unions. Any gain for the miners by John L. Lewis makes certain fresh demands from Philip Murray of the C.I.O. and Walter Reuther of the United Automobile Workers, with results of startling significance. Public interest is at present centred upon Mr. Reuther's latest success. He has carried through with General Motors a comprehensive agreement that is not to be challenged for a decade. This is a landmark in industrial statesmanship, possibly a prelude to peace in the sphere of mass industry. With many other symptoms it implies a remarkable change in policy and in the attitude of the employer class. It may announce the dawn of an understanding that production and full employment are impossible in a state of latent war.

The national polling day is November 7th. Neither the threat of war nor war itself alters the course of an American election campaign, although, necessarily, it plays havoc with political and party issues. Mr. Truman and the Democrats must, during the coming three months, bear the full brunt of a totally unexpected war situation, the immediate effect of which may be seen most directly in the popular reaction to compulsory military service and large drafts for the Far East. We may expect the party conflict to be confused beyond all recent experience and, unfortunately, we cannot look for a decline in the anti-Red scare. There is one probability that should not be underestimated. The Republican managers will have their minds concentrated upon one matter—the choice of a presidential candidate two years hence. Their party does not at present possess a single political leader of national standing. This circumstance and the crisis conditions combine to increase Republican pressure upon General Eisenhower.

The significance of Mr. Truman's message to Congress on July 19th cannot be overstated. In scope and forthrightness it is equal to the strongest of Roosevelt's utterances. There is no qualification in its recognition of United Nations responsibility, while the reaffirmation of America's resolve, on behalf of the free nations, to co-operate in resistance to all aggression is as absolute as words could make it. The challenge of North Korea was met by Washington with a decisive promptitude that could hardly have been possible before 1950. The President's statement marks an epoch.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

KOREA, RUSSIA AND SOUTH-EAST ASIA.

THE Northern Koreans' invasion of the South has had one direct advantage, in forcing the Western Powers to realise that the ills of the Far East cannot be cured by drowsy, dilatory conferences. Since November two of these, at Colombo and Sydney, have been held by the British Commonwealth to consider what was to be done about South-East Asia; and one at Singapore of Colonial Governors and Far

Eastern ambassadors which must rank as a policy-making body since its unanimous recommendations undoubtedly precipitated Britain's recognition of Communist China. Colombo produced nothing but pretty speeches. Sydney was almost farcically disappointing—a meagre £8 million to be spread over three years in general economic help, agreement to work out a six-year plan, and adjournment till September. Korea has shown that events will not wait on such dawdling.

Obviously the masses of Asia must be raised from their poverty and hunger, on which Communism feeds. But there is little hope of this being successfully managed until some order and harmony are restored. Every country is infected by Communist agitation in varying degrees, not excluding India and Pakistan, though these do not come within the scope of this article. Indo-China is dealt with elsewhere. In Malaya, after the many errors which have allowed the Communist rising to drag on for two years and even to grow worse, the "Briggs Plan" of campaign, and the recent visit of the British Colonial and War Ministers provide hope that the Communists will be crushed. It is indeed unthinkable that they should not be.

But Burma is a terribly weak spot—and directly accessible from China. Before the rains the Government had improved its position by the recapture of three or four towns. But communication by rail and river is impossible except under strong escort, and the country at large is controlled by insurgents of various hues. All the best observers agree that the first step to restoration of order is reconciliation between the Government and the Karens. But the Government has been, to put it mildly, extremely maladroit in its dealings with the Karens, who are now almost incurably suspicious of any offer from Rangoon.

In Siam, the huge Chinese colony, amounting to one-eighth of the whole population, has taken down the portraits of Chiang Kai-shek, but has not yet hung up pictures of Mao Tze-tung. Since they include many very rich merchants (most of Siam's wholesale and retail trade is in Chinese hands) they may well be warned to keep quiet by the misfortunes of their opposite numbers in China. The Siamese have no inclination towards Communism; they are earning good wages and have plenty of food and clothing; and Marshal Luang Pibul Songgram is a strong ruler. But there is undoubtedly an active underground Communist Party, and Siam's future security hangs upon events in Indo-China: It is noteworthy that Luang Pibul has recently been asking Britain and America for arms to defend his frontier.

The Republican Government in Java does not appear to be particularly worried by the Communists, although the dashing Tan Malakka, so often reported dead, is still very much alive in the south-west of the island. But there is still a great deal of the lawlessness which forced the Dutch to take "police action" in December 1948; the Republican administration is deplorably staffed—some would say there is none; and the Republicans themselves are playing politics, quite needlessly trying to compel the other autonomous States of the U.S.I. to submit to the rule of Jogja-Karta instead of grappling with the urgent need of restoring law and order. The situation in Java cannot be regarded without uneasiness.

In the Philippines the revolt of the Hukbalahaps in central Luzon, which began five years ago as a normal rising of peasants against landlords, has developed into open Communism which the mountains and jungle make extremely difficult to repress.

It is common to think of Communist China as breathing forth

contagion on all and sundry. Two years ago in his May Day broadcast, Mao Tze-tung said that the Communists' aim was "to liberate the thousand million suffering peoples of Asia from imperialism" and this appears to be the ceaseless burden of Peking's propaganda; the smallest incident abroad with a Communist "string" to it calls forth loud exclamations of sympathy or horror from Peking radio.

But there is just a possibility that the suffering millions may not want to be liberated by China. To accept arms from China, as the Vietminh is believed to have done, is one thing; to accept Chinese interference might be quite another. The Chinese are not liked by their brother Asians, no doubt because of their unrivalled cleverness in monopolising the richest business wherever they go. An old and experienced resident in Burma said to me, when we were discussing the possibilities of a Chinese invasion, "I cannot imagine the Burmese, even the Communists, allying themselves with China." And a few weeks ago a correspondent of *The Times*, in a survey of Indo-China, spoke of the strong anti-Chinese feeling in the Vietminh, which certainly exists among the Vietnam Nationalists. One may also recall the massacres of Chinese in Java by Indonesian insurgents in the past five years. The importance of this element must not be exaggerated, but it is something worth bearing in mind.

And now of China herself. The picture here is distorted by the war in Korea and especially by the United States' decision to set a guard round Formosa and deny it alike to invasion by the Communists and use for bombing the mainland by the Nationalists, and to hold what is still technically Japanese territory as a trustee for the settlement of its future in quieter days. At the time of writing it is impossible to say what China will do. On June 27th Chou En-lai, the Foreign Minister, issued a furious attack on America's "aggression against Chinese territory," saying that the Chinese people would "fight single-mindedly" to wrest Formosa from the American aggressors. Two days later Mao Tze-tung struck a quieter note, dealing chiefly with broad principles and saying nothing about fighting for Formosa. Since then China has sent a long note to Mr. Trygve Lie which could be construed as repeating Chou En-lai's threats, while the Chinese Peace Committee backs him up with bloodthirsty clamour. It seems incredible that the Communists would challenge the United States Navy round Formosa. They may vent their anger by sending reinforcements to the Northern Koreans, many of whom fought with them in Manchuria against the Nationalists. One can only guess.

That, indeed, we are still largely doing as regards China, but in the past fourteen months we have learnt something. It was really extraordinarily stupid of the Communists to blanket all foreign correspondents in China, who would certainly have found much to commend. The high-flown reports by Peking propaganda of industry and agriculture booming cannot be taken without a good deal of salt. China was so badly mauled by thirteen years of Japanese invasion and civil war that there has not been time for such wonders of recovery. But undeniably the Communists have done far better than could have been expected, especially in the administration of big towns, for which their many years in the wilderness had provided them with no experience. The discipline of their troops is beyond praise; the restoration of the chief railways is much to their credit; and above all their hands are clean, taxation has been ferocious but the money no longer goes into the pockets of corrupt officials. Against this, the Chinese people who

at first found in the Communists a welcome change from the gross misrule of the Kuomintang have been alienated by crushing taxation, enforced Victory loans, State trading monopolies and the tyrannical behaviour of junior Communist officials. The Communists have succeeded in stopping the headlong inflation of the *jenpiao* (the People's Bank dollar), which threatens to go the way of the Nationalist currency,* but at the cost of paralysis of industry and wide unemployment. The unfortunate foreign merchants of Shanghai were almost bankrupted by taxation, the Nationalist blockade, and the Communists' refusal to allow them to liquidate their businesses or even to reduce their staffs however great their losses might be. But Chinese business men were equally hit, and early in June they urgently warned the Government that it was bringing China to the verge of ruin.

A few days later the half-yearly conference of the National Committee of the People's Political Consultative Conference (which serves as a parliament until China is ready to elect one) gave striking proof of the Communists' ability to face facts and correct mistakes. Most of the fortnight's debate was spent on a new agrarian reform law. The mere distribution of big estates among the peasants has been found to create a host of troubles for reasons peculiar to every province. At the same time there has been loud resentment among the peasants, in some places open rebellion, against the heavy taxation and confiscation of their grain for the army and to keep labour quiet in the towns. The new agrarian law meets these grievances by accepting frankly that landlordism within limits is a necessity; and subsequently a long list of tax reductions covering both urban and agricultural life was proclaimed. Many taxes are abolished, others reduced, some are consolidated with others; several State monopolies are abolished; and pressure for subscription to the hated Victory loans is relaxed. One extremely interesting clause in the new agrarian law forbids any interference with graveyards, the groves surrounding them, and ancestral shrines. All these are the very core of ancestor worship and the sacredness of the family, against which the Communists had aimed their strongest attack as being most inimical to their own creed. In this connection one may note the anxious debate of the National Committee on how to make the Chinese people love and understand Communism—with a special warning that officials must use sweet reasonableness instead of their present "authoritarian methods."

The National Committee's debate is but one of many indications for which one has no space that the Chinese Government is far more interested in internal affairs than in foreign. Even the noisy propaganda about imperialist warmongers plotting China's destruction is probably mostly for home consumption, designed to keep the party and nation together now that the unifying force of fighting the Kuomintang is no more. Even the tremendous adulation of Russia and of "Stalin, our great leader" may not have as much depth as it has noisiness. The Communists have often emphasised in conversation with foreign visitors that the revolution is their own work unaided from outside; many of them are undoubtedly disturbed by the ascendancy Russia has acquired in Peking. Indeed, if the Western Powers had played their cards more wisely, China need not have been driven so much into Russia's arms. The British recognition of China could

* It is interesting to note that the Communists' device of calculating prices and banking accounts in grain has been used again and again in the past 2,000 years in moments of financial crisis.

scarcely have been more clumsily handled—to describe it as “an unpleasant decision” was certainly no way to win the Communists’ goodwill. And it is simply preposterous that the small, utterly discredited National junta in Formosa should still represent China in the United Nations. It is remarkable that the Russians should have had so much success in drilling North Korea while all America’s generosity and efforts have failed in the South. The reason is probably that the Americans tried only to introduce democracy among people who had not the faintest conception of it and had never had the least experience in governing; whereas from the first Russia aimed to fit the North Koreans for war, inflaming them with tales of American aggression.

For Russia’s record in the Far East—not excluding Korea, as older Koreans must remember—is bad. In the past twenty-five years she has absorbed all Outer Mongolia into her dominions; annexed South Sakhalin and the Kuriles; plundered Manchuria of £181 million worth of Japanese machinery. On the eve of the Kuomintang Government’s collapse she extracted from it a monopoly of air transport in Sinkiang; no Chinese plane may fly there. In her treaty with China last February she, in fact, gave nothing but promises. Since then she has obtained mineral concessions in Sinkiang and an air line to Peking under a thin disguise of joint management, the true meaning of which her history fully reveals. For the moment these facts are blurred by the war. But they should become clearer when after the war a general settlement of South-East Asia as well as Korea must be attempted, on new lines. There is much reason to believe that Communism in Asia is far more an exaggerated form of Nationalism than it is Russian Marxism, which probably only a mere handful have ever studied. In South Korea there was a considerable faction which believed that unification with the North could be negotiated; and the belief that in the North the Communist Party was a small minority seems to be supported by the flight of 6 million refugees from north to south. In Indo-China the Vietnamese Nationalists insist that Dr. Ho Chi Minh is not really a Communist, that his followers are more Confucians than Marxists, and that, if the various factions were left to settle their own differences, the dominant force would be Nationalism, not Communism.

There is, no doubt, some wishful thinking in all this, but it is a subject worth considering. Merely to return to the *status quo* after the war in Korea—though that must be the first aim: aggression must not be allowed to “get away with it”—is no cure. And it is highly doubtful whether Indo-China can ever be pacified by fighting. The spirit of the times in Asia is that her affairs in each country must be settled by Asians. Against the danger that to leave them to do this would open the door to further Russian expansion may be set the eagerness of the reformers to do things for themselves, not to have them done by others; while the East has certainly as much cause as the West to fear Russia. For the task of mediation necessary to bring the various factions together in consultation India and Pakistan seem almost designed by Heaven. As Asians they can understand and speak to fellow-Asians as Westerners never can; and as agents for the distribution of economic aid from the West they would be wholly free from the suspicion of trying to reimpose the old colonialism which still, however causelessly, clings to the Westerner in South-East Asia.

O. M. GREEN.

HO-CHI-MINH.

IN the past five years Viet Nam has been in and out of the news, and in recent months very much in. On January 30th, 1950, peaceless South-East Asia was further perturbed by Russia's recognition of the rebel Ho-Chi-Minh Government. Within a few days the Soviet satellites followed suit. On February 7th Britain and the United States recognised the rival Bao-Dai Government. Originally a local colonial conflict, the war in Viet Nam has blossomed into a world issue. The Vietnamese tragedy has been throughout synonymous with two men: Bao-Dai and Ho-Chi-Minh. Of these two Ho is the better equipped, the more ruthless and the more redoubtable. Time will tell which of the two protagonists will win the last round. So far time has sided with Ho. The rebel leader is a gaunt and ascetic figure, with a high-domed forehead and a wisp of straggly beard. His appearance suggests the elderly scholar rather than the lifelong revolutionary. In happier times he might, perhaps, have embraced a less exciting career. The fates willed it otherwise. Thus he grew into the Ho he is: a foremost Far-Eastern firebrand and a thorn in the flesh of France.

Born January 15th, 1894, in a small village of the Vinh province in North Annam, his real name was Nguyen Tat Tan, which he later changed to Nguyen Ai-Quoc and finally to Ho-Chi-Minh. At eighteen he became a sailor, spent some time in the United States and Britain, settling in France in 1919. Sailing was evidently not his calling, for he took to the more gratifying pursuit of politics. Western Europe was to him the first stage in a lifetime of conspiring in exile. His early "apprenticeship" was marked by misery and want. To support himself he turned dishwasher in London, retouched photographs in Paris. Coupled with this precarious existence went endless hours of study and self-education. History, philosophy, Marxist literature, languages—he devoured them all. The knowledge thus absorbed was to stand him in good stead in after years. Militant Moscow missionary work provided the practical experience. Ho's political career began on November 1st, 1920, with his attendance of the French Socialist Party Congress in Tours as Indo-Chinese delegate. A split occurred over the motion for affiliation to the Third International. When the Left-Wing extremists seceded to form the French Communist Party Ho was among the first to join them. The student of revolutions had found his *raison d'être*.

From that moment he devoted all his energies to the new party, inspired by a fanatical belief in the cause, augmenting his meagre income by his pen. Subsequent events revealed an imaginative mind at work. A member of the Third International, Ho played an active part in the Communist Federation of Greater Paris, contributing a series of articles to the paper *Le Libertaire*. In 1922 he founded his own journal *Le Paria*, denounced imperialism as the source of all evil, and hawked his paper on the Paris streets. In 1923 he journeyed to Russia as delegate to the Communist International Peasants' Congress. There he stayed for the next three years studying Communist ethics and the Marxist way of life. Virtue is its own reward. In 1926 a highly trained Ho appeared in Canton as assistant to Michael Borodin—Russia's "Grey Eminence" in Southern China and chief adviser to the Kuomintang. The Chinese Nationalist-Communist "honeymoon" was then at its height. In Canton Ho gave proof of an organising ability that was to take him far in the Soviet hierarchy. Ostensibly a translator

at the Russian Consulate, his actual task was to create a Communist Party from among Annamites abroad. The result was the "Viet-Nam-Cach-Menh-Than-Nienh-Ho," or "Young Annamite Revolutionary League." For a while all went according to plan. But not for long. In 1927 the felicitous "honeymoon" ended abruptly in a "crime passionel." Chiang Kai-shek declared war on his Communist partners, the versatile Borodin packed up for home leaving his promising assistant to be packed off to jail. "Sic transit. . . ."

He was not deterred by this first setback. On his release he left inhospitable Canton to carry on the good fight elsewhere. For years thereafter he became a globe-trotter, visiting Malaya, Hong Kong, Russia and Siam. During all that time he was Nguyen Ai-Quoc (Nguyen the Patriot), an elusive mystery man, constantly engaged in plotting behind the scenes and regularly in and out of prison. The fruits of his labours were soon to be gathered. In 1931 his party—now known as the "Dong-Duong-Cong-San-Bang," or Indo-Chinese Communist Party—caused widespread riots in Tonking. Faced with a serious challenge, French repression was swift and severe. The party was banned, its leadership dissolved, and Ho, becoming once more a fugitive, sought sanctuary in Hong Kong. There he resumed his usual machinations. But for once the British authorities were not amused. A warrant for his arrest led to a conviction for conspiracy and six months in Hong Kong gaol. Having served his term Ho retired from public life, and returning to Russia let the news of his death be spread abroad. Whether this temporary "demise" was consistent with Tacitus's *Deos Fortioribus Adesse*, or some Comintern directive is not known. But in 1940 a familiar figure was back in Southern China. This time it called itself Ho-Chi-Minh. This time it had come to stay.

Then came the Mikado's war and with it the awakening of Asia. Japan's aggression was more than a military cataclysm. It was also a social revolution which released the long-dormant undercurrents of a potent Nationalism. In the summer of 1945 the pre-war established order was on the way out. New forces were at work. New names made headline news: Nehru, Jinnah, Soekarno, U Aung San. In 1942 a Nationalist but Communist-controlled independence movement had emerged in Viet Nam: the "Viet-Nam-Doc-Lap-Dong-Minh-Hoi," better known as "Viet Minh" (Vietnamese Front). Japan's collapse had left a political vacuum. This enabled Viet Minh to assume the reins of government in Tonking and Annam. On August 28th, 1945, it proclaimed in Hué the "Democratic Republic of Viet Nam" with Ho-Chi-Minh as President. When on that day its red flag with yellow star went up it was no mere will-o'-the-wisp. It signified the end of an era. The first eight months of Ho's Administration were rich in staggering developments. They afforded an object-lesson in how a ruthless minority can conquer a powerless majority. When this convincing "demonstration" was over Viet Minh reigned supreme in Viet Nam. It had set up a Communist-dominated dictatorship complete with arbitrary arrests, political persecution and a rubber-stamp National Assembly. In March 1946 France recognised Viet Nam as "a free State within the Indo-Chinese Federation and the French Union." Talks were to be held for a treaty settling all outstanding problems, primarily, the thorny question of Cochinchina. But Ho and his Jacobins had other plans. To them a free Viet Nam meant a "People's Republic," including Cochinchina, divorced from France and freed of all Frenchmen. It was in this spirit that two conferences took place,

one at Dalat, the other at Fontainebleau. It was this spirit, too, that led ultimately to the Hanoi massacre in December 1946, to the hardships and miseries of a five-year war of which no end is yet in sight.

Meanwhile, the division of Viet Nam into two antagonistic halves resembles in many ways the partition of Korea before the outbreak of hostilities. The fearful concomitants of such a state of affairs are too obvious to require elaboration. They assume only added significance in the light of the Korean tragedy. In the global trial of strength between Communism and the free world, Indo-China may be the next on the list. The cogency of this assumption is borne out by various reports on Ho-Chi-Minh, whose person is once again shrouded in mystery. According to some Ho can now count on more active support from Mao Tze-Tung and Russia. Others suggest that he has ceased to be Head of the Viet Minh Government to become leader of all Communist parties in S.E. Asia. Whether these reports are based on fact or fiction remains to be seen. But if it be true that he is Head of the Far-Eastern Cominform, it is even more true that the West is resolved to meet his challenge. The West has seen the Writing on the Wall. Saigon must never become a second Seoul.

DAVID INGBER.

LIFE IN BERLIN.

“**H**OW does the King vote?” “What do they think of us in England?” “Do English Youth groups take an active part in politics?” Those were the questions most often put after any lecture dealing with the British way of life. Interest in the power of the King was so general among every kind of audience that it almost seemed to express some sort of nostalgia for the past under the Kaiser, possibly even a secret longing that some day a dynastic ruler might be restored as head of the German State. The second question arose out of the intense self-consciousness of the people at their position in the cold war; this, after all, was Berlin, where the Blockade had still to be borne after hostilities had come to an end, Berlin, the centre of the struggle, where the Western allies afford protection against the danger of Communism; in other parts of the country there may well be less concern about British opinion of Germans. Audiences in Berlin felt an obvious pride in their endurance, and were disappointed to learn that the Oder-Neisse line was not a matter of burning interest to the London man-in-the-street.

All the questions about Youth Movements reveal disillusion amounting to cynicism among German young people. Some hope to emigrate, despairing of any future for themselves in their own country. They feel that they have been misled once, and may easily be misled again; some among them are supporting parents who, known to have been Nazis, cannot find employment. So they fear that any Association which they may choose to join now might be condemned in the future, in which case they in their turn would become a burden on the next generation; in other words, they are afraid of backing the wrong horse. They cannot understand that in England Youth Groups are non-political, unless they happen to be Youth Clubs actually attached to one of the parties. On one occasion, an audience of young men and girls was much amused by the answer to a question on the politics of the Boy Scouts Organisation: “They are not political. Boy scouts are *children*!”

The listeners were responsive and showed special appreciation of any account of personal experience, for instance during the General Election. They could hardly believe that in this country we have local choice of Parliamentary candidates, and that we can have access to our Member of Parliament, whether we belong to his party or not. On the whole, the Women's Meetings seemed to give the greatest hope of an awakening social conscience, and the most promising outlook for the future. Associations of women—Mothers' League, Feminists, Christian Democratic Union, where Roman Catholic and Protestant members co-operate—are all alike deeply concerned with preservation of peace and promotion of social welfare. Their ideas of democratic procedure are usually vague, their Pacifist aspirations nebulous, but they are anxious to learn, and in this field much fruitful work could be done. It is desirable to establish contact by frequent mutual visits between women here and in Germany who are taking a leading part in public life, municipal affairs, education, or such problems as juvenile delinquency. An all-Party Mass Meeting for Liberty and Human Rights, addressed by women only, under the leadership of the remarkable deputy-Mayor of Berlin, Frau Luise Schroeder, a spare little pale-faced figure with short white hair and steel-rimmed spectacles, attracted an audience of about four thousand people. It was a counter-demonstration to a Communist Women's Week in the Eastern sector, and was primarily intended as an appeal on behalf of German prisoners still in Russian hands. If one could have wished that the women listening had been as ready to weep and to applaud noble sentiments on the rights of man years ago, before their own husbands and sons were suffering, at least the Meeting was a revelation of the influence which German women, if they will, are able to exercise in public life. The triumphal orchestral music, and the coloured balloons and scarlet-and-gold banners with which the hall was festooned, recalled Nazi showmanship, but German people have always loved pomp and ceremony, and at present music and colour cannot but be welcome against the dreary background of daily life.

The shattered streets need an Edgar Allan Poe to convey their sinister atmosphere, or Dickens in his most macabre mood; ruin upon ruin, piles of brick and rubble, water dripping from the broken girders of a suburban railway arch on to the slush below, twisted metal entrails hanging over the remains of a domestic staircase, an old pre-war sign-board above a gaping doorway, proclaiming like some ghostly echo out of the past that here is an agency which has houses to let. Glass show-cases among the debris containing shirts or blouses or underwear, with the name of the shop where they can be bought, heighten the horror by contrast. But the Berliners no longer appear to be conscious of the abnormality of their surroundings; they crowd together under an arcade to watch some commercial demonstration such as the colouring of Easter eggs; they plod along in good, rather drab, clothes and solid footwear, bought, one gathers, since the stabilising of the Westmark. Some women wear hat-elastics under their chins like schoolgirls, as unattractive a fashion as one may wish never to see. If it is true that they hope to emulate the chic of the Parisienne, it can only be said that they have a long long way to go. Elegant young ladies can be found behind the counter in a few luxury shops, but there do not appear to be any customers for them to serve, and the foreigner may well wonder who finances these astonishing ventures for the sale of expensive cosmetics, jewellery or hothouse flowers. The cafés are full of people

enjoying cream cakes and other good things, in which the eight or nine million Displaced Persons, and the two million unemployed presumably do not share ; nor is there any milk distribution at school. In the meantime children, unconcerned with nutrition or other problems—Bubi with shorn fair head and Liselotte with neat corn-coloured plaits—play at ball among the ruins, or watch a fire-engine drive up to a house which has collapsed, and occasionally the rare spectacle of workmen engaged in the task of demolition.

The Berlin theatre is as good as ever, and that is saying a lot. During my visit I saw a new production of *Tannhäuser* in the British sector, with a brilliant Wolfram von Eschenbach (Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau), a young singer whose Slavonic features, of a type frequently seen among Germans, belie the Nordic myth. In the *Deutsche Staatsoper* in the Russian sector, *Tales of Hoffmann* was beautifully sung, but staged throughout in semi-darkness, a modern fault. Also in the Russian sector, duly provided with Eastmarks for the programme and sandwiches, I saw two Communist plays in "Max Reinhardt's Deutsches Theater," both perfectly produced and acted. One, *Tai Yang Erwacht*, by Friedrich Wolf, dealing with the Chinese Revolution, was a caricature rather than a work of art. Tai Yang, a factory girl, mistress of the wicked Capitalist employer—her motive, heedless to say, was pure—is awakened by an impassioned speech from her Proletarian lover, full of references to Sun-Yat-Sen, Lenin and Stálin. She stabs her brother, who deserves his fate because his ideology was all wrong, and rushes off to distribute revolutionary leaflets among the factory girls. The play ends with the girls all marching to victory singing a song about ten thousand guns, while handbills rain down upon them from above—presumably not from heaven. Comic relief is supplied by some Anglo-Saxon characters in topees, and the only time that there was any applause other than at the fall of the curtain occurred during a scene where one of them is snubbed for protesting against violence. It is tragic that any audience to-day should still find talk of guns and bloodshed exhilarating.

The other play, *Mutter Courage und ihre Kinder*, by Bertolt Brecht, is magnificent by any standard and an unforgettable experience. It is a chronicle-play dealing with the Thirty Years War. Mother Courage is a camp follower selling her wares to the soldiers from her covered cart, a woman of the people, full of natural wisdom and shining goodness. The long exacting part was superbly played by Helene Weigel, the author's wife, from her first humorous appearance to the last scene when she has become a red-eyed hag, dragging her empty waggon unaided and alone round the revolving stage. Her lover was played by a fine actor, Paul Bildt, as a Dutch cook in the cosmopolitan army. The devastation of Germany at that period was shown with little scenery, all the more effectively by skilful economy of means. The theme is inspired by hatred of war, but propaganda is implied rather than direct, unless it be accounted propaganda that the characters are all proletarian, and that nobles rather than common people are "noises off." Plays in translation are frequently given, and the usual American pictures are shown at the cinemas, while German films bear the trace of Hollywood. American influence was equally marked, if less obvious, in a new light opera, *Die Bremer Stadtmusikanten*, based on one of Grimm's Fairy-tales, which had its Berlin first-night performance during my stay. The composer Richard Mohaupt emigrated to the United States during Hitler's régime, and has infused a kind of Walt Disneyish humour

into his music. There is evidence everywhere of a two-way traffic in ideas. If some German refugees, like scholars of the Renaissance, have brought German science and German learning with them to their host-countries, others have taken back with them new knowledge, especially concerning democratic methods of government.

There is admiration of England and the Welfare State ; that was made clear, especially in private discussion with individual members of the audience after lectures. If there was no sense of guilt for the past, neither did anybody ever admit having supported the Nazis. This may have been policy or self-deception, or it may have been due to a half-conscious feeling of shame. The general attitude was a shrug of the shoulders accompanied by the question, "Was konnten wir tun ? " Obviously by the time that the average citizen understood what was being carried out in his name, it was too late to do anything. If he did not realise the implications of evil at the beginning it was through political ignorance or lack of civic responsibility. On the other hand, there is no doubt that if Hitler had achieved his aim of world supremacy, the *Herrenvolk* would have condoned things which must now be condemned in deference to general public opinion. The allies may spread their views and teach their methods, but the answer to the question, "What could we have done ? " can ultimately be supplied by none other than the Germans themselves.

D. L. HOBMAN.

IN SOUTHERN ITALY.

THE "problem area" of Italy—the southern provinces of Apulia, Lucania, Calabria and lower Campania—has recently received a certain amount of publicity in the British Press and radio owing to the fact that Marshall Aid is going to help develop a non-industrial part of the Republic which has been far too long neglected—a part in which "the birth-rate is so high, the density of population almost everywhere so great, often absolutely and always in relation to the available resources, that . . . the inhabitants live on the margin of subsistence."* No matter how comprehensive the plan, however, there will be no belief in its fruition by the people most concerned until proof in the form of continuity is forthcoming. At any rate, that is the impression received during a recent tour of these provinces. As one leading professional man said to me, "We have been promised all this before. Whenever there is a new election, or somebody wants publicity, we of the 'problem area,' the 'backward provinces,' get attention with many words and phrases. But as soon as ambition is achieved, we lapse back into our normal, forgotten state."

Time alone will tell how true this cynicism is likely to be. Certainly, southern Italy has been the ragged, despised Cinderella of the family up to now. I was authoritatively told, for instance, that the proportion of hospital beds in the south was two per thousand of the population, compared to five to ten (depending on individual towns) per thousand in the north, that drugs and other medical essentials were not so forthcoming as they were in the more fortunate regions, and so on. As to land distribution, the "squatting" cases of the last few months in Calabria and Sicily, and the relative defeatism of the pro-

* *Southern Europe*. By Marion I. Newbiggin (1949 edition).

prietors and police, speak for themselves. Over-population, of course, is a prime factor, especially when allied to a fair proportion of infertile land, mass unemployment and apathy, poor conditions and much poor health. Nothing, apparently, can be done about *this*. When I somewhat bluntly suggested to a group of doctors that a Ministry of Birth Control would do Italy, and particularly the south, an immense amount of good they could not—to use a current expression—agree more. But it was quickly pointed out that neither the Vatican nor tradition could be fought against in so revolutionary a way as that.

“Southern Italy” is a region not of universal definition but so far as I am concerned it is that approximately south of a line drawn across the mainland from Foggia to Naples. Though geographical ideas as to where the south begins varied somewhat, opinions expressed in advance by Italian friends varied not at all. To travel in it from choice seemed queer to them. They stressed the slowness of the trains and buses, the bad connections, lowered standards and inconveniences I should encounter so far from the tourist track, and the conservatism and ignorance of most of the dwellers therein. Each ended by assuring me that I would be very glad to get back to “civilisation” again. In some ways they proved to be right, in others wrong.

In view of their pessimistic predictions my arrival in Foggia seemed a kind of symbolic prelude. *En route* a broken railway bridge, little knowledge of the language and the cupidity of a cunning porter resulted in four hours' imprisonment in a meandering, comfortless, “boxed in” country train instead of about twenty minutes by bus between temporarily bridgeless Ortona and San Vito. This meant getting to Foggia about midnight in pouring rain, squelching through puddles particularly deep (I afterwards discovered that though the new station is exceptionally well finished, it being considered the third most important in Italy, the station square was much as it was after the last of the bombing raids), and an *albergo* (hotel) in which I found refuge, though classified as third, turning out to be much more of the fourth (and lowest) category. Foggia is modern, wide-streeted, unpicturesque, somewhat war-scarred, and the capital of an agricultural, wine and olive-bearing plain. It was also, when I was there (November), subject to intensely cold *Bora* winds—winds which I thought could not possibly be colder until explorations into the countryside made me decide that they could. The huge fortified castle ruins of Frederick II and the Romanesque cathedral of Troia are well worth a visit, but the Gargano promontory was what called the most. It seems extraordinary that this region is so little known to the Italians themselves, for it is in places scenically most attractive, despite the rather austere scrub-covered heights which divide the Gargano in half. There are two large lakes on the northern shore-line, and some rather dirty but pictorial little fishing villages on the eastern side. Prickly pear grows in abundance in the valleys, and cows water themselves in the Adriatic. Religion, too, should have a strong pull for the devout. To Monte Santangelo there is, on each May 8th, a pilgrimage up stony slopes, while at San Giovanni Rotondo is a Franciscan friar who is regarded as a living saint.

It was at Monte Santangelo that even this somewhat hardened traveller got slightly shocked. The pilgrimage grotto is in a subterranean cave, and is where the archangel appeared (so legend says) to Bishop Laurentius when nearby Siponto was the Byzantine *Sipontum*. An altar has a figure of St. Michael (somewhat doubtfully attri-

buted to Michelangelo), and the whole is protected by an outer shell (1274) in which is another altar and tiny chancel. As I entered one very cold, cloud-enveloped morning (Monte Santangelo is about 2,500 feet high) two priests and a caretaker were just ending Mass. Almost immediately after a strident quarrel broke out between them; loud, heated and violent, right in the precincts of one of Italy's most revered spots. The stone walls rang with their declamations and recriminations. Was this grotto, I sceptically wondered, only a show-piece in their minds? I did not then know that, after my return to England, I should come across some illuminating comments on this same "Angel business" made to the late Norman Douglas* by a group of the inhabitants there! I ought perhaps to add that the vituperation died down as abruptly as it started.

I did not myself see the friar, revered for an alleged stigmata. I have every reason to believe that I could have done so, but I am not a newspaper reporter, and I could appreciate Padre Pio's sensitiveness on what is to him a holy subject. I closely questioned several who definitely stated they had seen the "wounds," however, and these ranged from a personal friend of the friar's to a working man in Foggia. Some said they had seen the marks on the hands; others that he walked with obviously painful feet. I was given details of medical evidence as to the lack of healing for thirty-one years, and of the Church's stringent tests. Whatever the explanation for such phenomenon, I personally believe in its physical authenticity.

Impressions of Bari are a bit bewildering, for, apart from its port (which is not commercially very important, even though among the largest on the Italian Adriatic coast), it is architecturally a mixture city; old, modern and Fascist. The last named is displayed in all its pompous but, to eyes somewhat weary of squalor, not unpleasing splendour on the new sea promenade. (It is, of course, rather a come-down to find, after the last building is passed, a stretch of rubbish-filled land, with small works adjacent, but one must assume that Mussolini—some of whose exhortations and strictures are appearing once more through the thinning whitewash on walls nearby—would have finished the job had he been able.) The new town is built on a rectangular pattern, with broad boulevards here and there from which straight streets branch off at right angles. During the summer these wide thoroughfares, with their lack of shade, are condemned by many, but we cannot expect builders of the present always faithfully to follow the past, even if it be sensible.

It is the old town that is Bari's problem. After spending several days wandering round the noisy, vociferous, humanity-packed quarter, standing on soil which once housed ancient *Barium*, and having seen a communal vehicle collect the daily slops from some alleys because no sanitation was available or near—having seen, and smelt, the only too obvious evidence such a condition inevitably brings—having unobtrusively looked inside some of the family living-rooms adjoining the narrow streets, I could well believe that, because of this blotch on Bari's otherwise fair escutcheon, infant mortality there is the highest in Italy (ninety-nine out of every thousand). Despite its two first-class hotels, good restaurants, theatre, cinemas, excellent shops and historic background Bari is little visited by holiday-makers. This is a pity, because for those willing to get about it is an excellent centre for some unusual excursions. One is to the fantastic, breath-takingly beautiful stalactite

* In Old Calabria.

and stalagmite caves of Castellana ; certainly I have seen none more artistically illuminated or impressive. Another is to the quaint, beehive-shaped houses of Alberobello, the origin of which is lost in obscurity. Yet a third is to Castello del Monte, a well-preserved thirteenth-century octagonal-shaped castle overlooking the limestone Murge plateau, and favourite residence of Frederick II ; archæologists claim this to be one of the finest of its type in Italy, if not in Europe. The many churches and cathedrals, with their fine detail, dignity and grace, which seem to abound round about Bari, should be an added inducement.

It was from Bari and onwards that I had to cease from inwardly struggling against acceptance of that backwardness which, to emancipated feminine eyes at least, belongs to any region which is so much man dominated. Men, men, men everywhere, filling the *caffes*, the *piazzi*, the markets. Wet or fine they wander aimlessly around, and the more one goes inland the less one sees of women except those actively occupied shopping, working in the fields or in their homes. Even in Bari a woman alone after dark in the streets is a rarity ; I found from experience that an unescorted female at a cinema was assumed to have gone there in the hope of remedying that lack. At times this predominantly male atmosphere, with its lazy inertia, its lack of "doing," made me critical, impatient—moods I endeavoured to turn on myself. For on what grounds could I presume to judge them ? Many were unemployed. Most had homes which were only dimly lit, comfortless, noisy, primitive and incredibly small. Who would not want to get into wider spaces—away from crying babies and possibly (and probably justifiably, poor souls !) nagging women ? In general, though, women are submissive. As soon as she is of marriageable age a girl looks out for a *sposo*, and life has no meaning for her if one is not found. Husbands, on their part, expect to be waited on, looked up to, obeyed. Love plays its important part, naturally, where love is free to choose. But it in no way lessens these three expectations.

In the wild, mountainous interior of the peninsula's "foot" primitiveness, superstition, poverty, bitterness and resentment are found ; along the low-lying Ionian and lower Tyrrhenian Seas miles and miles of desolation. The villages of Lucania and Calabria are mostly squalid hovels grouped together ; the smaller towns larger editions. There are more of the latter than the former. People prefer to band together in "communes," even if it does mean rising before dawn to get to their work out in the country. Illiteracy is very high (there seems to be no compulsion about schooling), roads are bad (not yet is there a good highway from the "toe" to the "heel," though a start has been made ; sometimes one sees quite good stretches, but all peter out after a while), and life is more "behind the clock" than in any other part of Italy. Grain is grown, but the soil is poor. Olives do better, and near the shores are occasional plantations of orange trees. Acres of swamps, due to bad irrigation, make much of the coast malarial (though this, too, is gradually being taken in hand). For this reason, and also as a defence against the invading and piratical landings of earlier days, habitations are built on shoulders of hills a short distance inland, their off-white walls and flat roofs giving them an unexpected Tibetan appearance. The larger places run a bus or conveyance of sorts between station and town, but even so it adds an extra irritation to the already weary traveller—for except at night, when there is a *rapido* between Taranto and Reggio-Calabria, the fifteen-hour train stops at every station ; and there are seventy-four of them.

It is hard to realise, when wandering through this melancholy but often savagely beautiful region, that this is *Magna Græcia*—that here were some of Greece's most flourishing colonies. Yet now practically nothing remains. Of the one-time luxury city, *Sybaris*—where even the slaves were dressed in silk—not a stone is left. The only perpetuation of its memory is the isolated railway station of Sibari. And, as though destructive wars, an unproductive climate (heavy, earth-corroding rains in the winter, none for the rest of the year), infertile soil, sickness and neglect were not enough, the treacherous ground at times adds its own quota of misery, for an earthquake belt lies south of Vesuvius and Etna (Sicily), and on certain dates of history thousands have perished and whole towns been completely riven by catastrophic upheavals. The last disaster was in 1908, of which Messina and Reggio-Calabria were perhaps the greatest victims. Yet notwithstanding all the primitiveness, the roughness, the uncertainty of finding even tolerable bed-and-board conditions in these regions (Catanzaro, Cosenza and Crotone being exceptions), one turns northwards with a sense of regret—at least I did. And if the chosen road to civilisation is that which goes from the Messina Straits to Naples that feeling is even more acute. For there is something hauntingly pitiful about the wastes of those Calabrian spaces, where perhaps for hours one sees neither man nor beast on land nor sail on sea ; there is something grimly alluring about those mysterious, secretive, "backcloth" highlands. To reclothe this Cinderella with the garments of sympathetic energy and hopeful endeavour will surely be a more fitting priority by the Italian Government and people than the development of far-off colonies.

LILIAN GRAY.

THE NEW INDIA.

TWO-AND-A-HALF years after the attainment of Dominion status in the British Commonwealth of Nations, India has taken the final step of proclaiming her independence as a republic. Whilst announcing this conclusion at a commonwealth conference held in London last year, Pandit Nehru affirmed her desire to continue as a member of the Commonwealth. This momentous decision of far-reaching significance both to India and the other members was indeed a tribute both to the Prime Minister of India and of Great Britain as well as to the vision and elasticity of the Commonwealth framework. The right to secede from it having been established by the Statute of Westminster nearly twenty years ago, has been exercised by two States so far. It is a moot point if these countries are happy in their choice, though prestige and resurgent nationalism does not permit them to express it.

With the removal of the last symbols of British rule in the Dominion, the change over, despite the ceremonial and outward signs of rejoicing, has been marked by very subdued optimism, owing to a difficult future ahead. Unlike Pakistan, who had to make a start *ab initio*, India inherited a stable administration and a large number of experienced administrators, apart from a highly efficient army and a favourable credit balance. Her trade was well established, though in raw materials of jute and cotton, and food grains of wheat and rice, the partition of the sub-continent put the larger share of these essential commodities in the lap of Pakistan. Coal, textiles, iron and steel, cement and sugar were products of India. The division of these priority items of commerce

between the two Dominions stressed their dependence on each other in building up their economy as well-knit units; but subsequent events after partition have not conduced to ease and still less to foster cordial co-operation on either side.

Partition of the country and more so the splitting of the provinces of the Punjab and Bengal in the short space of a hundred days between two entirely separate States, created problems for both, which neither of them was in a position to grapple with or solve satisfactorily. The Sikhs, who always looked back to the past history of the Punjab under Sikh rulers, found themselves divided between both, a source of irritation either way. A large number of British officers in the services, both civil and military, had left the country. Administration of both wings, more so the transfer of reformed army units, was not complete when the holocaust commenced. Over seven million refugees crossed the borders of either State, with a loss of several thousands in killed and missing. The strain was probably greater on Pakistan, which has a fourth of the territory and population of undivided India. The refugee problem, the transfer or sale of evacuee property and the allocation of the canal waters of the tributaries of the River Indus in the Punjab are burning problems awaiting solution. Above all looms the vexed question of Kashmir, which both Dominions claim, one by virtue of the accession of the ruler of the State, and the other on the basis of geographical position, trade and population, three-fourths of the people being Muslims.

These are some of the problems both countries have inherited after the partition of India, and which vitally affect the welfare and prosperity of people in both. On the credit side of either is stable administration, the maintenance of law and order, and good financial credit, thanks to the large sterling balances both still held in the United Kingdom. India has framed a comprehensive constitution of nearly four hundred articles, based on secular democracy largely drawn from the British, American and other democratic constitutions. An achievement of worth-while importance has been the amalgamation or merging of the 560 States she had to deal with as semi-independent units, after the lapsing of Paramountcy on the departure of the British. Good progress was made till the middle of 1948, with several federations, but Hyderabad stood out for independence of either Dominion. It had a Muslim ruler, whilst nearly 80 per cent. of the people are of the Hindu persuasion. Though by right the Nizam could stand clear of accession, it would have been an impossible position both for the ruler and his people, situated as they were in the very heart of India and entirely dependent on her for supplies and communications. Nor was the Nizam an entirely free agent; a turbulent clique in the State, the largest in India, with a population of 17 million, obstructed negotiation on the proposals for accession to India. As no solution appeared forthcoming, and certain States were sitting on the fence watching developments, India prepared for military action, euphemistically called "police" action. With a well-planned advance from four strategic points, and an armoured division racing through the centre for the capital, all resistance was overcome in four and a half days, and the bluff called off. The surrender had a magical effect on certain other rulers who all toed the line, and acceded to the Union of India or to other States federations. Two other smaller States in India opted for accession to Pakistan, but the Muslim rulers were prevented from doing so by their subjects, aided by other interested parties.

The constitution of the Indian republic, the accession of Indian States of princely India either into States unions, the neighbouring provinces or under the Government of India as Chief Commissioner's Provinces, with the disappearance of most of the rulers from the overlordship of their State, marks a distinct unification of the Indian union. The removal of autocratic and feudal powers of the princes, now shorn of their princely trappings and splendour, was in reality a continuation of Lord Dalhousie's policy, interrupted by the Indian Mutiny a hundred years ago. The Republic of India to-day comprises nine States which were governor's provinces in the past, nine States unions of units neighbouring on and similar to each other in race and culture, each under a Rajpramukh or States' Governor, and nine important States with their rulers as Rajpramukhs or under a Chief Commissioner. In only one state the Maharajah functions as head of the state with Ministers drawn from the State's Legislature. This privilege is enjoyed by Mysore, which State, under a succession of able Dewans or Chief Ministers, is probably the most advanced as well as the best endowed by nature in the whole of India.

With the assumption of Dominion Status by India and Pakistan, the position and prestige of both stand high in the international sphere. This is due to both Governments drawing into their central cabinets some men of real ability and worth. India is to-day a member of the Security Council of the United Nations. Her foreign policy, ably expounded by Pandit Nehru and more recently in his recent tour of the United States and Canada, has resulted in greater understanding and appreciation of India's attitude towards major international trends and her present needs. The calling of a South-East Asia Conference by Pandit Nehru in Delhi last year to consider the Dutch action in Indonesia virtually placed the leadership of Asian countries, outside the Communist circle, in India's hands. The holding of several international conferences on science, labour and research in India, which was attended by the leading scientists of the world, in Mysore and other centres, has focused the important position India now holds in world opinion. Nor does the administration hesitate when it comes to the upholding of law and order in the land. The Communist menace leading to bloodshed in certain parts of the country is being firmly dealt with, whilst a rising of displaced persons in Delhi soon after partition was sternly handled and suppressed.

Having got over the initial shock of the refugee problem and the turmoil in Kashmir, India entered upon a period of industrial and economic expansion. Several big schemes of irrigation, engineering, manufacture of locomotives, motor cars and machine tools have been planned and some put into execution. The Damodar Valley irrigation scheme in Behar and Bengal, the Bhakra project in the Punjab and the Hirachud proposal in Orissa will canalise the waters of some important rivers in India, overcome floods and feed several thousand acres of fertile land as well as furnish power for lighting and other purposes. A locomotive workshop has been started in Bengal and will produce loco engines very shortly as well as spares. An important British India company will place motor vehicles made in India on the road, whilst a large machine tool factory has been proposed for Mysore, where a repair works taken over from the American Air Force already operates and turns out rail coaches and aircraft spares. Manufacture of various capital goods and essential commodities with the expansion of Indian shipping to a target of two million tons, has been planned and

some are nearing completion. Most of these schemes are under the aegis of the Central Government, which provides the greater part of the finance. The Centre has called in several experts in food, housing, public health, trade and other utility services to advise them in furthering their plans on these pressing subjects.

The provinces and State unions too have several utility plans for irrigation, engineering, research and education which will also require financial assistance from the Centre. But unlike the latter, whose cabinet has been selected from many communities of different political complexions, the provincial and States governments are composed of men professing the Congress faith and a large share of the Ghandian ideology. Not being sufficiently broad based and somewhat lacking in experience of men and affairs, their enthusiasm for large capital works, nationalisation of utility services, State trading, abhorrence of liquor and horse racing and sensitiveness to criticism, do not promote the co-operation and support of public opinion. Prohibition of liquor has cost some of the provinces several crores of rupees in excise revenue and police prevention, whilst the restrictions imposed by law bid fair to be draconian. The loss has been partly met by a sales tax which is wanting in uniformity of application and tends to throttle trade both between states and overseas. Educational bodies, hospitals and other public institutions which come under the provincial or States' sphere of operation are having their grants curtailed or extra charges or fees put on to make ends meet. Funds are scarce for the campaign of growing more food, for housing, medical relief and education—the vital needs of the country to-day. Local capital is shy and apprehensive with a heavy burden of taxation, restriction of dividends and an uncertain future of nationalisation or expropriation in the offing. Labour costs have soared and put up the price of all materials. Rationing and controls, made more necessary after partition, lead to the twin evils of corruption and self aggrandisement.

Not a day passes that some political figure or scribe does not refer to the "Father of the Nation" or the "Architect of our Freedom," invoking his blessings before starting on the theme before him. But very few remember or admit that Mahatma Ghandi suggested during his lifetime that the Congress should cease to be a political institution on the attainment of independence, and be reconstructed to carry on social and rural uplift work in the half a million villages. The easy attainment of independence with the partition and confusion consequent on the enormous refugee problem has led to power politics in the Indian National Congress of to-day. Allegations of corruption, profiteering and nepotism have been made time and again by one body of Congressmen against another in the same assembly or state, and Mahatma Ghandi's own paper the *Harijan* and some of his staunch but unpretentious disciples have raised their voice against these practices. Rewards to the so-called sufferers in the 1942 political upheaval in the shape of money, land or employment has been another source of irritation and favouritism. Members of the legislature of more than one State have taken advantage of their position to obtain licences in trade, foodstuffs and luxury goods, which they could manipulate to their own advantage, whilst the Congress High Command's fiat to surrender these licences has remained a dead letter, and no proceedings taken against the offenders. It should be remembered that there is no effective opposition in the legislatures of the States to withstand and expose these practices. The other political groups are

diminutive and ineffective. State elections to the Constituent Assembly or provincial bodies are not conducted under the supervision of the higher Congress personnel as they were in the past. Seats are found for safe men of unknown antecedents who will toe the line, and if an open election takes place the polling centres resemble a share market with the bulls and bears operating each way.

This disquieting feature of the political situation indicates if anything the low ebb the fortunes of the Congress, the largest political party in India, have reached. Inconsistent and faulty direction by the Congress High Command, with a plethora of words and phrases, show very little results when it comes to a show-down with their own party men. With an eye to the elections next year, the Congress are staving off any difficult or unpleasant suggestion or action. The direction of affairs by that body, with the charges of corruption and nepotism not attended to, has led to a loss of confidence in the average man, and a rise in the fortunes of the Socialist, Hindoo Mahasabha and R.S.S. parties. The former appeals to the worker in the factories, the two latter to communal instincts. Votes will be split, with the outcome neither secure nor favourable to the people of the country. No personality in the Congress has assumed the mantle of the Mahatma to stop the rot and heal the breach.

The Prime Minister and the Deputy Prime Minister, who command more respect and attention than any other personalities in India, have time and again drawn pointed attention to these dissensions in the party and the evils resulting from them. They have emphasised the economic crisis the country is passing through, aggravated by the devaluation of sterling and the scarcity of exchange. The drain on the sterling balances must be halted, else the pool will be dry when most required later in easier times. Production must be stepped up and exports brought to a par with imports, instead of being heavily in arrears. An unfavourable trade balance against India during the last two years calls for curtailment of imports and the postponement of several expensive schemes which can afford to wait their turn. A planning commission is to be set up, and the States must work in with the general outline of the Union's finances. The Prime Minister once said that some of them behave like independent units instead of being integral parts of India. Revision of some of the ideological schemes inherited as part of the Congress creed, when the party was in opposition, is necessary if the drain on finance is to be eased. Want of sufficient experience, lack of trained personnel, shortage of essential materials have interfered largely with the fruition of many welfare projects to the mortification of the State and its people. Too much has been attempted in too short a space of time, with too little materials on hand, owing to a defective sense of priority and perspective. The ministers of both central and provincial administrations have been promising too much to their constituents in the heyday of independence, forgetting that money, trained staff and materials readily available are the foundation of any advancement.

The economic situation, in spite of the progress made in various fields of endeavour, hinges largely on two unsolved problems India has to-day. The question of sufficiency in food, and that of improving relations with Pakistan overshadows all other questions of moment. The Prime Minister has declared that imports of food grains must cease next year. India must be self-sufficient in food, so that the drain of 150 crores of rupees for its purchase abroad will cease. If the average

produce of the soil can be increased by 10 per cent., the gap will be closed—a question of four million to five million tons of cereals. Efforts are being made to step up production and to obtain the maximum procurement from all the States in the Union. Both short- and long-term schemes are being devised, the emphasis being on the short-term projects which can be utilised at once with lesser outlay. If the agriculturist, who comprises 90 per cent. of the population, can be persuaded to put his shoulder to the wheel and co-operate wholeheartedly, treating him with consideration and common sense, assisting him with implements, manure and good seed, there is no reason why the increase of ten or a higher percentage in the outturn cannot be secured. A higher figure will provide against droughts and floods and act as a central reserve. But the tiller of the soil must be treated with understanding and given a fair deal, eliminating the middle man, while transport and other services must do their part in the campaign. Self-sufficiency in food grains must come before cotton, jute and sugar and be independent of all. The two former shortages are political deficits and the third is created by a misguided policy which helped profiteering.

The big problem however is a settlement of important issues with Pakistan. Kashmir comes first. The bitterness of the tussle has had repercussions on trade which has come to a standstill, in cotton, jute and food grains on one side, and of coal and textiles on the other, to the detriment of both. Heavy expenditure on defence, 50 per cent. of the budget, is eating into the vitals of each State. The arguments on either side continue, and no mediator has been found to bring a solution nearer. Both are using up their resources and strength with little prospect of a satisfactory settlement in view. It is an open question if the United Nations can grapple with the nettle. The delay in resolving it has thrown up controls and sanctions by both parties, and has, if anything, increased the bad feeling, giving opportunities for extremists to aggravate it. Trade having almost ceased, new markets are required for the surplus produce both countries took from each other. This is the canker which is nullifying much of the achievements of both States. Not till an amicable settlement is found will each of them be free to progress in the full measure of their plans and resources. Perhaps after a further period of travail, wider counsels will prevail, doing away with all notions of prestige either party may hold, to the lasting benefit of both.

E. J. KAIL.

Bombay State.

MEMORIES OF GREAT VICTORIANS.

GEORGE JOHN SHAW-LEFEVRE, who, when Campbell-Bannerman was appointed Prime Minister in 1905, became Lord Eversley, had been a leading member of British Governments ever since 1866 and was returned for Reading in 1863 when Palmerston was Prime Minister and Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer. In one of his first speeches he mentioned that he had spent some time in Virginia and had seen the degrading institution of slavery. He knew that the North would win, but when he put forward his motion in favour of the North, with Cobden on his side, he was strongly objected to because cotton was the raw material of our greatest textile industry, and the Southerners were regarded as a brave minority defending their property and State rights against the vulgar Abolitionists and puritanical Republicans of the North. When the Alabama

claims were referred to arbitration it was Shaw-Lefevre who proposed the resolution. He was part author of *Fact Versus Fiction*, the Cobden Club's reply to Chamberlain, which appeared in the autumn of 1904, and of the *Burden of Armaments*—a plea for retrenchment by the Cobden Club in 1905, which helped to provide Campbell-Bannerman with an overwhelming Liberal majority. Perhaps the most important speech on the Commons Preservation Society, which he had helped to found in 1866, was made by him. He was appointed chairman and was President of the Society, with a few short intervals, until the end of his life. The Society was intended in the first place to organise resistance to the threatened enclosure of the London commons. E. N. Buxton, Tom Hughes, Leslie Stephen, James Bryce, John Stuart Mill were among its early members. It saved Hampstead Heath, Wimbledon Common, Epping Forest and other valuable commons, and this work constitutes an enduring monument to his public spirit. He lived to be over ninety and had known personally, as he once told me, thirteen Prime Ministers, seventeen Lord Chancellors, and seven Archbishops of Canterbury. He had served in the Board of Trade under John Bright, the noblest of orators and the laziest of administrators. He had met innumerable celebrities, and once he was taken as a boy by his father, Sir George Shaw-Lefevre, to breakfast with Macaulay at Holly Lodge on Campden Hill.

James Bryce may be said to have surpassed all his contemporaries in the comprehensive grasp of history, geography and politics. His first book, *The Holy Roman Empire*, grew out of a prize essay composed at Oxford in 1862, and was described by Freeman as being "on a level with men who have given their lives to historical study." Dr. G. P. Gooch, after a passage of nearly sixty years, expressed the opinion that it had contributed more to our understanding of the Middle Ages than any other single work in our language. One day in the spring of 1921 I talked about his new book on modern democracies which I had recently reviewed. This led me to ask him whether public opinion was all-powerful in America, and how he would define it. He referred me to six chapters in his big book on America, but added that the *locus classicus* for the intolerance of American democracy is in de Tocqueville. In his view it is only intolerant at moments, in war-time, or when national emotions and sentiments are deeply stirred, and that too under the manufacture of the Press—that chief danger of democracy! "Are democracy and civilisation now imperilled?" I asked. "They are always in danger, but civilisation has survived and progress has been resumed." I was thinking of the collapse of the Roman Empire. "Yes, but it was very gradual, it went by bits and in places, taking perhaps some two hundred years. The Reformation was the most important change."

Bryce believed that it is no use floundering in theories when you can proceed inductively from ascertained results. "You are very kind to democracy's faults," I said. He was in almost boyish spirits, enjoying the sense of travel, and above all the prospect of beholding once more his beloved United States. He was a great traveller. Perhaps his main achievement was the climbing of Mount Ararat, about which he wrote a very interesting book. It was a most enormous climb and as he succeeded in achieving the summit alone he was able to boast that he had succeeded in dragging down with him a part of the Ark! I do not suppose that more than a dozen men have ever reached the summit. Perhaps it was on account of this climb that he was offered a seat which

would ensure him a fine tract of territory. Freshfield gave him the choice at the top of Ashdown Forest, with a splendid view, and he gave the other one to Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Paul. Just before or just after his ambassadorship to the United States, Bryce built the porch, and placed over it a Virgilian line which Raper of Trinity, a contemporary of Bryce, who was staying with him, suggested as an appropriate motto for a retiring statesman—*Hic securā quies et nescia fallere vita*. Perhaps this was appropriate to Bryce's diplomacy, but it is hardly a characteristic of diplomacy in general.

My first visit to Sir George Trevelyan took place in the autumn of 1897 when I had just begun to emerge from Oxford. My host was very kind to me and seemed to enjoy taking me round the garden and the grounds. Right down to his extreme old age he was reading and repeating his favourite classics with perpetual delight. At eighty-eight, in July 1926, he wrote to me—"I am now finishing Suetonius for the fourth time this century. He grows on me every time. I love his allusions to the oral testimony of his father and grandfather and their contemporaries, and I have again finished Thucydides and gone straight on to the Hellenica, but Xenophon is *not* Thucydides." On his return from India at the age of 26 he painted with all the vigour of "Ivry" or "The Armada" a lively picture in the following stanzas :

But in the pageant all is bright, and, till the shock we feel,
We learn not what is burnished tin, and what is tempered steel.
When comes the push of charging ranks, when spear and buckler clash,
Then snaps the shaft of treacherous fir, then holds the trusty ash.
And well the fatal truth we knew when sounds of lawless fight
In baleful concert down the line came pealing from our right,
Which in the hour of sorest need upon our centre fell,
Where march the good old houses still that love the people well.
As to and fro our battle swayed in terror, doubt and shame,
Like wolves among the huddled flock the Tory vanguard came.
A moment yet with shivered blade, torn scarf, and pennon reft
Imperial Gladstone turned to bay amidst our farthest left,
Where, shoulder tight to shoulder set, fought on in sullen pride
The veterans staunch who drink the streams of Tyne, and Wear and Clyde.

During one of my visits he talked a good deal about Simónides and Tyrtæus, and one of his Homeric stories is worth repeating. A great Cambridge scholar had once remarked to Trevelyan that the finest of all Homeric lines is that describing the fall of the charioteer. Sir George repeated this to Gladstone, but added that it was one of the stock lines of Homer, which frequently followed the fall of a small knight or charioteer in battle. Gladstone said quickly: "No, I think not—it only appears once." On looking the matter up Sir George found that Gladstone was right. One night at Welcombe he said that he could not remember a person who had fallen most from his merits. Then I suggested Sir James Mackintosh. He said: "I don't agree with you," but Macaulay did. He had a great fear that his venture *apropos* of Mackintosh might prove a failure in the world's eye. He was very fond of talking German, Spanish, Italian and Portuguese on the Continent where he learnt the languages without an effort. "Sir George is now going through Plato's Dialogues"—so I wrote in 1909. "He reads them thirteen pages in the morning, with his feet on the fender." Welcombe is six thousand acres, Wallington twelve thousand. We had a delightful visit at Wallington and I remember well an exciting talk about the first part of Pompey's dream in Lucan's *Pharsalia*, which

marked the music and melody of those splendid lines. During my last visit to Wallington before the war, in September 1913, I wrote: "Wallington is as beautiful and Sir George as delightful as ever." Some time, a little before this, I had sent him a copy of Ticknor's Life. "For two or three months," he said, "I could talk of little else than Ticknor." This put an end, more or less, to our meetings and I may part with a fine scholar, a writer of genius, a fascinating talker, a great Liberal of the old school and a staunch friend.

The Marquis of Lansdowne is perhaps the most remarkable figure in modern times if we look at the long list of achievements and the great strength of his mind shown in the last pages of his career. His lineage was a remarkable one, starting with the Lords of Kerry, who were three times in revolt against the Government. He became an heir to Sir William Petty (1623-87) and not only got much property but also a real interest in political economy. Altogether it has been said that the English, Irish, Scots and French blood all contributed in equal proportion to his composition.

If I were to go over the achievements of Lord Lansdowne it would be a very long list and the record can be fairly left to Lord Newton's biography. When Mr. Asquith and a number of others were driven out of the Cabinet by Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Lansdowne was the only important person who gave up his post in the Ministry. I have in my possession his statement signed and sealed, sent to me with his own corrections and dated "Lansdowne House. July 30th, 1918." "Meanwhile with every month that passes the toll which the war is claiming becomes heavier and heavier. The civilised world is being drained of its resources, and is spending its energies in purely destructive efforts, each of which involves a further diminution of its reserves of power and a further mutilation of the machinery of production. I have seen estimates which put the casualties sustained by the belligerent nations at thirty millions, of which no less than seven millions have been killed, six millions are prisoners or missing. I will not dwell here on the sacrifices which our own country is making, upon the exhaustion of our national wealth, upon our losses in tonnage, and our infinitely more lamentable losses in human lives . . . but we are apparently as far as ever from the end. The tide of carnage and destruction continues to flow and carries all before it. I am, therefore, convinced that an effort should be made, not to make peace but to open a discussion which might lead to peace." Mr. Asquith and many others had much the same point of view though they did not like to say so. But we may now say with conviction that a great number of people can agree with Lord Lansdowne, and would wish wholeheartedly that his proposals had been accepted long before.

FRANCIS W. HIRST.

THE EWES OF TOGOLAND.

NOT "You's" but "Eh-ways" is the approximate pronunciation of the Ewes, an African people who inhabit a broad belt of country between the Rivers Volta and Moro, and stretching northward to the uplands of Central Togoland. It is about 10,000 square miles in extent, with between 800,000 and a million inhabitants—nearly as large as Belgium or Palestine. Like ancient Gaul, but with less reason, it has been divided into three parts, one section being in the Gold Coast, another in British Togoland, and a third in French Togo-

land. It is thus split asunder by arbitrary frontiers, and its leading men have sent more than a hundred petitions to the Trusteeship Council of the United Nations, praying to be reunited. It has been visited by a United Nations mission, and its representatives have been to Lake Success and Geneva to state the case for their country.

According to their tradition the Ewes originally came from the Ketu and Oyo regions of the Niger, whence they migrated some centuries ago (it is calculated) to Notse, a town in Togoland under French trusteeship, now looked upon by them as the ancient home of their race. The Ewe peoples claim to be of a common origin, speaking the same language (varied by local dialects) and sharing the same cultural background which, as one petition says, "the Eweawo regard with almost the sacredness of a fetish." Local customs throughout Eweland are practically the same. The Ewes of the eastern part had the misfortune to live in territory that fell to the Germans in the "scramble for Africa" of the 1880s when the German colony of Togoland was formed. The German occupation took place in 1884, and subsequently by an agreement between Britain and Germany the Anglo-German frontier to the east of the Gold Coast was fixed. It cut right across the territory of the Ewes, which then suffered the first partition. A similar arrangement was arrived at between Germany and France with a like result. The frontiers, plotted on the map, often cut through towns, villages and farms, sometimes leaving the paramount chief on one side of the line and his sub-chiefs on the other. Tribes and even families were sundered. This is the background to the numerous petitions of the Ewes to the Trusteeship Council.

In those days there seems to have been little thought of consulting the natives, though there were some warnings, records of which can be found in the colonial documents of the period, that the artificial division of land and people would be resented. But Togoland entered upon the stage of cynical exploitation as a German colony, and the Ewes became a subject people. When the African colonies became involved in the first world war the Ewes, though they were led by both British and Germans to fight against each other in a quarrel that was not theirs, did their best on both sides to further the cause of the Allies in the hope that the territories of Eweland would not again be ceded to another European Power but would be reunited under one administration under which they could develop as a single large unit. By then new aspirations and stirrings were at work in the African mind as the result of contact with the outer world through European government.

For the six years 1914-20 the greater part of Togoland was under British administration, and the Ewes were then nearer to being united than they had been since the first colonisation. But after the Germans had been defeated and the League of Nations established Togoland was divided into two separate mandated territories, again with arbitrary frontiers and again without the inhabitants being consulted. When after the second world war trusteeship agreements with the United Nations replaced the mandates under the League, the Ewes renewed their request for reunion, but again no account was taken of their appeals. They remained divided between the Gold Coast, British Togoland and French Togoland. Some of the petitions by the Ewe chiefs bear witness to a rankling sense of injustice. "You came from afar," says one chief to the visiting mission sent out by the Trusteeship Council, "to look into the question of our Eweland. Our land is not a

loaf of bread to be divided by a father among his children or meat for a butcher to distribute among his customers." And another: "Our ancestors were never consulted and it is without their consent that we are constrained to a life of captivity within the present frontiers." And a third: "One side of the Anglo-French frontier may at times be starving, yet owing to strict frontier regulations no help is possible from the other side, even though it be thriving in plenty." Allowing for possible exaggeration some measure of hardship undoubtedly occurs; the sense of separation is the undertone of nearly all these petitions.

Division has in recent years become accentuated by divergent policies pursued by the British and French in their approach to the native peoples. The British policy of adaptation aims at educating colonial peoples for self-government, taking account of indigenous cultural conditions and providing for their development. The African is encouraged to be an African. The French policy of assimilation is directed to converting colonial peoples to full citizenship of France, with the best that French civilisation can give, rather than development along native lines. The result is that a different system of education prevails. The Ewes under British administration are encouraged to use the Ewe language, which has developed an expanding literature and is accepted as a subject for their London matriculation; schools in the French zone closely follow the model of schools in France, instruction being in French and the aim being to produce worthy citizens of greater France. For them the idea of Ewe citizenship is rather grotesque. The different systems of education produce dissimilar citizens, and thus a fresh barrier has been created between the two sections. One part of the people is governed through their chiefs or native local councils, the other exclusively by the District Commissioner.

As to how union shall be effected there is a considerable divergence of native opinion. A separate group of petitions to the Trusteeship Council reveals a strong demand for reuniting the two Togolands under a single administration but without special regard for separate peoples within its borders. To judge from the sources of the petitions this movement is predominant in all but the southern belt inhabited by the Ewes, and is supported not only by the chiefs but by a large section of the population. Some of the petitions show a certain naïve approach to the political side of the problem; one chief prays "that the British Government may, through our humble supplications and entreaty, annex French Togoland to British Togoland." It is however the unspoken implication of a good many other petitions—the unification of the two Togolands (some would add the south-east part of the Gold Coast) to be placed under the authority of a single Government, the choice of the latter to be decided by a plebiscite of the whole people, under the supervision of a United Nations commission. There is in fact a larger movement for the unity of the two Togolands than for that of the Ewe peoples. Some of the petitioners hint that the establishment of a Ewe State might lead to disintegration and prejudice the future of a united Togoland; others, that a united Eweland might dominate the other peoples.

Though a gathering of French Ewes at Lome (in French Togoland) renewed their request for "the unification of their ancestral lands under a single administration," there appears to be opposition on the French Togoland side to any change. It is strongest among the generation that has grown up in the past thirty years under French trusteeship and in contact with French ideas. In that period French Togoland has

witnessed a very considerable social and economic development, with substantial material and moral gains. This is the background to the assertion in a number of petitions that "the majority are unanimously in favour of maintaining French Togoland under French trusteeship."

Since the movement for unification carried with it a certain effervescence among the Africans the Governments of France and Britain agreed last year to set up a joint Anglo-French Consultative Commission. They recognised the demand for a reunited Togoland as a legitimate aspiration, and admitted that there was good reason to believe that the object and views expressed by the All-Ewe Conference in its resolutions and petitions were those of the mass of the Ewe peoples. But on practical grounds they considered that the grouping of the Ewe areas had no very clear advantages, since a tribal community could not possess a national character, apart from the fact that one of the Ewe districts was in Gold Coast territory and therefore outside the scope of the trusteeship system. They were opposed to the creation of an enclave limited in material and human resources, and tending to promote the division of West Africa into a mosaic of rival countries. They also thought the unification of the two Togolands would create more difficulties than it would solve. They undertook, however, to do all they could to remove restrictions on personal movement and local commerce on the frontiers, to eliminate double taxation, to equalise native burdens on both sides, and to consider the setting up of a conventional zone. They were unable to say how the exchange difficulties could be surmounted. The response of the Ewes was that these proposals did not go nearly far enough; to them complete abolition of the frontiers was the only acceptable solution, and anything short of it was a farce.

The situation in Eweland was first brought before the Trusteeship Council in 1947, when petitions began to come in praying that the tribal unity of the Ewe peoples should be restored. Later the "All-Ewe Conference" requested the United Nations to send a commission of inquiry to look into their grievances on the spot. The Trusteeship Council used the occasion of its visiting mission to Togoland and the Cameroons as an opportunity for meeting this request. The mission, composed of four members of the Council, held an inquiry in all three sections of Eweland. It received numerous petitions and took evidence from a number of leading chiefs and others. It found that the agitation had assumed the character of a popular nationalistic movement, and that "if the demand for unification was not satisfied to some appreciable degree the danger of an intensification of local nationalism, perhaps stimulated by nationalistic forces in neighbouring territories or forces from outside of a different character, seemed unavoidable." It added that a solution should be sought with urgency in the interests of peace and stability in that part of the world. The mission further expressed its opinion that the Anglo-French measures cited above would prove insufficient to solve the whole problem, which was no longer economic but was being approached by Africans on both sides of the frontiers on political lines, in which they were taking a firm stand.

But when it came to concrete proposals the mission had not much to offer. It arrived at the conclusion that there were three possible means of solving the matter: (1) A political solution within the framework of the two existing Togolands; (2) an economic solution on the same lines; and (3) a general solution to be sought within a wider political and economic framework, including the two Togolands. By this last a form of federation was indicated. It asked the Trusteeship Council

to recommend that the administrating authorities should not only continue their efforts to reduce, or even abolish, the customs and exchange barriers between the two Togolands, but that they should also increase collaboration with a view to unifying and co-ordinating the legislative and administrative methods in both territories in such a way as to eliminate the non-political aspects of the problem. They should also guide political development towards the reconstitution of the former Togoland, either as an independent State or as an autonomous unit within a larger federation.

This report was to have come up for discussion at the meeting of the Trusteeship Council which took place in Geneva during March. Meanwhile the All-Ewe Conference had requested that its representatives might be heard and the assent of the Council had been given. This rather forced the hand of the French and British Governments, who asked for an adjournment of the discussion to the June session. By then, they said, they would be able to announce joint arrangements for solving the non-political aspects of the problem and for giving full consideration to the aspirations and wishes of the peoples in the territories placed under their administration. Discussion was therefore postponed, but it was decided that as the three representatives of the All-Ewe Conference had already arrived at Geneva they should be heard.

Their appearance before the Council seemed to symbolise changing Africa in that two of them wore European clothes and the third the flowing blue robe of a chief. The manner in which they delivered their statement and the adroitness with which they met and answered a cross-fire of questions showed that individually they had gone far towards learning the subtleties and conventions of political procedure. They told the Council that on their side the question was being handled by the chiefs and elders with a view to an orderly solution, adding that there was a good deal of impatience and a sense of frustration and that the movement might get out of hand. 'If unification were granted without too much delay the rest would follow, because in that case they were quite willing to form part, as one people, of a larger West African federation.

H. G. DANIELS.

Geneva.

CAN ISRAEL BALANCE HER ECONOMY?

A MEMBER of the British Labour Delegation to Israel asked Mr. David Horowitz, Director-General of the Israeli Ministry of Finance, what were the chances of balancing the country's finance and economy. "How long can you hold out?" were his words. Mr. Horowitz replied that he could understand the great concern and anxiety felt by many people outside Israel when the newly born State had to fight a war with five old-fashioned Arab States—after all, in military affairs, the Jewish people had had a gap of 2,000 years—but in trade and finance the Jews had always been active, their experience in international finance has always been of great value to other countries and there was therefore good reason to hope that they would manage somehow to put their own young State on its feet. This true story is characteristic of the determination and mood in which Israel is trying to tackle her economic and financial difficulties. It can be said that so far she is managing to escape a situation which looked many times to be near disaster.

The most encouraging fact about Israeli economy during the past two years is that it has not broken down under the strain of unrestricted immigration coupled with an adverse balance of trade. Nearly 380,000 people have entered the country since the proclamation of the Jewish State in May 1948; 99,000 in 1948; 245,000 during 1949; and 36,000 up to the middle of March 1950. It is estimated that by the end of 1950, 500,000 Jews will have entered Israel within a period of thirty months as compared with 450,000 who came to the country in the preceding thirty years. During 1948 and 1949 60 per cent. of the immigrants arrived from eastern and central Europe, 37.5 per cent. from oriental, and 2.5 per cent. from Anglo-Saxon countries; during the current year two-thirds of the immigrants will come from oriental countries and the remainder from Europe and other parts of the world. The recent move of Iraq to force her Jews to emigrate to Israel, and the restrictions introduced by the countries behind the Iron Curtain to prevent emigration will most probably result in a still greater proportion of oriental Jews entering the country in the years to come. This large influx of immigrants from the Orient creates special difficulties, in addition to the usual problems of settlement and absorption. While this dynamic migration goes on, it is difficult to assess how far and how swiftly the country's economy and finance can be balanced, and how smoothly the population can adapt itself to the new situation created by the establishment of the State of Israel.

Israel is perhaps at the moment the only country which has an adverse balance of trade in a relation of about 9:1 of its imports to exports. The figures for foreign trade for the year 1949 show that total imports for that period amounted to £87,217,333 as against exports valued at £10,599,543. Over 80 per cent. of the exports comprised citrus fruits and their by-products, which brought in about £8,250,000; polished diamonds, £1,900,000 and artificial teeth, £181,000. Over half Israel's exports were shipped to the United Kingdom; while goods sent to the United States amounted only to £1,600,000. The remainder went to various other countries. On the import side the greatest sum, amounting to £22,600,000, was for food, drinks and tobacco; nearly £13 million was for raw material; and about £51 million for finished and semi-finished goods, including industrial and agricultural machinery amounting to about £9,500,000. The chief suppliers of goods to Israel were the United States, from which £20,500,000 worth were imported; next came the United Kingdom with £8,200,000, Italy with £4,100,000 and South Africa with £3,800,000.

At first glance, these export and import figures seem to indicate that the country is in a hopeless situation unless it has enormous reserves from which the adverse balance can be met. A thorough analysis of the Israel balance of payment proves, however, that, as long as the present stream of immigration continues, as long as the support of Jews outside Israel, especially in America and Britain, for the new State does not diminish, and as long as there are still frozen balances in Britain to be drawn upon, and the American loan is not fully exhausted, the country will be able to balance its economy. Imports to Israel may be classified in two sections; imports for cash payments and imports without payment. The cash payments amount to nearly £55 million, of which about £10 million come from exports, about £12 million from released balances, £6 million to £7 million from invisible exports such as tourism, insurances, services, etc. and about

£20 million to £25 million from collections in America and in the United Kingdom. The £35 million without payment come from the American loan, which is bringing in about £8 million a year, from capital imports brought in by immigrants from various countries, and about £10 million represents capital goods shipped to Israel without cash payment either by settlers or by people who are prepared to invest there.

This situation, according to economic experts in Israel, can last for two, three or at the most five years, and during this period the country will have to find ways and means of balancing her foreign trade and payments. It is realised that this can be achieved only by a great increase in home production and by a greater inflow of capital for capital investments. The political implications of a policy which would be most suitable to attract foreign capital to Israel have so far not been faced by the Ben Gurion Government. The right wing parties, as represented in the coalition, are pressing for special concessions, easier taxation and special facilities for capital investment as a means of attracting foreign capital to Israel. The American Zionist groups—potentially the main source of foreign capital which can be freely moved to Israel—support the right wing groups in their attacks on the Government; according to them, Ben Gurion is trying to introduce too much Socialism and too much planning into the country's economy. The special concessions which the Government has announced to attract capital, such as a guarantee to allow 10 per cent. per annum to be transferred back to the country of origin at any time and also the concession to transfer all dividends have, so far, not had any significant results. The Government is not in a position to yield to the pressure from the right wing groups and give more concessions for private capital investments, because of the strong position of organised labour.

As long as there is a shortage of food, strict rationing and austerity, and as long as the cost of living is high, organised labour in Israel will not tolerate any special concessions for capital investments. This situation has created a vicious circle from which the Government has so far found no way out. Some attempts have recently been made to attract capital through the co-operative movements on a so-called social basis; the idea being to organise the investors into co-operative groups which will be closely linked with the strongly organised co-operative societies run by the Histadruth (the Israeli trade union organisation), and in this way to remove the opposition against the concessions given to individual capitalists. How far this will succeed it is difficult to say at the moment, but, in the meantime, housing, investments in expansion of small industries and investments in agriculture to enable the country to grow more food, are becoming more and more urgent. The Government will, therefore, in the near future, have to make up its mind whether it prefers a planned Socialist economy under conditions of greater austerity or whether to chance a "N.E.P." and introduce a *laissez faire* economy with all the prospects of ups and downs which large-scale investments are bound to produce in a country which is being colonised and developed at such speed. Meanwhile, another breathing space was obtained as a result of the financial agreement with the United Kingdom and the settlement of all outstanding claims between Israel and the former Mandatory Government. Israeli politicians and economic experts attach great importance to this agreement, as they believe that this will remove the existing obstacles to the participation of British capital in the numer-

ous investment schemes, especially in the expansion of the electrification, potash concession, cement factories, etc. It is believed that British capital will now more readily avail itself of investing in the various reconstruction schemes which the Israeli Government is preparing.

ERIC C. SOSNOW.

FITZGERALD AND OMAR KHAYYAM.

RUMMAGING among the penny rejects in a bookstall in St. Martin's Lane one day in 1862 two friends of the poet Rossetti found a slim volume of verses which had been knocked down from five shillings. Next day, fired by the haunting stanzas, Rossetti himself and Swinburne hurried to the bookstall and bought more copies for their friends. Within a week the remaining volumes were being sold at a guinea, and literary London could talk of nothing except the strange, jewelled verses.

Come, fill the cup, and in the fire of spring
The winter garment of repentance fling :
The bird of time has but a little way
To fly—and lo, the bird is on the wing.

The chance discovery rescued from obscurity one of the masterpieces of poetry, the Rubaiyat of the eleventh-century Persian poet Omar Khayyam. But the brilliant translator, a diffident recluse named Edward Fitzgerald, preferred to remain anonymous. To the end of his days Fitzgerald seemed half ashamed of the poem's success. As edition followed edition he steadily refused to let his name appear on the title page. He gave the royalties which he received from its enormous sales to charities. When distinguished scholars and Oriental authorities wished to congratulate him he hid himself in his country cottage and refused to see them. He was so shy that strangers—and even friends—who tried to break in upon his life were repulsed with a vigour verging on rudeness.

Fitzgerald could afford to turn his back on the world. The son of a wealthy landowner, he had more than enough money for his simple needs. That was his trouble. Within him he had the makings of a great poet, but lack of any necessity to earn his own living made him lazy and sapped his creative vitality. To-day he would be condemned as a drone, for he made a cult of indolence. Even at Cambridge traits of Bohemian carelessness began to show. Once, when his rich mother called to see him he had no shoes to his name, and she was kept waiting while a college servant hastily procured some footwear for her son. As a youth he had written a few poems which showed considerable capabilities, but the singing impulse did not last. When he travelled abroad with Thackeray or walked through the Lake District with Tennyson—both Cambridge friends—he discussed, criticised or praised their early essays into print, but he never troubled to launch out as their rival. Fame did not disturb him. He delighted in Epicurean ease, and always preferred the role of the privileged onlooker. "She wishes to exert herself, which is the highest wish a Fitzgerald can form," he once said of his sister. Suddenly, when he was nearly 30, Fitzgerald came to a turning-point in his life. He rejected the fashionable literary coteries which seemed the natural orbit for a wealthy young man of talent and culture and chose, instead, voluntary retirement in the little Suffolk village of Boulge. The rest of his days were destined to be spent

in its neighbourhood. Quite cheerfully he settled down in what he, himself, acknowledged to be one of the dullest spots in England. Chaos and disorder ruled in his damp cottage home. One of his rare visitors found "A portrait on an easel, books, boots, sticks, music scattered about on tables, chairs and floor. An open piano with music, lumber everywhere, so that there was difficulty in emptying a chair for my mother to sit on." His only plan of action was to do what he liked and not be bothered. "All morning I read about Nero in Tacitus lying full length on a bench in the garden; a nightingale singing and some red anemones eyeing the sun manfully not far off. A funny mixture this: Nero and the delicacy of spring; all very human however. Then . . . lunch on Cambridge cream cheese; then a ride over hill and dale; then spudding up some weeds from the grass. . . . So runs the world away," he wrote to a friend.

Walking, sailing and reading were his chief pastimes. With a hint of quiet humour he named his yacht *The Scandal*, because he said he thought defamation and gossip travelled faster in Suffolk than anywhere else. Once, scudding along the East Coast, he was jerked overboard by a sudden jib. The Greek play which he was reading at the time was still in his hand when he was fished aboard, and he quietly resumed his study of it without bothering to change his clothes. His rustic neighbours saw a tall, dreamy-looking man, blue-eyed with large sensitive lips and a melancholy expression. His dress was like a sailor's, of baggy blue cloth. In hot weather he walked through the country lanes barefoot, with his shoes slung over his shoulder on a stick.

In 1846 he formed a friendship with the young son of an Ipswich corn merchant, E. B. Cowell, afterwards Professor of Sanskrit at Cambridge. Cowell had taught himself Latin, Sanskrit and Persian. It was he that introduced Fitzgerald to Omar Khayyam. Probably Fitzgerald's happiest hours were spent in Cowell's japonica-covered cottage, reading Greek and learning Persian and Spanish. Cowell's wife leaves a precious picture of him "Sitting for hours, gazing at a solitary flower in a glass of water, watching it unfold, not from any botanical interest but from sheer appreciation of its beauty." Cowell found Omar's rare Persian manuscript in the Bodleian, and sent Fitzgerald a transcript. He brooded over it and worked slowly and leisurely at the task of adaptation. Throughout the poem ran a vein of thought strangely familiar to his own, as though the melancholy Victorian and the plump Persian philosopher were twin spirits walking the world seven hundred years apart. "You see all his beauty, but you don't feel *with* him . . . as I do," Fitzgerald told a friend. In both their hearts was the echo that:

The worldly hope mt then seer hearts upon
Turns ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

Eventually, in 1859, he sent the manuscript to *Fraser's Magazine*. Almost a year later, as the poem had not appeared, he demanded its return, thinking the editor afraid to launch upon the world a document which dared to preach a fatalistic philosophy in terms of such glamorous imagery. Fully prepared for a storm of criticism he printed 250 copies privately. Scarcely one was sold. He sent a few to his friends and gave the rest to his publisher. Until Rossetti and Swinburne rescued them they languished, unnoticed and unread.

In 1856, aged 47, already the crustiest of bachelors, Fitzgerald married

the daughter of an old friend to whom he felt under an obligation. He was attracted neither physically nor mentally. "A very doubtful experiment. . . . I shut my eyes to the consequences. . . . I am going to be married, don't congratulate me," he wrote in a letter. Mrs. Fitzgerald wanted her husband to move conventionally in the fashionable London circles, pay calls, dress for dinner, receive visitors. But Fitzgerald's indolent habits had crystallised. After a fortnight they separated, came together for another five weeks, and then parted for good. More than ten years later, as he was walking through Woodbridge in Suffolk Fitzgerald saw a woman approaching and a glove being removed. "It is my wife," he told his companion with tremulous excitement. They met, exchanged looks, held out their hands, but at the last minute Fitzgerald's courage failed. Withdrawing his hand he stalked away without another word. As he drifted through the years on his diet of bread, fruit and green vegetables, he published from time to time poetic anthologies, collections of aphorisms and translations of Spanish and classical dramas. He always spoke as though he felt ashamed that his leisure had driven him into print when so many more capable people kept silent. Of all his works—including Omar—only one translation, of the Spanish dramatist Calderon, bore his name. And that he speedily withdrew from publication when a hostile reviewer had "a determined spit at me." No one received a ruder shock than Fitzgerald when the Spanish Government awarded him a medal for the beauty of his translations.

The longer he lived in the country the more he turned inwards upon himself. A lifetime of monotony and solitude made him querulous. "No new books, no new pictures, no new music," he cried. When the strain of poring month after month over Persian manuscripts began to tell on his eyesight Fitzgerald employed village boys to read to him in the evenings. As he listened he sat on a low chair, with his feet on the fender, in a dressing-gown and slippers, holding a snuffbox in his hand, stroking his beard with a paper-knife. He invariably wore his tall hat, and removed it only now and then to fish a red silk handkerchief out of its depths. Once, as he was pottering about, turning over books and papers, searching for something, the boy offered to help. Fitzgerald refused, pettishly adding, "That is just about the way I shall go to Heaven, I suppose, searching for what I cannot find." As accidental as the discovery of Omar is Fitzgerald's other claim to fame—his letters. Throughout his life he retained a picked circle of friends with whom he kept up a voluminous correspondence. Thackeray, Tennyson, and even the dyspeptic Carlyle all knew and liked the clever, untidy hermit.

Spontaneous, human, frank, Fitzgerald's correspondence is a casual model of the letter-writer's art. Unlike Gray's letters, with their polish and fastidiousness, it is obvious that Fitzgerald intended them only for the eyes of the friends to whom they were addressed, and never realised they possessed any literary merit of their own. Their melancholy, their wistful desire to clasp hands with life reveal a sort of sedate Hamlet. A Hamlet of literature, clear-sighted, full of beauty and wonder, yet unable to dedicate himself to a creative life through indolence and irresolution. In almost abject humility Fitzgerald renounced his achievements to the last. His final denial of personal ability or talent was the inscription he chose for his tomb: "It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves." Over his grave in Boulge churchyard a grafting from the rose tree on the tomb of Omar at Naishapur was

planted so that both should be linked in the old Persian's wish to lie where the north wind would scatter petals on his resting-place.

PATRICK POINTON.

RACE POLICIES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

RACE relations in South Africa have deteriorated to such an extent within the last few months that the country is facing a disaster which cannot be long delayed. The non-Europeans have for the first time formed a united front to attack the "Apartheid" Bills which the Nationalist Government is forcing through Parliament against the wishes of all people, Black and White, who have respect for freedom and justice. The non-European national organisations claim that the Suppression of Communism Bill and the Group Areas Bill are "two measures aimed at completing the work of the Government for setting up a Fascist dictatorship." It has become increasingly evident that the policy of Apartheid was not designed to fit into a democratic State, but was intended as the non-European policy of the Christian National Republic which the Nationalists hope to set up as soon as they are powerful enough. Bills such as the Population Registration, which is to settle for all time the ethnic group to which a person belongs, and the Group Areas Bill, which forces Europeans, Africans, Coloured and Indians to live in separate areas will not only help the Government to apply the policy of Apartheid but will pave the way for a Republic. The Registration of Population is aimed primarily against the Coloured people; it is the first step towards disfranchising them and thus allowing the Nationalists to gain seats in constituencies which have been won by the United Party through the Coloured vote.

The Nationalists make no secret of their ideas. In October 1941 the late General Hertzog said: "Nazism is not the exclusive product of any particular country or people but it came to South Africa as an Afrikaans national tradition and custom and is as old as the Afrikaans people." In the Republic, the Nationalists say the English-speaking section of the community would not necessarily have citizenship rights; the right to vote would depend on the political record of each person. Several years ago Dr. Malan warned his opponents in Parliament not to mark themselves as the enemies of the Boer nation lest they find when the Republic was established they had "doomed themselves to the status of Uitlanders." The Population Registration Bill very cleverly performs two functions; it is not only the basis for Apartheid but it sets up machinery for compiling dossiers of all who oppose the Republic. Similarly the Bill against Communism, which makes no provision for trials in the courts but gives the Minister of Justice dictatorial powers, can easily be used against all democratic elements of which the Government disapproves. The Minister of Agriculture said, "Communism stands behind the Liberals and the Liberals are the strongest element in the United Party," while another Nationalist referred to the Labour Party as "the little brother of Communism." There is said to be a great deal of Communism in South Africa, but the Government gives us no proof of this and I believe the Native leaders who tell me that, although there is a great deal of anti-European feeling, it is not Communist-inspired. On the other hand the Coloured Advisory Council say they are worried over the spread of Communism among their young people.

The policy of Apartheid has been explained differently by different members of the Government. Dr. Diederichs, M.P., gave one of the clearest definitions. He said that the difference between the two outlooks in South Africa was a "fight between Nationalism on the one hand and Liberalism on the other." The Liberal believes in the "individual and his so-called rights and liberties." He stands for "equal rights for all civilised beings, for the wiping out of all boundaries, for the dumping together of all individuals irrespective of race and colour and their being reduced to a nondescript mass of individuals." The Nationalists repudiated all these ideas. They believe that in this country we are not dealing with a group, with individuals, with 10 million people, but that we are dealing with "two population groups that differ from each other radically; peoples and races who on account of their fundamental differences and natural limits must be kept apart from each other to the advantage of both." He accuses the Liberal of being the enemy of the Natives because he bribes them with the benefits of an industrialised society and urges them to give up for material benefits their own country where they could develop into an independent nation. Dr. Diederichs knows that only 13 per cent. of the land had been set aside for Native occupation and unless South Africa can incorporate the Protectorates she cannot get sufficient land for more Native reserves; that it is estimated that it will take £50 million to rehabilitate the existing reserves, and that the last census revealed that 60 per cent. of the Africans were urbanised and had no land. Mrs. M. Ballinger, who is one of the three Natives' Representatives in Parliament, says that Apartheid has increasingly become "Segregation writ large; horizontal not vertical separation founded on migrant labour and bolstered up by ever multiplying political and economic colour bars."

The Nationalists cannot apply the type of Apartheid advocated by Dr. Diederichs because the whole economic structure of South Africa is based on the assumption that there will always be a plentiful supply of cheap Native labour. Four-fifths of the wage-earners are Natives, Coloured and Indians, and with few exceptions they are unskilled. The Colour Bar Act, the official title of which is the Mines and Works Act, debars the Native from most skilled and semi-skilled work. Many Commissions which have drawn up reports over a long period of time have pointed out the danger of the cheap labour supply and the uneconomic wage paid to the non-European. The Economic and Wage Commission said that the disparity between skilled White and unskilled Native is so great as to constitute a danger to the White. "In the interests of the White it is necessary to raise the economic level of the Native." But since the high White wages are paid very largely at the expense of the Black any rise in the Native wage will mean a drop in the White wage unless there is an increase in the production per head.

If it were not that the whole economic structure of South Africa is based on a system of cheap Native labour it would be possible to solve the Native problem by giving the Africans sufficient land and allowing them to develop their own State. But only about 37 million acres have been set aside for the Native areas, and no South African Government is prepared to extend the reserves at the expense of the European farmers. The Dutch Reformed Church supports the idea of a Native State and recommends that Apartheid should be similar to "Ideal Segregation." Under Ideal Segregation the Native areas would be self-supporting and would be modelled on the European community

with Native professional men, employers, etc. In fact the Black areas would be developed as other Native areas in Africa will inevitably develop. But South Africa would be as sternly opposed to Ideal Segregation as it is to Assimilation. Apartheid has so far conformed to the old idea of Segregation, which "retains the segregated in the same social, economic and political structure with the dominant White group but subjects them to the denial of important rights and keeps them at a social distance implying inferiority."

But Apartheid is to be applied not only to the African but also to the Indian and Coloured communities. When the Nationalists were in power during the Hertzog régime they thought it was dangerous to attempt to draw the colour line too exactly, but Dr. Malan has no such fears. In South Africa a White person is not a person who is white but one who looks white. There is nothing to prevent a Coloured person who looks white from passing as a European while his darker-skinned brother is classed as Coloured and suffers all the disabilities of the non-European. The Government's definition of a European is unacceptable. In the Mixed Marriages Act, which is intended to prevent the marriage between a European and a non-European, a European is defined as one who is "in appearance obviously what he professes to be, or is able to show, in the case of a party professing to be a European, that he habitually consorts with Europeans as a European." The definition for the Population Registration Bill is even more vague; there a White person is one "who is generally accepted as a White person." According to these definitions there is nothing to prevent a man of coloured blood who looks white, and whose coloured relations keep in the background, from becoming a Member of Parliament or even Prime Minister, nor is there anything to prevent an extreme Nationalist from marrying a Coloured woman who looks white, although their children may show all the signs of colour. This vague definition of a European is no accident. It is well-known that a large proportion of the Europeans in South Africa, including some who rigidly enforce the colour bar, have coloured blood. What Olive Schreiner said fifty years ago is even more to the point to-day. "If people with one-fourth or one-tenth of dark blood can say they will not have a man of half-dark or half-light blood sitting beside them in Parliament, why have not we who have pure European descent the right to say, 'We will not sit with you! You are not of pure European descent.'"

The only well-known work on miscegenation is a pamphlet by George Findlay, who gives a biological analysis of race mixture and concludes that among the 1,900,000 described as Europeans in the 1935 census there were 500,000 who had a percentage of coloured blood. According to the Afrikaner scientist, the late Dr. Louis Leijopoldt, so much race mixture has already taken place that it is too late to try to draw a rigid colour line. As Sarah Gertrude Millin says: "South Africa classes with the White any person who can conceivably pass as white. If a person suspected of colour but not obviously dark can pay his way in the coinage of success he may enter anywhere; he is not rejected socially or even matrimonially." The educated non-European knows all this and he says: "If it is a crime to have coloured blood let us be sure there is none in the veins of those who enforce the colour bar. Are we not logical in asking that the Cabinet of a Government that passes Colour Bar Laws should prove to us by a scientific test that they are 100 per cent. white?"

During the war years an industrial revolution took place in South

Africa and the Union became a modern industrial State with a consequent movement of population from the country to the towns. The Africans became industrialised and, as a result, there was a breaking down of the old tribal traditions and cultures. Before the rapid development of secondary industries the Native problem had been a rural problem and the Native reserves had been the focus of attention. The 1946 census showed that 60 per cent. of the Natives were dependent on their wage earnings and were urbanised. The mines house and feed their Natives, but the new industries do not, as a rule, provide housing, and the shortage of Native housing is estimated at 400,000 dwellings. The result has been that outside Durban, Cape Town and Johannesburg have developed slums which are among the worst in the world. Field-Marshal Smuts accepted the new situation and said it was impossible to apply the old policy of Segregation and explained Trusteeship as the new approach to the Native problem; he stressed the fundamental aspect of Trusteeship as the responsibility which the trustee has towards his ward. The Natives were not very enthusiastic about his policy because it made no provision for the time when the ward would grow up. However, before the United Party were turned out of office they made a real effort to improve the lot of the Africans and to provide them with social services. They did not do nearly enough but what they did showed a new spirit in Native policy. The policy of Trusteeship was never clearly defined, but the late J. H. Hofmeyr, who led the Liberal Wing of the United Party, said that our chief aim should be to give the Native every opportunity to develop his capabilities. He felt that there was no future for South Africa "save on the basis of a generous respect for the dignity of all men, an unwearying activity towards the removal of inequalities of opportunity, and an open-hearted readiness to concede to others what we regard the Fatherhood of God as meaning for ourselves." Mrs. Ballinger took a similar view when she said that there is no security for European civilisation in South Africa, either as a standard of living or as a standard of culture, except in a widening of African and general non-European freedom and the encouragement of non-European progress.

ESTHER ROBERTS.

Durban.

THE LOCUST MENACE.

THE destruction of crops by locusts has provided the world with a major problem from the earliest tillers of the soil down to the agricultural experts of the twentieth century. For prehistoric man, wresting a precarious livelihood from a clearing in the forest, a locust plague was a precursor of famine, disease and perhaps annihilation. The prospect is equally alarming for the post-war world, engaged in the development of vast new territories to solve an international food crisis. Total war against the depredations of these pests is the order of the day. Because of our familiarity with the Biblical reference to the eighth plague of Egypt, there is a tendency to regard the locust menace as confined to the Middle East. But to-day not one of the five continents is immune from attack. The very activities of man to convert forest or swamp into productive agricultural ground are counteracted by the rapidity with which the locusts seize possession for purposes of breeding. It has been estimated that over eighty countries are now subject to permanent infestation or periodic invasion. In 1947 even southern Britain was subjected to a minor onslaught. A

wall painting of a locust in an Egyptian tomb of the twelfth dynasty (about 2,400 B.C.) provides us with the earliest known record of their existence. But their prevalence in the ancient world is proved by the abundant references in Egyptian, Hebrew, Greek and Chinese documents. The Old Testament book of Joel contains a wonderfully vivid and accurate description of a locust invasion. Roman writers record the sufferings of the Roman Colonies of Cyrenaica and Numidia in North Africa, where in 125 B.C. locusts were responsible for the deaths from famine of no fewer than 800,000 people. Early Spanish writings describe locust ravages as far afield as the Philippines. The tragic story continues down to more recent times, when in 1930 crops were destroyed in Morocco to the value of nearly a million pounds.

A locust is a species of grasshopper, generally larger in size and of gregarious habits. The females lay their eggs in the ground in groups of from 30 to 100 eggs. These hatch out after several months or weeks, according to climatic conditions, into "hoppers" who move about in bands, often covering large areas and quite unperturbed by obstacles. A nineteenth-century traveller in Palestine paints a terrifying picture of such an attack. "Their number was astounding; the whole face of the mountain was black with them. On they came like a living deluge. We dug trenches, and kindled fires, and beat, and burned to death 'heaps upon heaps' but the effort was utterly useless. Wave after wave rolled up the mountain side, and poured over rocks, walls, ditches and hedges—those behind covering up and bridging over the masses already killed." He goes on to point out the truth of Joel's statement: "The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness." Eventually the "hoppers" grow wings and take to the air in swarms which have been known to measure as much as 60 miles by 3 miles and to contain as many as a million million locusts. The distances which they cover are enormous. It is on record that in 1693 swarms crossed from the Danube Delta to Wales, a distance of some 1,600 miles. Desert locusts have been observed in mid-Atlantic, about 1,500 miles from their base. Rain and wind storms usually break up these swarms, sometimes with dire results, as in Johannesburg in 1924, when locusts broke down telephone wires, stopped the railway service by making the lines impassable, and caused trams to run backwards downhill through their crushed bodies rendering the metals too slippery for the brakes to act.

The locust, which as the Biblical account reads "ate every herb of the land and all the fruit of the trees," has itself at times graced even the table of kings. In ancient Assyria a bas-relief of the seventh century B.C. shows that locusts were served at the table of Assurbanipal. They were part of John the Baptist's staple diet and are still eaten by Bedouins in Arabia, though not apparently by choice. A few years ago the Philippine Department of Agriculture issued a directive containing thirty-three various methods of preparing locusts for table, helped out by more palatable items such as eggs, bananas, lemons and pineapples. Their corpses serve a more practical purpose as fertilisers and cattle food. There are many possible methods of locust destruction, some of which date back to very early days. In ancient China the eggs were destroyed by digging them into the ground. Pliny describes Roman tactics in their North African colonies, where the "hoppers" were beaten with branches and driven into trenches. These methods are still employed to-day, although they are only partially effective and involve the use of manpower on an enormous and wasteful scale. In

some countries, Argentina, for example, metal barriers are constructed to bar the advance of "hopper" bands and divert them to their doom in pits and trenches. Magic charms have been considered in all ages a potent weapon, and in Persia prayers from the Koran are hung from poles amongst the crops to act as religious "scarecrows."

Amongst the many modern methods of dealing with the problem are flame-throwers, poison gases, bacterial diseases, steam rollers, balloon barrages, smoke screens, artillery and all the paraphernalia of twentieth-century offensive weapons. Against an aerial invasion of locusts aircraft are used to deal death by the spraying of insecticides. More recently the scientific use of chemicals and especially of poisons has become the most effective weapon of locust control. It has long been recognised that in locust, as in human, warfare one of the essential military axioms is to destroy the enemy in his base before he has been able to deploy his forces. Thanks to the pioneer work of a great entomologist, Dr. Uvarov, the habits of the locust and especially his behaviour during the tranquil years have opened up an avenue for a more effective, if not a permanent, solution to the problem.

It has been discovered that when locusts are not in swarms they change their appearance and their habits. Solitary locusts behave like typical grasshoppers and show no desire for companionship. But if the solitary locusts become congregated, due, for instance, to their desire for a damp environment during a drought, they are liable to develop gregarious tendencies and take to flight. Accordingly the policy has been to isolate these "outbreak areas" and by regular patrolling prevent the swarms from assembling. The most common method of destruction to-day is by preparing a bait of poisoned bran which is then scattered among the locusts and preferred by them to their normal food supply. Arsenical poisons which were originally employed have now given place to a poison which can be used with complete safety in grazing areas. At long last a method has been put into operation which is technically simple and effective. An added attraction is its cheapness: five pounds of bait is sufficient to kill an acre of "hoppers."

It is political rather than technical considerations which have prevented and still prevent locust control from being more effective. Locusts employ tactics which for two reasons militate strongly in favour of their survival. In the first place their invasions contain the element of surprise. Their visitations are neither annual nor periodic. A country may be free from attack for several years only to suffer severe outbreaks over a period of five to ten years. During the onslaught every nerve is strained and every resource marshalled to organise the country's defence. But when the danger has receded a sense of complacency settles on the authorities and even an unwarranted optimism that the threat may never recur. In the past it has proved very difficult to persuade certain governments that prevention is not only better but is the only possible cure for the locust menace. Secondly, locusts are no respecters of political boundaries. A swarm may gather, for instance, in India and fly to Persia and the Arabian Peninsula, while its offspring may carry on the flight to the African continent. It is useless for the countries under fire to pursue, as they have in the past, an isolationist policy and merely adopt temporary measures to meet the immediate threat. For here we have an international problem demanding an urgent solution and the willing co-operation of all the States in the affected areas. In the main this is now forthcoming. Yet as recently

as the summer of 1949 anti-locust operations in the Middle East were seriously handicapped by the refusal of the Imam of Yemen to allow members of the expedition to enter his kingdom.

An abortive attempt to combat the menace on the international level was made in Rome in 1920, when eighteen States in various parts of the world signed a convention pledging full co-operation. But it was left for the British Government to take the initiative and establish a research unit to conduct both defensive and offensive operations. This organisation was founded in 1929 following a serious outbreak of the desert locust in 1928. British enterprise was recognised by the First International Locust Conference at Rome in 1930, which requested the British centre to act as an international clearing house for world-wide locust research. This Anti-Locust Research Centre, which is housed in the Natural History Museum in London, has been the main inspiration for all subsequent developments in locust control. Thus during the second world war there was a severe outbreak of the desert locust which threatened disaster to the food crops in an area which was vitally important to the war effort. Using the local reports telegraphed from various centres to London, the Anti-Locust Research Centre was able to forecast the probable trend of the attack and warn the areas concerned.

From 1930 onwards international co-operation was able to plan systematic campaigns against the locust. No fewer than five International Locust Conferences were held between 1930 and 1938. The fifth, held at Brussels in 1938, recommended the establishment of an international organisation to co-ordinate all activities in stamping out the menace. Although the war prevented the setting up of such a body, it offered more favourable opportunities than in pre-war days for co-operative effort. The necessity for maintaining an adequate food supply provided the incentive, and the unique concentration of manpower and transport in the affected areas, the Middle East and East Africa, provided the means. It is a just comment on this minor campaign, of which the full story has yet to be told, that it was indispensable to the winning of the war. Britain inevitably took the lead but received wholehearted assistance from personnel of many nations, Egyptians, Americans, Indians and Sudanese in particular, as well as the backing of their Governments.

The centre of operations was the Arabian Peninsula, which is one of the most important locust-producing areas in the world. It was fortunate that King Ibn Saud, whose territory covers the greater part of the peninsula, gave his active support throughout. During the winter of 1943-4 a number of missions, equipped with more than 350 vehicles and nearly 1,000 men, were sent to various parts, including areas which had not been traversed previously by Europeans. The result was as impressive to the peoples of the Middle East as it was conducive to the war effort. For the first time in history a locust invasion failed to bring devastation and famine to their homelands. The success of international co-operation during the war augurs well for the future, although difficulties are bound to arise where the locust invasions infringe the sovereignty of a number of States. Co-operative measures against the Red Locust, for instance, whose habitat is mainly Africa south of the equator, have been assisted by the willingness of Britain and Belgium, whose territories are chiefly involved, to come to an agreement. An Anglo-Belgian control service was set up in 1941, while in 1949 a further stage was reached when a Convention was held

in London at which the Governments of Great Britain, Belgium, South Africa and Southern Rhodesia agreed to the formation of an International Council for the Control of the Red Locust with its headquarters at Abercorn in Northern Rhodesia. A permanent solution can only come with the co-ordination of such regional councils into one international body to combat a menace which knows no boundaries. Nor should the question of expense be any deterrent when it is realised that the ravages of the locusts have cost mankind an annual average of fifteen million pounds in money alone and untold misery, suffering and loss of life. As Dr. Uvarov has pointed out, it is now for the administrators and politicians to make full use of the knowledge provided by the scientists so that this age-old problem may be permanently solved for the benefit of humanity.

MICHAEL PERRETT.

THE CIVIL SERVICE TO-DAY.

ALTHOUGH the British Civil Service is regarded in other countries as a model of its kind, it comes in for a good deal of criticism and adverse comment at home. At first sight this would seem to indicate that the British people do not appreciate the virtues of their system, which has been envied and aspired to all over the world; but, as the direct yet wholly non-political instrument of the home policy of the Government of the day, the Civil Service is usually the whipping-boy of public opinion. As State control of various aspects of private life increases and social services expand on a nation-wide scale, it is inevitable that the growing intervention of Government bureaucracy in the daily lives of the whole population should be accompanied by much criticism of the instrument itself. This being so, it is sometimes difficult to obtain a true picture of the present system and how it has developed, for much comment is misinformed or only partly informed. As one who not long ago left a permanent Civil Service post to pursue a writing career, I am in the rare and fortunate position of being able to present a balanced survey of the present "set-up" and how it is encountering the changing conditions of to-day, by combining personal knowledge with an objective approach. So few of the chroniclers or the critics of the Civil Service have had the advantage of the inside view; for true to the admirable traditions of integrity, impartiality and silence on tendentious matters of public concern, the experienced civil servant's viewpoint is but seldom heard in the open.

The historical development of our Civil Service makes a fascinating and profitable study for anyone interested in social affairs over the last three centuries. Thanks to the high public spirit of outstanding figures like Samuel Pepys, the diarist, who fought the abuses and neglects prevalent in their day, the present institution grew slowly and often painfully out of the wholly corrupt and graft-ridden cliques which formed the public service prior to the first half of the nineteenth century. Civil servants are officially described as "those servants of the Crown, other than holders of political or judicial offices, who are employed in a civil capacity, and whose remuneration is paid wholly and directly out of monies voted by Parliament." But in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the public finances were in a poor state and Parliament often failed to vote sufficient money for the Service. Officers were ap-

pointed solely by patronage, and these conditions, coupled with the general public indifference to, and ignorance of, the affairs of government, gave rise to the era of personal nepotism, apathetic inefficiency, favouritism, bribery and internal corruption. Paid public offices were often not even performed in person.

Such were the characteristic features of the Civil Service before its complete transformation in the nineteenth century. But from 1800 to 1850, although there was some improvement in the financial administration of government, in the main the Service remained as it had always been, a body of gentlemen appointed by patronage who vaguely and spasmodically supervised the drudgery performed by a mass of ill-paid clerks, copyists and messengers. Life in the Civil Service at that time is admirably portrayed by Anthony Trollope in the early pages of his *Autobiography*. Then in 1853, in view of the growing articulate criticism of conditions in the public service, the Government set up an Inquiry into conditions and methods of recruitment. Published as the Northcote-Trevelyan Report, it marked the birth of the new institution, although controversy over the proposed improvements raged for some time and it was not until 1870 that open competitive examinations for the filling of most posts was adopted. From then on further reforms were made and the framework of the present organisation set up. Patronage ceased to be a feature of political practice, but improvements were slow in coming. The introduction of typewriters, the use of shorthand, the employment of women, superannuation—all these were adopted slowly after much opposition.

Within the last thirty years the method of open recruitment by public examination has thrown open the Civil Service as a career to a wide range of the population, although the traditional method of filling the highest and only really influential class, the Administrative Class, from those holding a university degree still prevails. But the keenly competitive system of entry ensures that all posts are filled only by candidates reaching a required high standard of education and ability. Unfortunately in practice the Service attracts mostly the introvert type to whom the advantage of security and the lack of scope for personal initiative and distinction appeal. Such officers are not always the best type for dealing with other people as their duties often require. In this connection, too, it is interesting to note that post-war discontent and disorganisation have considerably if temporarily lessened the competition for Civil Service posts, normally so strong.

There are over thirty separate Departments in the Home Civil Service, some of them, like the County Court Offices, the Ordnance Survey, the Department of Scientific Research or the Cabinet offices, being seldom in the public eye. Most of these Departments have their headquarters in London and branches in various provincial centres, but there is a large-scale move at present towards decentralisation, based primarily on the experience of wartime evacuation. There is also some scope overseas in Departments like the three Defence Ministries and the Colonial and Foreign Offices, even outside the Diplomatic Corps.

The Civil Service falls broadly into five main categories. At the top there is the very small but highly important Administrative Class. This forms the controlling body for the whole organisation, and from its ranks the permanent non-political heads of Departments are drawn. Next is the Executive Class, which is recruited mostly from young people of high educational qualifications who leave the grammar schools at the age of eighteen or nineteen. This corresponds roughly

to the executive grade in commerce, and Executive Officers deal with important matters covered by regulations as well as supervising the more routine work of the next lower grade, the Clerical Class. This has been rightly described as the backbone of the Service, and its members, who come at the age of sixteen or seventeen from the senior forms of secondary or grammar schools, perform all the routine work of every Government office, the stereotyped correspondence, form-filling, record- and account-keeping and the compilation of statistics. Promotion from this grade into the Executive Class is possible, if occasional, but promotion from the Executive into the Administrative Class is very rare and almost negligible. The Typing Grades work with the Clerical Officers, but under them are the Minor and Manipulative Grades, comprising unskilled non-clerical jobs, mostly in the Post Office. Lastly, there is the increasingly important Scientific and Professional Class, whose members are qualified engineers, scientists, surveyors, architects, accountants, barristers and so on. This class is filled more by selection than by open competition which accounts for the majority of the entrants to the other four grades.

The task of the Civil Service is to administer the will of the elected Government. All major issues of policy are settled by the political head of each Department. To perform this function adequately and impartially the Service has to be strictly non-political in character and the individual officer has officially to have no political sympathies. He owes allegiance to the Crown and serves his departmental head irrespective of the party in power. A politicised Civil Service, such as is often found in other countries, is the very antithesis of the British system. The customary security of tenure which the permanent officer holds helps to preserve this impartiality and impersonal loyalty, although it may have unfavourable results as well, such as an apathetic approach to urgent problems and a hatred of change or swiftly made decisions.

But this very administration of government regardless of party politics also lays the whole organisation open to a very close measure of parliamentary control. In theory this is an excellent democratic idea; the individual M.P. can inquire into the smallest detail of the work of the most obscure office, and he frequently does so. The position has been well likened to a hypothetical commercial concern whose activities are permanently answerable to a body of over 600 active shareholders in almost daily session and empowered to probe closely into every aspect of the business, affecting, as it does, every person in the land. Few business firms would run smoothly under such control. The origin of this system lies in the sincere attempt to keep an honest check on the expenditure of public funds which marked the formation of the well-constituted Civil Service. Many of the original regulations and restrictions to this end have outgrown their usefulness, but both they and the characteristic attitude of control, detailed record-keeping and study of precedent to which it gave rise are still with us. In practice, then, the constitution of the Service designed for nineteenth-century conditions proves cumbersome to-day.

The truth is, of course, that the Civil Service has always retained its nineteenth-century character. It still brings to modern problems the outlook of a more spacious and less hurried age when State control of most aspects of everyday life—henceforth “from cradle to grave”—were undreamed of. Circumstances, even those of two world conflicts, have not altered this to any real extent. Precedent is still studied

because it is regarded as complete justification for any action taken, regardless of whether conditions may have changed. And microscopic record-keeping makes easy the briefing of Ministers, who have to rely implicitly on their senior staffs for information and guidance. Technical posts have become equally important with administrative ones and nowadays the civil servant no longer merely controls and regulates: he often has to restrict for the common good, but also he has to plan, encourage various forms of activity, enlighten the country on what is being done, and lead in many ways. He has come into close and constant touch with the public and will do so more than ever as the social security schemes expand, and only now is he learning to keep "the common touch." All these things are inevitably proving difficult for an organisation founded so firmly in the past, but adapt itself to the insistent thrust of the new constructive tasks of to-day it must and will if it is to survive as an incomparable instrument of democracy. There are signs that recent successive Governments have been alive to this need, but change has always come about slowly and probably always will. Perhaps in that very fault lie the virtues of impeccable integrity and public service based on a firm, unchanging foundation of which we can continue to be proud.

DAVID GUNSTON.

LADY ANNE BARNARD.

TOWARDS the close of their tour in the Hebrides Boswell introduced Johnson to the Lady Eglintoun. Boswell's portrait of her is a most deservedly flattering one. Her ladyship took to the doctor at once and, as Boswell records, "adopted" him. It was a case of a sincere mutual attraction. On their leaving her hospitable house Lady Eglintoun, addressing Johnson, said: "My dear son, farewell!" Later on at another house, Boswell, recalling this meeting, rather clumsily caused the doctor some uneasiness which he thought ought to be corrected. Johnson said, "You would make me 'her natural son.'" A young lady of quality who was present very handsomely said, "Might not the son have justified the fault?" An indication here, surely, of a very matured mind. "My friend," says Boswell, "was much flattered by this compliment."

"The young lady of quality" was Lady Anne Lindsay, who later became Lady Anne Barnard. Eldest daughter (one of a family of eleven children) of the fifth Earl of Crawford, she was born on December 12th, 1750. A biographer says that "a bond of vibrant tenderness existed between the earl and his little daughter... she had a place in her father's heart which was never to be usurped." The family was brought up very severely by the countess, a most practical woman. Anne spent quite a large amount of time with the earl in his library, to her great enjoyment and future advantage. The girls were frequently sent on visits to their grandmother, Lady Dalrymple, who lived in Edinburgh. Here Lady Anne met learned men like Adam Smith, David Hume and others, listening to their conversation with the greatest interest. On the death of Earl Crawford the countess took a house in Edinburgh, where Anne by this time had a number of friends, amongst whom was Henry Dundas. Eventually she was allowed to join her sister Margaret in London, where she bought a house in Berkeley Square. Here they

drew around them a coterie of most distinguished people, such as Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Horace Walpole, Sheridan, Windham and Lord North.

The fascination of both sisters attracted these men, and the two women were most popular. They went to Bath and here met Gainsborough. Another notable friendship Anne made was with the Prince Regent and Mrs. Fitzherbert. To the former she was always Sister Anne. With Mrs. Fitzherbert Lady Anne went to Paris, where they were during the French Revolution. The prince's friendship lasted for years with beneficial results to both. He found in her a trusted confidante and she a useful help. There is something most appealing in the intimate approach to this friendship of the Regent with Anne. It was an attraction of the purest kind between a man and woman. Yet Lady Anne, in a letter to her nephew, Andrew Barnard, most shrewdly remarks on the conduct of the Regent and his circle, saying "the harm that period has done to the lowest orders of society is incalculable by placing the highest ranks in a worthless point of view." The *Dictionary of National Biography* says "she had the dubious honour of winning the lifelong attachment of the Prince Regent."

After her father there were three men who imperceptibly made an impression on her life: Windham, with whom she was madly in love and would have married; Henry Dundas—later Lord Melville—who wanted to marry her, but who was put on one side on the chance of her securing Windham; and Andrew Barnard, twelve years her junior, an eventually successful suitor. He made a thoroughly good and faithful husband in the happiest of unions. Andrew Barnard was the son of Dr. Barnard, Bishop of Limerick. The bishop thought his son very ill-advised to propose to Anne, and even apologised to her for Andrew's temerity. When, however, the latter had successfully carried his suit the bishop behaved handsomely in the matter of finance. Soon after his marriage Barnard was offered the appointment of Colonial Secretary to the Earl of Macartney, who was taking up the governorship of the Cape of Good Hope. The offer was made by Henry Dundas, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, who probably wanted to show his affection for his "lamb" as he called Anne.

Lady Anne's claim on our attention is twofold. For not only had she won a leading position in the brilliant social, political and artistic circles of the Georgian era, but in agreeing to accompany her husband to South Africa she thus became an early woman settler in the Colonies. Her help, encouragement and guidance was of the utmost value to Barnard while he carried on a difficult and thankless task. The cleavage with the old country and home ties was severe, yet she treated it as a great adventure. They both admired and liked the Earl of Macartney, and the task set them was carried out with great success. Unfortunately the earl, owing to bad health, had within a short time to return to England, and his successors were less easy to get on with. As so often happens in these outposts of Empire there are always people ready to spread abroad ill-informed, malicious and petty gossip and scandal. In her letters to Lord Macartney there are frequent references to annoyances of this kind which they both had to weather. Lord Macartney was an able and experienced diplomat. He was therefore able while governor to control these unpleasant situations. When he left to come home the position was made most difficult for Barnard, an upright State servant who would not descend to any sort of irregularity. He and his wife therefore became known as the impeccables who would not help

those who made use of dishonesty or chicanery in the scramble for power or position.

Both Anne and Andrew kept Lord Macartney well informed of the happenings at the Cape. There is a freshness, charm and sincerity about her letters to the earl which makes them comparable to those of Mme de Sévigné to her daughter and son. There is the same conversational air about them which surely is the acme of letter-writing. They are complete revelations of her character, that of a downright good woman with a lovely and lively sense of humour. They also indicate her ability to be tactful and sensible in difficult situations. In a letter to the earl soon after he left for home Lady Anne had this to say on marriage: "I think the beginning of marriage should be as like the end as possible, that the vile word diminution may never have reason to start across the fancy." She draws attention to the difficult position Barnard occupied under Dundas by saying, "Mr. Barnard and he upon the whole go on perfectly well, because Mr. Barnard is anxious to do so and on his guard." Later on Lady Anne says that her sister (Lady Margaret, living in England) "had asked Dundas's wife if he was satisfied with the way Barnard was carrying out his duties, and she said, 'very well, but that he gave *me* [Lady Anne] so much undue credit . . . that it vexes more than it pleases me. . . .'" Certainly there never was," continues Lady Anne, "a poor woman who interfered less with things out of her sphere than I do or one more convinced that her husband is competent to think and act for himself without her advice."

Lady Anne next turns her attention to the new governor, Sir George Yonge, who after a short interregnum was sent out as a successor to Lord Macartney. His total unfitness for the task is indicated in Lady Anne's letters home. "The Cape world was not a little astonished at the appointment of Sir George—a successor to you was looked for from a very different class of ability to that in which the world had been accustomed to rank Sir George. . . . Apart from that want of respect which want of ability creates, it is rather a loss that the embarrassed state of Sir George's affairs is so generally known here. . . . As to hauteur, as yet he is gracious from the infinite gratification he must feel in seeing himself the sovereign of a large country instead of a poor individual, with a levee of duns instead of a levee of smiling courtiers—but as to intellect, as to that happy power of appreciating at once what is 'wisest, best to be done,' I fear we must not entertain a hope of finding any."

To indicate the new governor's attitude of *laissez-faire* towards his duties Lady Anne writes: "Can you, my Lord, conceive it possible that a person sent out here as governor should have been in the Colony nearly two months without having ever read a single proclamation, or looked into any book that could inform him of the manner in which the business of the Colony had been conducted by his predecessor? but so it is." In a later letter Lady Anne owns to being unhappy over the state of affairs under the new régime. "To say the truth the last two months have been difficult and agitating ones, for, added to the vexations from the out-of-doors people, it has cost me much influence exerted over my dear Barnard to keep him from getting too angry on some occasions and dispirited on others."

Through all this trouble caused by the governor's ill-advised conduct and the internal dissensions and chicanery amongst his staff Lady Anne in her correspondence retains her buoyancy of outlook and complete confidence and faith in her Andrew. Both of them had looked

forward to leave of absence and a visit to England. But evidently it was thought more prudent for Andrew to stay on duty at the Cape. "The various motives," says Lady Anne, "which have influenced him to postpone his departure from this Colony for some time, his own last letter probably detailed at length. . . . I enjoy with triumphant gladness your having it in your power to say to my dear Mr. Dundas, 'You see I knew my man—Mr. Barnard is not coming home yet, circumstances existing there . . . which were unknown at home when the leave was granted.' " She continues: "The present governor and he go on smoothly . . . but while he fails daily in consulting with Mr. Barnard on points where under your wisdom he has certainly gained an experience which Sir George has not, it is evidently from no want of respect either of his judgment or his principles but from an awe of both which tempts him (Sir George) like a boarding-school girl to do the thing he is resolved to do without asking advice." Observing an extravagant spending Lady Anne shrewdly continues: "Perhaps in the government of such a country as this it is not a very great object whether Madame la Publique has eight or ten thousand a year spent needlessly of her cash, provided no quarrels take place between the governor and the inhabitants. She (Mme la Publique), like other common and publick ladies have that laid out on her back, which should be in her pocket."

Then is detailed a very amusing incident which paints Sir George in his true colours. "The fiscal, who you know to be a good subject and an honest man, wishing along with others of the Dutch to send an address to His Majesty on his happy escape (the attempt on the life of George III) . . . the idea was highly approved of by Sir George. . . . His Excellency sent his aide-de-camp with a sketch to the fiscal of the sort of address this ought to be. The first page went all smooth and proper; the next, too, was panegyrick, only on Sir George and the greatest thankfulness expressed to His Majesty for having sent the people of this Colony a governor so wise, so upright, so judicious. . . . The fiscal was disconcerted. 'What can I do?' said he, 'this is not an address to His Majesty, but a love letter in praise of the governor—I should be ashamed to send it.' " But Nemesis was on the way, and in February of the same year we find Lady Anne writing: "But let me now hurry on to our great event . . . a governor changed! Oh goodie gracious! as I used to say in the nursery. My dear Lord, it is untold not to be guessed at, the good this strong decisive step will do." This referred to the recall of Sir George Yonge and the appointment of General Dundas once again as acting governor.

Late in 1801, as a result of the preliminaries to the Peace of Amiens, the Cape was given back to the Dutch. Andrew Barnard therefore decided to remain at his post until the changeover had taken place. But he persuaded his wife to return to England without him, and she arrived home in the spring of 1802. In her last letter to Lord Macartney from the Cape, written in December 1801, Lady Anne reveals an unsolicited tribute to herself and husband by the new régime. "There are glad people amongst the Dutch," she says, "but there are very sorry ones too. I know that all partys have expressed themselves so very kindly to Mr. Barnard and to me, that I shall not soon forget it." Late in 1802, the Dutch having taken possession of the Cape, Andrew Barnard left there and sailed home to join his wife. In 1806 the Cape was retaken by England and Lord Caledon was appointed governor. He asked Barnard to accompany him as secretary, but Andrew was reluctant to accept. Lady Anne had appealed to Windham, who was

at the time Secretary for War and Colonies, to find a post for her husband at home. This Windham declined to do and said, "Barnard might take the appointment or leave it." In view of Windham's earlier relations with Lady Anne this was most unkind to say the least. So Andrew agreed to go out with Lord Caledon for six months, leaving his wife at home. Before he went Lady Anne had his portrait painted by Lawrence. Barnard became ill on the voyage out and was laid low again on arriving at the Cape. He died on a journey up-country with the governor, October 27th, 1807.

Writing to the Regent on the death of her husband, Lady Anne begged him to accept an engraving of Barnard's portrait with these words, "When you look at the print, Sir, as I hope you will do with regard for his sake, bestow a thought of pity and kindness on her who ever has been and must remain—Your Royal Highness's most faithful and affectionate servant, A. B." The prince in reply wrote, "My dear Old Friend . . . to tell you how much and how highly I value your present, and what (if it be possible) is much more, the affectionate remembrance you have shown me in this instance and the manner in which you have done it is that which I not only can never express but can never forget." This surely is the sincere expression of the feelings of a gentleman of high breeding. It is also and more to the purpose a rare glimpse of the lesser-known side to the Regent's character. Any reference to Lady Anne must not omit mention of her pathetic poem "Auld Robin Grey," which brought her fame and the friendship of Sir Walter Scott. She was also an artist of no mean ability. Grief-stricken though she was Lady Anne met her widowhood with undaunted courage. Having a nice sense of humour and aptitude she accepted and engaged in the social life of the day until her death in 1825.

W. H. GRAHAM.

INVERTEBRATES OF SWIFT STREAMS.

ANIMALS are divided by the zoologist into two major groups, those with backbones and those without. The former are the most advanced evolutionary and include man. All the vertebrates, i.e. animals with backbones, possess four limbs. These are often greatly modified for various purposes, as in birds, where the fore-limbs bear feathers for flying. In fish these limbs are the pectoral and pelvic fins. Animals without backbones are called invertebrates. They possess no limbs at all or some other number than four. The invertebrates include such diversity of form as the primitive unicellular *Amœba*, the earthworm and insects. The swift-flowing stream has not the large invertebrate fauna of the stagnant pool. In the latter environment, the water being still, animals can live in the muddy deposits at the bottom of the pond and are not disturbed by currents. They can cling to stones or the surface film of the water like the larvæ of the gnat, or skim across the surface film as does the water-skater. In the swift-flowing stream the sandy floor does not possess enough detritus to support a large animal population and is being constantly disturbed by water currents. The animals that live on or under the stones in a swift-flowing stream have developed various mechanisms to prevent themselves being washed away by the flow of the water and perhaps

dashed to death on other stones. The surface film of the water of a stream is being constantly broken and will not support the fauna that makes use of it as in the stagnant pool.

The microscopic life of the stream is very small as compared to that of the pond. The very minute, unicellular animals, the Protozoa, prefer the mud of ponds and large amounts of decaying vegetation. The bell animalcule, *Vorticella*, however, may be found firmly attached by its contractile stalk to the leaves of the American pond-weed or to the waving green threads of the water crowfoot. Few people realise that sponges are animals and usually regard them as plants that are cultivated on the sea-bed off the eastern boundary of the Mediterranean and off the coast of Florida. Should a branch of a tree fall into a stream and become lodged there one may find growing upon it a green slimy mass resembling a mould. On closer examination with the aid of a lens the slimy mass will be found to be covered with countless minute holes and is the river sponge, *Spongilla fluviatilis*. This species is also found on the banks of streams, rivers and canals.

Examining the stones found in a swift-flowing stream one may find flat, black objects gliding over them, about one-quarter of an inch in length and very slender. These are flat-worms and belong to a zoological group termed the *Platyhelminthes*. Most of the members of this group are parasitic, living within the bodies of a large variety of animals, including man. Often they give rise to serious disorders such as foot-rot in sheep. Some of the flat-worms, grouped together as the Turbellaria, are free-living and found in ponds and streams. The commonest of all Planarians that inhabit swift-flowing streams is *Dendrocoelum lacteum*, which at its maximum size is about 2.5 cm. long and 0.5 cm. wide. It is whitish in colour and under the hand lens is seen to have two short tentacles at the head region and two small eyes set wide apart. These eyes are not true ones, because they do not deal with images but are merely light-intensity recorders. *Planaria alpina* greatly resembles *Dendrocoelum* but is smaller and more greyish in colour. In this species the eyes are close together and kidney shaped. *Polycelis cornuta* is variable in colour, ranging from brown-grey to black. It has very marked tentacles at the anterior end and a large number of eyes. If the stream is not too swift flowing one may find underneath stones *Planaria lugubris*, which is grey in colour and has two eyes with white patches around them. Looking under the microscope at a drop of water from the sandy bottom of a swift-flowing stream one may find a small cylindrical creature progressing across the field of vision by contracting its body into S-shaped curves. This is one of the *Nematoda*, or round-worms. Most of these animals are either parasitic or marine. A very few live in fresh water and little is known about them.

True worms, or Annelida, as opposed to the flat-worms and round-worms, have cylindrical, segmented bodies. To this group of the invertebrates belongs the common earthworm. A large number of species in this group are marine, and those in freshwater environments are usually restricted to the mud of ponds, with the exception of the leeches. Hirudinæ, or leeches, usually live by sucking the blood of other creatures. They are provided with suckers for hanging on to the prey and for locomotory purposes. Some leeches are so transparent that by holding them against a strong light their internal organs can be seen. Generally they have patterns of strips and spots upon their bodies. Leeches can be found in freshwater streams moving by undulating movements of the body or resisting the current by progressing across

stones, using a looped caterpillar method with the anterior and posterior suckers.

Glossosiphonia complanata is a common leech of swift-flowing streams. It is about 3 cm. in length when fully extended but spends most of its time rolled up in a small ball. On its dark green back it has six longitudinal rows of cream and brown coloured spots. Feeding on flatworms on the under-surfaces of stones is often found *Herpodella octulata*. This is a very narrow cylindrical leech unlike *G. complanata*, which is broad and flat. At rest *H. octulata* is 3 cm. in length and its brown body has black stripes upon it. *H. atomaria* is also found in the same habitat as *H. octulata* and greatly resembles it, except that the blackish markings in this species form a reticulate pattern punctuated by yellowish spots. The horse leech, *Hæmopsis sanguisuga*, is common in all freshwater habitats of the British Isles. The usual length of this species is 4 cm., but specimens may reach 15 cm. It has a wider body than *Herpodella octulata* and is densely spotted with black upon a greenish background. The horse leech feeds on earthworms, snails, insect larvæ and tadpoles. Often it is confused with the medical leech, which it greatly resembles. The medical leech, so often used in the past by medical men for bleeding their patients, was once very common. It then became increasingly rare, specimens were imported and in 1910 it was thought to be extinct in England. About 1930 it was found again in quite large numbers in the ponds of the New Forest area. Snails belong to the group Mollusca, a group of invertebrate animals whose soft unsegmented bodies are protected by calcareous shells. The Mollusca are divided into three groups, the univalves with one part to the shell, the bivalves with two parts to the shell, such as in the oyster, and the cephalopods with no shells, represented by the octopi and cuttlefishes.

Of the univalves the common pond snail, *Limnea stagnalis*, is sometimes found in not too swift-flowing streams. It will grow to a length of two inches and has a shell composed of six to eight whorls. Swift-flowing streams singularly lack members of the univalve Mollusca, although ponds possess a vast number of many different species. *Ancylus fluviatilis*, the river limpet, however, is confined to moving water. Of the bivalves two species are found in streams, both belonging to the genus *Unio*, and resemble the common pond mussel, but are much smaller. Like many other bivalve molluscs these two freshwater species produce pearls, but owing to their small size and irregular shape they are less valuable than the ones produced by the oyster. The Mollusca possess a shell for protection, and the Crustacea have a protective exoskeleton of segmented plates. They also possess a large number of limbs or appendages for feeding and locomotion. Crustacea include crabs, lobsters and shrimps. The investigator of stream fauna cannot fail to find small shrimp-like creatures scampering over stones and along the bottom of the stream. These are freshwater shrimps, *Gammarus*, and they act as scavengers, feeding on dead organic matter. The laterally compressed brown body of the freshwater shrimp is about half an inch in length. Present in as many numbers as the freshwater shrimp is the common water slater or water louse (*Asellus aquaticus*). Its body is ventrally compressed and it is a close relative of the wood louse. A freshwater crustacean which is much larger than the two already mentioned, but much rarer, is *Astacus*, the freshwater crayfish found in the swift-flowing streams of limestone regions.

Insects are the most highly evolved of all invertebrates. They colonise the land, they are great rivals of birds in the conquest of the air,

they are found in fresh water, but only one species of the Insecta is marine. Beetles found in streams are usually much smaller than those found in ponds. The small whorligig beetle, *Gyrinus*, is often seen on the surface of fairly slow-flowing streams. The vast majority of insects have three distinct phases in their life history. From the egg hatches the larva, which undergoes a resting phase, the pupa. Eventually the pupa changes into the adult form. Many insects, although aerial, lay their eggs in fresh water and the larvæ live there. The minute black larvæ of *Simulium* are often found in very swift streams. Caddis fly larvæ are common in most streams and are easily recognisable from the cases of small stones and other material they build around themselves. Lifting the stones out of a stream one may see creatures like small water lice but with two or three tails. These are the larvæ of the stone-flies in the case of the two-tailed ones. The three-tailed individuals are the larvæ of the may-flies. Although the pond yields the greatest variety of freshwater invertebrate fauna, the stream has a large animal population worth investigation by the ardent naturalist.

MERVYN D. COLES.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

STEEL AND SOVEREIGNTY.

AN encouraging feature of the times is the recurrent thought that is trained upon the obstacle presented to every scheme of international security by the persistence of unmodified, armed national sovereignty. The new phase in Korea of the alternatingly hot and cold war that has been waged by Russia for five years gives an additional fillip to that train of thought. It is obvious to clear-thinking people that so long as the nations are armed and competent, independently of the others, to defend what they independently judge to be their interests, including their security, so long will fear prevent harmony, co-operation and mutual trust. There is little doubt in this case that a greater fear has driven out a smaller; that the fear of atomic weapons has driven the nations to a more realistic treatment of the problem of the mutual fear that lies at the root of international distrust, competition and war. Never before, for instance, had the British Parliament staged such a debate as that which took place at Westminster on November 22nd, 1945, when Mr. Bevin, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Eden and Mr. Clement Davies alike expressed their belief that something had to be done about national sovereignty. The general sense of that debate was epitomised in Mr. Eden's words: "For the life of me I have been unable to see, and am still unable to see, any final solution which will make the world safe for atomic power save that we all abate our present idea of sovereignty."

The Schuman plan of May 9th of this present year is in effect a further impulse in the same direction; and the House of Commons debate on it that took place on June 27th last illustrated the general recognition of that fact. M. Monnet, the French planning expert, who was mainly responsible for the details of the plan in its economic aspect, has explained those details to the Paris conference; but even he put the chief emphasis on the nature, composition and methods of control that were to distinguish the supernational authority to be set

up. That authority is the kernel of the plan. M. Schuman, the political author of the plan, has from the beginning of the adventure stressed its relationship to the principle of national sovereignty. On June 20th, when the conference opened in Paris, the opening proceedings consisting only of an explanation by M. Schuman of what was afoot, he said : " No system such as that to which we look forward has ever been tried in practice. Never have States entrusted or even contemplated the delegation of a fraction of their sovereignty to an independent, super-national organisation." The challenge is both direct and clear. It is mainly a question of armaments. If nations entirely on their own judgment and power can go to war peace is impossible because fear is thereby given control. The striking feature of the Schuman plan is its potential subjection of steel and coal—the fount and origin of armaments—to an international control.

The problem is one of opportunity. " Lead us not into temptation " is a most practical petition. Bad temper and greed there will always be—in a diminishing degree we may hope—till the end of the world. Any couple of sparrows will quarrel in a silly way over a crumb ; but they do not hurt each other. In that particular case it is all show and no bite. Human beings, by contrast, endowed with a wider range of inventive brains as well as with free will, are able to make weapons which can hurt on an organised scale. Even the ferocious animals of the jungle are confined to single combat, and their motive is mainly the immediate need of food. It is the mass organisation of war, waged by human beings upon their kind, that constitutes the distinguishing-mark ; the problem and the challenge. It is confined to the human species because that species is highest in the order of created beings and is capable of something better and by the same token of something worse than the beasts of the field. Not yet in the history of mankind has this problem been solved, although it has been recognised as a problem throughout the history of civilisation. Ever since Aristotle discussed the nature of sovereignty and power in the Greek " city-State," the problem of national sovereignty has never ceased to be discussed.

It has consistently been recognised in its essence as the problem of extending to the relationship of nations the principle that governs family life. The idea of a " family of nations " is as obvious and as old as the hills. The decisive power of separate independent sovereign and armed States has traditionally been expressed as the Power *bellum indicere aut pacem inire*. The philosophic aspect of the challenge is whether it be more profitable by spiritual means to cultivate common sense and the will to peace to the end that armaments shall, as it were, die a natural death from disuse, or whether the more effective order of procedure would be by means of conference to reach a dependable international agreement to disarm ? In the end it comes to the same matter of common sense ; but men being weak experience seems to suggest that the best hope is to remove the armaments first, just as the best safeguard against a child burning itself by playing with matches is to remove the matches from its grasp. It is at this point in the argument that the force of the " family " analogy clarifies the problem.

In the human family there is an " authority " ready-made. In the international family the authority needs to be made. The Schuman plan puts the emphasis on this " authority." If once a working international body, actually controlling the output and use of steel, could be

firmly established, the miracle of the centuries would thereby also be accomplished. The shackles of fear would be broken. Once men felt that the safeguard was reliable the wheel of peace in the negative sense of freedom from war would turn full circle with probably amazing promptitude. It would be like the powerful machinery that needs only the pressing of a button to set it in motion. The snag both in the League of Nations and in the United Nations was that no one had dared press the button. Indeed the button was hardly seen. To-day, thirty-one years after, it is as clear as it is tragic that the Covenant of the League of Nations contained the seed of its own frustration in that one fatal sentence of Article 8, which read : " The members of the League recognise that the maintenance of peace requires *the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety.* . . ." (My italics.) It is as though a ring of men, all afraid of each other and all armed with a loaded pistol, recognised that the maintenance of peace required them to hold their pistols downwards and behind their backs, but loaded and ready for use if. . . . Elementary sense should have suggested that disarmament, not the reduction or suspension of armaments, would alone serve the purpose.

The United Nations Charter in its turn missed the point. It provided (Articles 42-51) that armaments should be used collectively against an aggressor. The Security Council in an emergency " may take such action by air, sea or land forces as may be necessary to maintain or restore international peace and security " (Article 42). It is true that in the regular working of the Charter there was not likely to arise the possibility of such an arrangement being put into practice because, at any rate if a Great Power were concerned in an aggression, by the provisions of Article 27, the voting machinery gave full effect to the competence of untrammelled national sovereignty by the famous " veto." When the Security Council on June 27th last resolved to give military help to South Korea the veto was not used by Russia because she had now adopted the tactic of not being represented at such meetings. On this matter, speaking in the House of Commons debate on July 5th, Mr. Attlee observed : " A practice has grown up at the United Nations that if a permanent member, present at a meeting, chooses to abstain from voting, a resolution of the Security Council will be regarded as legally effective and not invalidated by the fact that the permanent member had not cast a vote in favour. This practice had the support of the U.S.S.R. If a permanent member chooses to refrain from exercising a vote or from attending a meeting at all, that member must be regarded as having deliberately abstained from voting, and in effect the absence of a permanent member has been accepted as not invalidating a resolution." But the only advance, and it proved to be no advance at all, made by the Charter over the Covenant was the substitution of precise, as distinct from vague and undefined, obligations of action by the member States against an aggressor.

There can be no true advance towards the safeguarding of international peace until (1) disarmament becomes an accomplished fact, and (2) national sovereignty is merged in an international authority. The two postulates are complementary to each other, are parts of the same thing. The need for common sense in international affairs is made urgent by the atomic nature of the modern Damocles sword : which in sober truth may mean, if it fall, the end of civilisation and a state of total chaos throughout the world. That possibility is a powerful stimulant to thought. It does in fact account for the prevailing upsurge

of thought about the way to disarm and to debunk national sovereignty. It is in this point of view that the fate of the Schuman plan and the outcome of the war in Korea are likely to be of critical importance.

THE ROLE OF MUDDLE.

Human affairs, especially as manifested in international relationships, have a way of defeating expectation. The reason no doubt is that there is more of mystery and more of God's unseen influence in them than we are apt to assume or able to appreciate. For instance, it is a common experience when danger threatens and seems to grow bigger, that something unforeseen intervenes to avert it or to ward off the worst of its terrors. That sort of experience is responsible for the almost proverbial caution against crossing bridges before we come to them. At this present time the danger that looms large on the horizon is that of a foul tyranny radiating over the world from Moscow : a danger that has already passed into an accomplished reality for millions of anguished victims in a scope that extends to half the world. Yet in a movement so big the tendency, granted that it has no sanction in the love of God, is towards disintegration from within. There is the established fact of what we call Titoism ; of the flaking-off, as it were, of a deadly bit of Communism from the general body, to the weakening of that body. The centralised control and direction of the menace is thereby split.

Who could have expected, when the Communist aggression reached the shores of the Adriatic, and thus seemed to have gained a jumping-off ground for an attempted control of the Mediterranean and an attempted conquest of an important Christian country which happens to contain within its boundaries the See of Saint Peter—which happens to be, as it were, the very citadel of that Catholic civilisation which it is a prime object of Communist strategy to destroy—who could have expected that at so critical phase of the struggle the Communist leader in Jugoslavia, without abating one tittle of his Communism, would turn upon Stalin and disrupt the strategy in its immediate objective? It was largely responsible for the switching of Moscow's main strategy from Europe to the Far East.

There has arisen another unexpected muddle. The general menace happens to be compact of materialism and of atheism, concentrating upon the destruction of the Christian Church at large. Owing to the normal muddle-headedness of the ordinary mortal it happens that a certain number of professing and sincere, but muddled and feckless, "Christians" allow themselves to be attracted towards Communism on grounds that are non-existent. They imagine that Communism has something to do with the Christian concept of charity, which includes the sharing of one another's burdens, when in fact it is the very anti-thesis and denial of such charity. The notorious example of such muddle is the Dean of Canterbury in the Church of England. It is to be doubted with reason whether Mr. Stalin and his co-materialists in Moscow feel much sense of gratitude or of welcome to such foreign bodies in their campaign. The Dean of Canterbury no doubt strikes almost as much dismay and suspicion into the mind of the average atheist as he strikes bewilderment into the mind of his fellow Christians. But the Dean of Canterbury being a fact, a living human being, a notorious misfit in the province of the Church of England, disowned by his own Archbishop and by the general body of Anglican opinion, has

yet to be reckoned with. Muddle breeds muddle. It spreads. It is a mixture of infectiousness, contagion and spontaneous generation.

On a recent occasion the Archbishop of Canterbury himself, from a motive no doubt of that broad-mindedness, tolerance and wayward good humour which are a main characteristic of the British character, despite his own profound disagreement and disapproval of his Dean's opinions, thought fit to give a public testimonial to his Dean's sincerity and faithfulness as a "Christian": the faithfulness forsooth of a Christian who espouses an anti-Christian cause! The normal head of a normal person begins to swim at such a paradox. The occasion was the Lord Mayor's annual dinner to the clergy given at the Mansion House on June 21st last. The Archbishop was responding to the toast of "The Archbishops, Bishops and Clergy of the Church of England at Home and Oversea." With great good humour he confessed that they were "an odd body." For instance, he asked, "What about the Dean of Canterbury?" These are the words he used in answer: "However much we may be opposed to the Dean of Canterbury in his political views, he is not anti-Christian. He holds profoundly the same Christian Faith that you and I hold."

Now Mr. Stalin is not as clever as the average human being because of the permanent muddle of mind and permanent state of suspicion to which he has reduced himself by denying in effect that God gave him his brain. What attitude is he to adopt when confronted with the spectacle of an apparent supporter of the Communist cause who also claims to be a Christian? In the first place the Communist cause does not want Christians in its ranks. It wants to wipe out Christians from the earth. It denies God. It is atheist in its ideology. It recognises that if it is to succeed in its purpose of establishing a materialist tyranny over the earth the Christian Church has first to be liquidated; sunk, buried and forgotten. When therefore a man arises who proclaims his espousal of the Communist cause, who happens to be a high dignitary of the Church of England and, far from resigning his position as such, claims in effect to be both a Christian and a Communist, and seems to be supported in his claim by his Archbishop, what is Mr. Stalin's bewildered brain to make of it? Is this another trick on the part of *perfidie Albion*?

Titoism he knows and understands. Tito is a Communist, a good atheist, a tyrant who stands no nonsense; but withal an upstart, swollen-headed, jealous megalomaniac who wants to rule his own roost. Titoism is a thorn in the flesh of Moscow, but a recognisable ordinary thorn, to be either plucked out or endured. But what is Hewlett-Johnsonism? What is a Christian, who being a Communist, must therefore be anti-Christian? Is he a spy? Or is he just an oddity, one who suffers from the delusion that a thing can be both black and white at the same time? And what of his Archbishop who, recognising him to be Communist, and disapproving of him as such, yet at the same time recognises him to be a Christian? Such questions are no doubt more formidable to the Kremlin than any question raised by Titoism; for it baffles ingenuity to know what policy can be adopted. In the case of Tito the problem defines itself; namely how to substitute, when the opportunity presents itself, either by the natural or by the organised death of Tito, a loyal puppet for a rebel, so as to close the Communist ranks. In the case of Hewlett-Johnsonism there is no clue to a policy. The Dean of Canterbury can neither be encouraged—for that would be tantamount to forgiving him his Christianity and to bringing in the

Trojan horse—nor discouraged—for that would be tantamount to sacrificing the opportunity for bamboozling large numbers of English people into the trap set for them by the Dean.

Not for the first time even in recent history the English character presents an unanswerable enigma to the observer abroad. No German could understand why, when England was beaten in 1940, she did not surrender, as did France, a more logical race. No Russian can understand why English people can claim, with entire sincerity, to be both Communist (which would logically imply being anti-Christian) and Christian (which would logically imply being anti-Communist) at one and the same time. Yet there cannot be much misconception in Moscow about the importance of this particular British muddle. They are well informed in Moscow. They do not rely upon their own agents and informers, upon the titular Communist Party, for instance, in Great Britain, for their information, because they know that Communists are liars by their very ideology, that the abstract truth is not regarded in that ideology as of any value unless it happens to serve the Communist cause, in default of which a lie is to be preferred. They therefore delve industriously into the original sources. Every word of the Church newspapers, Anglican and Roman, is carefully studied on the principle that the mind of the enemy must be studied as the basis of strategy.

There is ground for the surmise that the Church of England is a constant source of bewilderment to Moscow. The Roman Catholic Church, in England as elsewhere, they understand, for the issue is there joined with unmistakable clarity, and that Church they regard as enemy number one. But they know that the Anglican Church, in full conformity with that principle of free thought, private judgment and broad-minded toleration of dissidence which is a quality of the British way of life in its general incidence, is an elusive nut to crack. They know all about what is called religious instruction in the State schools and about the prevalence of truly Communist and therefore atheist influence in the State-controlled teaching profession. They find themselves at a loss when they try to assess the value of such influence. They are as far from understanding the British temperament as was, for instance, Ivan Maisky when he first landed in Great Britain as a political refugee from Tsarist Russia and to his confusion and horror discovered that Ramsay MacDonald, whom he visited as (what he understood to be) a leader of the British revolutionaries, happened to be a devoutly religious man. In the simplicity of his mentality he exclaimed: "But how can you be both a revolutionary and a Christian?"

A similar confusion and horror is caused in Moscow to-day when they discover that men and women whom they know to be Communist, whether members of the Communist Party or not, and truly atheist, are prepared to take on the job of religious instruction in the schools. Masters of finesse as they are in Moscow, they here meet a manifestation of subtlety which whips their normally suspicious state of mind into a fury of bewilderment. And they read reports of such debates as took place in the House of Lords on June 20th last when a Roman Catholic member of the Government vied with Anglican peers in discussing the spiritual answer to the materialist menace. Lord Pakenham's concluding passage ran thus: "We must pray for all those in bondage; we must pray for the victims and for those who oppress them. We must always be vigilant in preserving and, wherever possible, extending the area of freedom. We must struggle unremittingly towards the eventual

goal, the only goal of any satisfaction to Christians—a single world whose barriers have been torn down; a world where the Communists are ready to co-operate with Christians and the Christians have come forward to give them all the help in their power.” The speaker was a British Roman Catholic. What was Moscow to make, not so much of the suggested prayers for “the oppressor,” for Moscow knows all about the Christian ethic of loving one’s enemies, but of the suggested “co-operation” and “help” from the Christians whose way of life it is Moscow’s chief purpose to destroy, a purpose already launched in full fury against the Christians of Eastern and Central Europe?

The Communist menace to the world is cut and dried, consistent and logical. Human affairs, however, are neither cut and dried, nor consistent, nor logical. When a Hitler or a Stalin extends the scope of his conquests he becomes not stronger but weaker, because he incorporates foreign bodies within his province, either hostile or muddled, and thereby incorporates the seeds of disintegration. When Hitler reached the Atlantic coast of France he skipped with joy. Within five years he was hemmed in his own cellar in Berlin, where he committed suicide. By the natural working of human affairs the like token applies to Stalin.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

July 11th, 1950.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

PITT VERSUS FOX.*

This book would not claim to present that kind of original scholarship which tears the existing fabric of story to pieces, and by the dove-tailing of letters or by detective-work on primary materials or by the incorporation of new discoveries revises the accepted structure of the narrative. Its virtue lies in the fact that it summarises, and so to speak codifies, for the general reader what might be called the “classical” version of something like seventy-five years of eighteenth-century English history. It meets the needs of a wider class of general reader—and meets them more attractively—than any other work, while giving the narrative on a scale that is exactly appropriate to the purpose. Dealing with two members of the Pitt family and two members of the Fox family, it has its limitations—and even a certain slightness—from a biographical point of view; but regarded rather as a history of England, with the focus moving now from Lord Holland to Chatham, now from Fox to the Younger Pitt, it is an excellent exposition of eighteenth-century political life and of scores of famous episodes in that period of our history.

Many will differ from its author and some of us must feel that the “classical” version of eighteenth-century English history is fully due for overthrow. The book does not sufficiently register the displacements which have been produced in the whole structure of the narrative by researches made in recent decades on special points, or by cross-sections taken at particular moments. It is true that the nature of those displacements has still to be worked out and the implications of recent work have still to pass through the turmoil of controversy; but not all will agree nowadays with the particular place that the author gives to Walpole or with his staging of the conflicts of George III’s reign. Fundamentally Dr. Eyck is perhaps too much the “whig historian,” in spite of his moderation. Sometimes, also, one might disagree with the proportions of a work under this title which provides a considerable treatment of the Middlesex Election Case, while saying too little (for example) about the methods and policies which made

* *Pitt versus Fox, Father & Son*, 1735-1806. Translated by Eric Northcott. G. Bell & Sons. 21s.

Chatham great during the Seven Years' War. But it is precisely the utility of the book that it provides in an admirably attractive way that initial basis of narrative, which, by summing up the state of scholarship at a given epoch, gives to all readers the preliminary view—the thing which the more advanced student can then go on unlearning for the rest of his life as he moves forward to the reading of more recent research work at one point and another. The book is not only superior to any other popular version of this epoch but by its remarkable skilfulness in exposition, and its inclusiveness—as it steers through so much of the important history of so long a period, catching into itself so many of the important episodes—it stands as just the kind of introduction to the eighteenth century which English students have long lacked.

PROFESSOR HERBERT BUTTERFIELD.

ANTI-SEMITISM IN GERMANY.*

Hitler's more than barbarous treatment of the Jews has naturally raised the question how this was possible in a civilised nation. Many drew the conclusion that the Germans obviously were not civilised. In any case, it was further said, more than a hundred years of Jewish assimilation, and a thousand years of Christian education and cultural evolution had ended in failure. Dr. Reichmann investigates this problem in a careful, acute and illuminating way. She distinguishes two types of group antagonism; the objective one rooted in deep differences of outlook and interest, and the subjective one springing from self-assertion and aggressiveness for which the hatred of a specified group is merely an outlet. In earlier times the Jews were actually so different from the people among which they lived that they were regarded, and regarded themselves, as another nation. In the period of assimilation, however, these differences gradually decreased or vanished in spite of many counteracting factors. The book discusses all these factors, and concludes that on the whole the German Jews were successfully integrated into the German people. With the exception of small and insignificant groups the German people did not hate the Jews. Many disliked them in general, or certain types of them, and wished to diminish their influence in finance, the Press, etc., or even to exclude them from official posts with authority over non-Jews. But this sort of anti-semites did not think of treating the Jews as Hitler was to do.

Dr. Reichmann describes the rise of a deep feeling of discontent in the first German republic which paved the way for Hitler. It had many causes such as national humiliation, economic desperation, and political and moral disorientation. What the masses wanted was not the spoliation or extermination of the Jews but work and bread. But Hitler with demoniacal cunning and power aroused and employed the primitive impulses of the masses for his purposes. In particular he created a sort of pseudo-religion in which he was God and the Jew the devil. But the anti-semitism preached by the Nazis played no decisive rôle in winning them adherents. After their seizure of power, of course, anti-semitism increased owing to a most intensive propaganda; but even then spontaneous atrocities against the Jews were rare, and the more extreme anti-Jewish measures were obeyed with reluctance only by the people.

Dr. Reichmann's study is a very valuable contribution to the knowledge of the problem. It has been made under the guidance of Professor Morris Ginsberg, and with the assistance of the American Jewish Committee. The essential point in judging the psychology of nations, however, seems to me the abandonment of the primitive idea of a homogeneous national character. Every national mentality is a combination of quite different forces. Hitler's rise to power did not show that "the Germans" were rabid nationalists or anti-democrats. It was mainly the consequence of the fact that the enemies of Nazism were irreconcilably divided among themselves. If the Communists had not set their aim of destroying the Social Democrats above all other objects Hitler would never have come to power. FREDERICK HERTZ.

* *Hostages of Civilisation. The Social Sources of National Socialist Anti-Semitism.* By Eva Reichmann, Ph.D. Gollancz. 18s.

COLLECTED IMPRESSIONS.*

Miss Elizabeth Bowen holds high rank both as novelist and critic; she has mastered the difficult art, alluded to in her Foreword, of changing over from invention to analysis. A skilful craftsman, she treats of her handling of materials in "Notes on Writing a Novel," which will be eagerly studied by novel-readers, and still more by would-be novel-writers. Characters, dialogue, setting of the scene, plot, and the relevance necessary to it, are here discussed. Only second in interest to this section is the "Anthony Trollope—a New Judgment," presented in vivid dramatic form; it was a successful broadcast. Trollope the *revenant* pronounces some shrewd comments on himself. The critical essays, mostly reviews of books or prefaces to them, show Miss Bowen's distinction of style and discrimination; among the more important are detailed studies of Flaubert and Virginia Woolf. A group of Irish essays, historical and other, has its own native charm, delicate and wistful; one may specially mention the descriptions of Dublin, and of the home of the Moore family, and *The Big House*; this last recalls the author's delightful book on her own Irish home. Several essays prove her understanding of the child mind, already known through some of her stories; the sinister atmosphere created for Maud in *Uncle Silas* is a contrast to the happy, normal surroundings pictured for other young girls. An analysis of *Lear* goes to the heart of that tragedy. Many of the writers reviewed in the 'thirties are still of vital interest; a few can hardly be said to rank with them. Some of the subjects are slight, some, e.g. "Royal Academy, 1936," ephemeral. And we are perhaps rather tired of blitz impressions, however artistically presented. As many of these articles are reprints the price of publication seems rather heavy.

E. G. S.

THE LAST WAR: A CHAPTER IN SOCIAL HISTORY.†

Among the many aspects of modern war one of the most significant is the social upheaval it causes, the enforced mobility which affects the life of the civilian as much as that of the warrior. In this country a far-reaching and disastrous impact of destructiveness on the physical and mental health of the civilian population was expected before the last war broke out. The initial German air attack, it was assessed, would last sixty days and result in a total number of 600,000 persons killed and of 1,200,000 injured. In addition the experts suggested that psychiatric casualties might outnumber physical casualties by two or three to one. The actual course of events, fortunately, proved different. Altogether 60,000 civilians were killed during the war in Britain, whilst 86,000 were seriously and 149,000 slightly injured. Instead of the feared mass flights from the big towns there was a sequence of large-scale orderly evacuations. Little neurotic illness occurred, thanks to a remarkable capacity for mental readjustment springing from deep reserves of inner stability. The extent of the social earthquake and the number of homeless people, however, had been curiously underestimated. It had not been anticipated that "for every civilian killed, thirty-five were bombed out of their homes." This problem of the homeless population forms one of the three major topics in Richard Titmuss's incisive and careful study, based on a maze of official documents. The other two are evacuation and the hospital services which had to care both for war victims and the sick. By way of a method of selective illustration the author gives us a fascinating though perhaps somewhat over-detailed history of social disturbance and of the manifold attempts of public policy to control or to temper it.

For instance considerable light is thrown on the sociological and economic problems which arose from the billeting of evacuees in private homes. This, maintained as an official policy for almost five years, was "a severe test of the better side of human nature." Though on the whole being far from unsuc-

* *Collected Impressions*. By Elizabeth Bowen. Longmans. 16s.

† *Problems of Social Policy*. By Richard M. Titmuss. History of the Second World War. United Kingdom Civil Series. Edited by W. K. Hancock. Stationery Office and Longmans. 25s.

cessful, it often revealed a sharp discrepancy of standards of living, a discordant difference in speech, behaviour, dress and diet. "Conservatives and Labour supporters, Roman Catholics and Presbyterians, lonely spinsters and loud-mouthed, boisterous mothers, the rich and the poor, city-bred Jews and agricultural labourers, the lazy and the hard-working, the sensitive and the tough, were thrown into daily, intimate contact." A survey of successful evacuation carried out at Oxford showed that after three years of evacuation the children observed were almost entirely billeted on families belonging to the same social group as the parents.

During the earlier part of the war the evacuation scheme was a means of transferring children and mothers to safety. Later it changed its function to that of a social welfare agency. It became a substitute for the family, whose members then were often separated or confined to insufficient housing-room and strained by physical or economic ills. Yet this dangerous period of war proved "most fruitful for social policy and action." It laid the tenacious ghost of the "Poor Law" tradition, and led to the gradual emergence of the Welfare State in this country. By way of existing or newly established services the Government developed a high degree of direct concern for the health and well-being not only of the poor but of nearly all classes of society. Mr. Titmuss ends his thorough analysis with a cautious balance sheet of the nation's war-time health. On the credit side he puts the fortunate absence of disastrous epidemics, the salubrious effect of constant work, the wisdom of the food and social policies of the Government. The items on the debit side can be less clearly assessed. As the author says, "perhaps more lasting harm was wrought to the minds and to the hearts of men, women and children than to their bodies." The severe disturbances to which family life and education in general were exposed, the lessened regard for the sanctity of human existence, have certainly left wounds which will "take time to heal and infinite patience to understand."

(DR.) E. K. BRAMSTED.

PATHS IN UTOPIA.*

"Utopian Socialism," a term frequently forgotten or ignored by modern planners, may still have a message for our period. That is the opinion of Professor Martin Buber, who devotes to this group of thinkers a timely and suggestive book. He deals mainly with the personalities and theories of St. Simon, Fourier, Owen, Proudhon, Kropotkin and Landauer, and then attempts an evaluation of Marxism and modern Communism. His last chapter deals with the developments of the communal settlements in Israel, their social background and the individual heroism of their leadership. It may be regretted that he did not include Flora Tristan in this survey, since her personality and writings reflect an important stage in the evolution of Socialist thought and practice. It would have been rewarding had he dealt more fully with the social tradition in Judaism, as reflected, for example, in the conception of the "Jubile" not actually enacted, but undoubtedly a forceful and germinating idea and an expression of an egalitarian ideology. How conceptions of a social kind led to a reinterpretation of the ancient Jewish law during the Middle Ages could find no better interpreter than Professor Buber, the great expounder of Jewish mystical tradition. In fact, one would wish for an "additional introduction" to the book, if such a term may be admitted. It is from this point of view that the social emphasis, not only with the Socialists, but even in the work of Heinrich Heine may be interpreted, Heine, who may fittingly be regarded as something of a "Utopian Socialist." The most topical section deals with the present developments in Israel. Professor Buber wishes for a "community of communities," and this conception includes a demand for planning, which all the same he eyes with caution, if not with distaste. But the problem remains: how can a complex civilisation survive or evolve without a plan which deals with the physical environment and co-ordinates activities?

HELEN ROSENAU.

* *Paths in Utopia*. By Martin Buber. Routledge & Kegan Paul. 15s.

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The SPECIAL ATTENTION of CONTRIBUTORS is drawn to the necessity (in view of the present very high cost of production) of sending in contributions typewritten and in their final form (the number of words being stated) so as to avoid any deletions or additions on the proof.

Sometimes the addition or deletion of a single word involves the resetting of a whole paragraph and thus causes much unnecessary cost and delay.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER 1950.

RUSSIA : WHAT NOW ?

NATURALLY everyone is asking now : Will there be a third world war ? It is, of course, impossible to answer positively, but one thing is certain ; the Western Powers have taken steps and are in process of taking others which will make a third world war less likely. They have served notice on Russia that aggression will not be tolerated as it was for five years before the last world war. This action will have political and psychological effects and, as far as it goes, constitutes a definite success for the West. People are naturally sick at heart that five years after the most devastating war in history we should have to envisage and prepare for another major struggle. Weak hearts feel that if the second half of the century is to be decimated by wars against Communism as the first half was against Prussianism the human race is doomed. Stout hearts will say that, even if it is, we had better go down fighting for the right, and perhaps with luck we shall save ourselves by our endeavours and others by our example, and so the worst may not happen after all.

At a moment like this one might stop and try to interpret this phase of history through which we are passing. I am inclined to think that the two German wars which have racked the first half of this century will be found by the historians of the future to be only incidents in our history and not fundamental landmarks. Germany is a very young political unit in Europe and has only since 1870 intruded itself into world affairs. In due course it will play a part in Europe again, but its temporary elimination as a Great Power has brought us back to the old situation in Europe which has existed for over 200 years. The dominant feature of this situation was and is again now the fundamental difference in culture, outlook, historical background and way of life between the Eastern Slav world and the West.

From the time of Peter the Great, when he won the battle of Poltava and the crowned heads of Europe realised that something new had arisen in the East, up to to-day, Russia has been a disturbing element, a foreign body to the rest of the Continent. Uninfluenced by the Reformation and the Counter-reformation of the West, she has derived her inspiration from the theocratic ideology of Byzantium and her statecraft from the autocracy that grew up under the Mongol hegemony. To-day the problem of this foreign body in Europe is even more formidable than it was, for it is not only Europe that is being affected but the world. And one cannot help feeling that the ideas of Professor H. J. Mackinder may be founded on more fundamental truths than are pleasant to contemplate these days. Mackinder, it will be remembered, held that the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were the centuries of the Atlantic and sea Powers, who built up their maritime commerce and founded their system of civic liberties and parliamentary democracy upon it. The coming age, he thought, would belong to the great land Powers of the Eur-Asian "heartland," because science had given increased economic and so political power to land over against sea

transport. The effects of air power were hardly foreseen in his days, and this might to some extent redress the balance. Broadly speaking, however, the Atlantic Powers are, as he foresaw, being faced with a vast "heartland" from the Pacific to Central Europe, a combination of Eastern Slav masses with Eastern Teuton efficiency. The problem of the twentieth century is whether the sea Powers can "contain" the "heartland" Power within its continental land mass, a new Holy Alliance far more formidable than anything dreamed of by Alexander I or Bismarck.

It is important that the Western Powers do not allow themselves to be panicked by the vast potential strength of this Eastern colossus. It is part of the Russian game to terrify us into paralysis and to wreck our economy by breakneck rearmament, which, as they hope, will undermine our post-war economic recovery and lead to the spread of discontent, and consequently to Communism. It is important that we should not be provoked into playing their game. Moreover, the boot is not all on one leg. It is impossible to conceive that the tension inside Russia, the feverish war preparations and the mounting anti-foreign hysteria can go on indefinitely without something cracking. The Russians are not naturally a militaristic people like the Germans. There is a strong anarchical element in their make-up. In fact the historical basis for the autocracy always was that Russia must have a powerful central régime in order to weld an amorphous mass with its anarchical tendencies into a political unit. Without this the Russian State would probably never have come into existence. But there have been constant fluctuations in Muscovite policy. Throughout Russian history tyrannical Tsars with centralising tendencies have alternated with mild and liberal ones. We are experiencing to-day a repetition of what happened under Nicolas I in the middle of last century, with whom (*absit omen*) we went to war in the Crimea to stop his attempt to dismember Turkey. But Nicolas I was followed by Alexander II who, though an autocrat, was liberal in his outlook. Moreover, during the nineteenth century Russia passed through an era of literary, musical and general cultural renaissance such as no other country in Europe experienced. Here again was another side to the Russian soul being displayed. It is thus clear that the course of Russian history may lead us to expect a reaction against the present intolerant foreign policy, even though a Communist régime continues in power. After all it is not so many years ago that Litvinov played an honoured rôle in the councils of the League of Nations. But a change of tactics will not happen unless the rest of the world takes a strong stand against Russia in her present mood.

The Russian philosopher, Nicolas Berdayev, writing* about the Russian desire to save humanity and liberate the spirit of man which finds such a place in Russian literature and thought, says: "The Russian idea has found itself in profound conflict with Russian history, as it was built up by the forces which held sway in it. In this lies the tragic element in the historical destiny of Russia and also the complexity of our subject." This dualism, or, as Berdayev calls it in another passage of this work, "polarisation" of the Russian character, makes relations with that country so exasperating. A country that thinks itself destined to liberate mankind from economic slavery imposes on its satellites the Muscovite secret police, and, while organising a "peace" campaign, secretly arms divisions for an attack on its neighbour. But all this is

* *The Russian Idea*. Page 218 Bles.

part of the Russian character. The remarkable thing is that no one realised this more clearly or wrote more trenchantly about it than Karl Marx himself. After the failure of the 1848 revolutionary movements in Europe he lived in England and wrote regularly for the *New York Tribune*. His despatches during 1853, when the Crimean War was in the offing, are full of his ideas on the "Eastern Question" which troubled our grandfathers then, just as it troubles us now. His publications at this period can be read in eight volumes, and they show him deeply concerned in preventing Russian influence from spreading in Europe and in protecting "European liberties." At one time he advocates supporting Serbia as a South Slav bulwark against Russia, at another he laments the weakness and archaic nature of the Ottoman Empire. "Russia," he says in one despatch, "may seem obstinately and deeply attached to certain fixed ideas, but as soon as the other Powers resist in a determined and united way, they find that Russia accepts a modest retreat." With prophetic insight he says in another despatch: "Will Byzantinism, represented by Russia, yield to Western civilisation, or will it one day find an opportunity to renew its pernicious influence in a form more terrible and tyrannical than ever?" Needless to say, these parts of Karl Marx's works are not allowed to be known inside Russia to-day.

The world is thus faced with a phase of Russian policy which is engaging in an all-out drive for the expansion of Communism, wherever there is suitable ground to be found. This all-out drive cannot continue indefinitely. Either the Kremlin cannot stop and will plunge the world into catastrophe once more, or else these fanatics will realise in the eleventh hour that the whole non-Communist world is against them, and will recoil. In that case we may have a decade or so in which we can live together with a Communist régime in Russia, as we did for twenty years between the wars after the Allied intervention in Russia had failed and before Litvinov was dismissed from the Foreign Office and replaced by Molotov. At present there is no sign of anything like this happening. Only a serious reverse and failure of Russia's plans could bring this about, and Russia has been quite successful of late. But not everywhere. The West has had its successes. The Russian plot in Greece was a complete fiasco. Tito's disaffection is perhaps the most serious reverse of all for the Kremlin. India and Pakistan are not the pliant tools that Moscow was hoping for. British statesmanship in settling a difficult Commonwealth problem completely nonplussed the Kremlin; who has become so archaic and hidebound in its thinking that it cannot imagine an Imperial power handing over authority voluntarily. The most astonishing thing about Russian Communism to-day is its complete conservatism. It is living in a world of at least fifty years ago.

If one could get into the minds of the small clique of the Politburo which controls the destinies of the Communist block that covers two continents one would probably find them much concerned with a number of internal Russian problems. They have to appear much stronger than they really are. Russian policy abroad has always made good use of the fear which Russia's size, secrecy of purpose and doubt as to the next move engenders in the outer world. It is one of her firm resolves to wreck the Marshall plan. What better way of doing it is there than to spread panic in Western Europe and America and cause these countries to throw over their plans of economic recovery? It is vital therefore that we balance our rearmament programme with that

of our economic recovery plans, and we can bear in mind that we have some cards in our hands to play as well. The American industrial potential is vastly superior to that of Russia, and if it takes a little time to come into play and if in the meantime Russian tanks could break through to the Channel ports, we can remember that the Americans have a stockpile of the atomic bombs. And apart from that the powers in Russia may ponder what will happen next if they do succeed in getting all Europe under their control. They would still have Great Britain to reduce to subservience, and the United States would still be more menacing to them than ever. We therefore have a sporting chance that the Communist leaders will shrink from a *blitzkrieg* of the Hitlerian type, if only because they may remember what happened to Hitler.

Moreover, Russia is certainly no paradise at the present time. The gigantic rearmament programme that they have been carrying through, while the West has marked-time, has had repercussions inside Russia. Economic recovery has been slowed down. The mere fact that it is now a criminal offence to publish any figures about industrial and agricultural production shows how little the authorities wish to be known about the true internal state of Russia. For many years only percentage figures on an unknown basis are all that is published. Although progress has undoubtedly been made in the reconstruction of the large devastated areas of Western Russia this process must have been slowed down by the enormous standing army over her vast territories. Garrisons have to be kept at various points to overawe satellite countries, like Poland or Czechoslovakia, or stiffen satellite troops. The hatred roused in a section of the population in the Catholic Western Slav countries by the Russian secret police régime must be a factor making for caution in starting what they now know must become a general war in Europe if Russian tanks break through to the Channel. Even if they covered it up by making it a movement to unify all Germany by invasion from the Eastern occupied part, it must be clear to the Russians after the United Nations reaction over Korea that they could not get away with a united Germany of this kind without a general war.

Further evidence of tension inside Russia is provided by information that has come through about the conditions in the villages. When I was in the Ukraine in 1945 visiting collective farms, I found them run by locally elected committees who were from time to time supervised by representatives of the local government. These committees are under direct orders from central government commissars who enforce rigid fulfilment of the food deliveries to the Government. Centralisation and elimination of all freedom of enterprise, which to a certain extent was a feature of the old collective farm, has been ruthlessly put through.

Probably the most difficult problem facing the Western Powers is the disposition of their forces to meet Russian aggression along the many thousand miles of frontier from the Far East to the Baltic. Russian policy has not changed throughout the centuries. Slowly and relentlessly Russia has advanced across Asia to the Pacific from the days of Yermak in 1582 till she was stopped in Manchuria by Japan in 1905. Tsarist Russia knew precisely how to keep up pressure first at one point in Asia and then at another in Europe, always keeping the rest of the world in doubt as to where she was going to press next. After the Crimean War she was bottled up in the Black Sea and denied the right to keep a fleet there. She immediately started her advance across Central Asia, and in General Kaufmann's campaigns brought Russian

arms up to the frontiers of Afghanistan. Having reached a point early in the 'eighties, when further advance southward would have meant war with Great Britain, she spent the next twenty-five years expanding in the Far East. Russian penetration of Manchuria and attempted domination over China ended in defeat in the Russo-Japanese war. Throughout this time Russia did her best to keep China weak and subservient to her will. All reforms advocated by the Western Powers in China were resisted by Russia. After the defeat by Japan she returned to Europe and the Middle East. In 1912 in the Balkans she succeeded in creating the Balkan League to assist in the break-up of Turkey, but the Titos of that time prevented her from dominating it, so she failed again. In Persia the Nationalist revolution and the movement for reform were bitterly opposed by Russia. The American financial adviser, Morgan Shuster, was dismissed by the Shah on Russian insistence, because Russia wanted Persia to be weak and reforms under Western influence to be suppressed. For a time the Russian revolution after the first world war led to the dropping of expansionist designs in Asia and Eastern Europe, but as soon as she recovered her strength the old policy began again. To cast one's mind over Russia's foreign policy during the last hundred years is only to see an almost complete replica of what is happening in Korea to-day, or may happen in Persia the Balkans or Germany to-morrow.

In these last three regions we can look for trouble at any time. In Germany, for reasons which I have stated above, Russia may hesitate. In the Balkans Tito's position is politically and morally very strong with his own people, but if Russia thought that a general conflagration would not result she would crush him with a few armoured divisions. It is vital that we and the United States give all assistance possible to Tito, for he holds a key position.

In Persia nothing would be easier than for Russia to stage another Korea. The Persian Government is in the hands of a landlord and merchant plutocracy, while the middle and professional classes remain weak and the peasants poverty-stricken and landless. There is no better ground for Communism in the whole of the Middle East than here. We and the Americans can only advise the Shah, who actually needs no advice, for no one realises more than he the vital need for reforms in Persia. Asia is to-day full of new countries which are the succession States of old empires, like Burma, India, Indonesia and Indo-China, or old countries like Persia, which has had a national revolution. In all of them the feeling of independence is so strong that foreign help and advice is resented. Yet all these countries want financial help from America on condition that they can spend it themselves. But the Americans have learnt their lesson in China and are not going to dispense funds, a large part of which goes as "baksheesh" to the Prime Minister's relations. The same is true of the Arab world, with the possible exception of Iraq. The Middle East in fact is an area where Russian intrigue could reap a rich harvest, and it happens to be the place where the richest oil reserves in the world are found. We and the Americans can only use our influence to induce these young nationalist governments to modernise their States and eliminate corruption before it is too late. But we need not assume that even in the Far East the Communist front is united. It was right to recognise the Communist Government of China, for although such a policy may not pay dividends at once, it is reasonable to suppose that the interests of China and of Russia will ultimately tend to diverge. One thing one can learn from

the history of Russian expansion which should never be forgotten : that the peoples of Asia do not in the long run accept the domination of Russia, whether its figure-head is the Great White Tsar or Joseph Stalin.

M. PHILIPS PRICE.

THE FAR EAST : A RESTATEMENT.

WHEN the writer first visited Korea, before her annexation by Japan, the country still belonged in the main to the unmodernised Far East, though the Japanese, who exercised a protectorate, were introducing Western civilisation at second hand. Seoul, the capital, was still a place of peace and charm. " I felt I could dream the rest of my life away in Seoul," said D. D. Braham of *The Times*, when notes were compared in Peking. Old Peking and Seoul had much in common in massive walls and gateways, upward-curving roofs supported by wooden pillars, spacious courtyards and terraces ; in use of line and colour, golds, blues and greens, and China's decorative script. Oxen and donkeys still provided most of the transport. Men wore white, gown-like drapery and dwarf top-hats ; women were dressed in near-white baggy pantaloons flapping at the ankles below long, high-waisted petticoats, above which bodices covered their shoulders but left their breasts wholly, or partially, bare. The bridge across the Yalu river was not yet built. Only its pillars, square and squat, marched in long strides across the water. The Antung-Mukden railway was still the light, narrow-gauge line built during the Russo-Japanese war. It twisted laboriously through tangled hills towards a half-way rest-house, where one spent the night and was told with pride that Kitchener had slept there not long ago.

This may seem a very distant starting point for treatment of current events. But beginnings are important in countries with long memories. The beginnings of Communism in Korea are not to be sought in post-war developments but in the early years of the century, in the confluence of an independence movement which thirty-three Korean leaders inaugurated on March 1st, 1919, with the Communism which Koreans who lived in Siberia and were naturalised Russian subjects were imbibing at about the same time. There were some 40,000 of them. Some formed the first Korean Communist Party after Krasnoschekoff had declared for Communism at Nikolsk-Ussuriski. Early in 1920 a Korean battalion joined the 1st Far Eastern Soviet Regiment, and at the end of the year a regional committee of the Korean Communist Party was organised in Khabarovsk. Korean units aiding the Bolsheviks were later brought under the control of a Korean military council with headquarters in the Maritime Province.

It is not perhaps generally realised, though of course it ought to be, that the Maritime Province runs down to meet the northern tip of Korea. It marches for a much longer distance with Manchuria. In any circumstances, accordingly, there are bound to be close relations between Koreans and Russians and between Chinese and Russians in this area. Under the Japanese régime there was more mutual suspicion than friendliness between them. With the collapse of the Japanese the reverse naturally came about, quite apart from Communism. Communism, of course, has provided a powerful bond. The Communist Party of Korea, founded in 1925, became a member of

the Comintern in 1928, re-entering it again, after a period of disciplinary reorganisation, between 1932 and 1935. It was round about this period that North Korea's chief leaders of the present day, Kim Il Sung, Kim Doo Bong and Pak Heun Yung, began to emerge. Koreans fought on the Chinese Communists' side in considerable numbers against Japan. Three years ago there were 1,300,000 of them, according to Chinese reports in Manchuria.

About China, too, we have to recall half-forgotten facts if we are to understand the hold which Communist Russia has obtained over her, and the facts must be stated in the sharp-edged way in which Chinese remember them, not as we do, with edges smoothed by mitigating circumstances. First comes the loss of Formosa, China's since 1683, as a result of her first war with Japan. That was followed by deprivation of territory, through forceful diplomacy, in ninety-nine-year leases obtained by Tsarist Russia, Germany, Britain and France, namely, the leases of Port Arthur and Dalny, now known as Dairen, and of Kiao-chow, Weihaiwei, the Kowloon peninsula and Kwangchowwan. Then came the Allies' relief of Peking in 1900. "Peking suffered as Asiatic cities have always suffered when taken by assault by Asiatic armies," says the leading British historian of those times, "but now the invading forces were the armies of the Western Powers. . . . Many of the Manchu nobility and countless thousands of women put an end to their lives; many thousands of men were killed in a wild orgy of slaughter."* This was followed by the Russo-Japanese war, a much bigger demonstration of power-politics on Chinese soil than 1898, the year of the leases, had furnished. In the first world war China was induced to side with the Allies in ignorance of the fact that Britain, Tsarist Russia and France had promised to support Japan's claims at the peace conference to be treated as Germany's successor in Shantung.†

To appreciate the shock which the Treaty of Versailles gave the Chinese it is necessary to realise that it came at a critical moment in their intellectual life and at one of frustration in their domestic affairs. They were being swept away from all their Confucian moorings, including the language of the classics, which was beginning to be displaced by the advocacy of Hu Shih and others of the spoken language for literary purposes. Foreign ideas and knowledge had been pouring into the country, largely through translations, for a generation, and latterly to an increasing extent through the agency of returned students. The capacity of young students trained in China to assimilate all that was becoming available was over-taxed, and many foreign conceptions gained currency in half-understood form. Then, while the mould of Western conceptions had not yet set, a reaction began, presently illustrated by Liang Chi-ch'ao's *Reflections on a Journey in Europe*, written in 1919, and Liang Sou-ming's *Civilisations and Philosophies of East and West*, published in 1922. The welcome given to the Russian revolution by Chen Tu-hsiu and Li Ta-chao, both professors at Peking University, before these books appeared accentuated and confused the reaction, which as a result of the Versailles Treaty became embittered.

The mass of Chinese students, who shared with their professors an astonishing amount of influence in the country at large, had watched the Russian revolution with an interest which was political as well as intellectual. They saw in it a new and promising method of ridding China both of foreign domination and of reactionaries, who were

* H. B. Morse. *The International Relations of the Chinese Empire*, Vol. III, p. 284.

† MacMurray. *Treaties and Agreements with and concerning China*, Vol II, pp. 1167-6.

multiplying in consequence of the utter failure of government on Western parliamentary lines. Increasing inefficiency of administration, so glibly attributed in the past to Manchu rule, was enhancing evils of long standing, the most important being those which were undermining the agrarian system, amongst them strip farming and fragmentation of farm holdings through equal division among sons, exorbitant rents and usurious rates of interest.

These various circumstances made China a fertile field for Communism, and Russia took full advantage of them. From 1919, when Leo Karakhan issued a manifesto to the Chinese people promising in effect to make ample amends for his country's imperialistic past, to 1927, when Sun Yat-sen's party, the Nationalists, or Kuomintang, and the Chinese Communist Party, formed in 1921, were severed into hostile bodies, Russian advice and technique were paramount in the country's affairs. Thereafter an influence far more destructive of the Chinese State began to gain ground temporarily lost as a result of the Washington Conference, Japan's. Manchuria was seized in 1931, and by 1935 five of China's northern provinces, Shantung, Hopei, Chahar, Suiyuan and Shansi, were in danger of a similar fate. The part played by China's Communists in the long war of resistance against Japan greatly strengthened their moral and military position in the country, control of which, as everyone remembers, passed into their hands in 1949.

In no period of history is the logic of events clearer than in the years just surveyed. Will the next generation of historians find the logic of the present period as fatally plain?

How will they regard the non-inclusion of a representative of Communist China in the Security Council when they examine it in its pre-Korean phase? In its Korean phase, on August 2nd, the matter was treated by the Soviet representative in a most ill-advised manner as, to quote *The Times*, "an essential factor in any settlement on Korea," whereupon Sir Gladwyn Jebb very properly declared that the two questions were quite distinct, and that each must be dealt with on its merits. Yet at what date between January 6th, when Great Britain recognised the new régime in Peking, and June 25th, when the North Koreans crossed the 38th Parallel, was the subject dealt with on its merits? Has not that phrase been very wrongly used? Article 23 of the United Nations' Charter indicates what should be implied by the term "merits." It is easy, of course, to become legalistic in considering this point, but it appears to be equally easy to forget, or ignore, the terms of the Charter. This, it must be admitted, is a lengthy document liable to be left unread in a reference file. But if the constitution of the United Nations is to be maintained it is essential to act in accordance with Article 23, which reads:

"1. The Security Council shall consist of eleven members of the United Nations. The Republic of China, France, the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland and the United States of America shall be permanent members of the Security Council. The General Assembly shall elect six other members of the United Nations to be non-permanent members of the Security Council, due regard being specially paid, in the first instance, to the contribution of members of the United Nations to the maintenance of international peace and security and to the other purposes of the organisation, and also to equitable geographical distribution."

The British Government recognised Mao Tze-tung's régime as the Government of the Republic of China on January 6th. Nothing that

has happened since then has shown, or even suggested, that it is not the Government of China. Yet the United Kingdom has deferred to the opinions of other Powers upon this question of fact, and their opinions have related to matters which have nothing to do with it, in the case of France to Indo-China, in the case of America to fear of Russia.

On the question of Formosa, also, it seems desirable, though unfashionable, to refer textually to the agreements involved, as future historians will do. They will have before them the Cairo communiqué of December 1st, 1943, reading :

“ It is their purpose ”—the purpose of the United States, Great Britain and China—“ that Japan shall be stripped of all the islands in the Pacific which she has seized or occupied since the beginning of the first world war in 1914, and that all the territories that Japan has stolen from China, such as Manchuria, Formosa and the Pescadores, shall be restored to the Republic of China.”

Historians will also have before them the proclamation to the Japanese people issued from Potsdam by President Truman, Marshal Stalin, Mr. Churchill and General Chiang Kai-shek on July 26th, 1945, which reads :

“ The terms of the Cairo declaration shall be carried out and Japanese sovereignty shall be limited to the islands of Honshu, Hokkaido, Kyushu and Shikoku and such minor islands as we determine.”

How does President Truman's declaration of June 27th square with these declarations ? The President declared that “ the occupation of Formosa by Communist forces would be a direct threat to the security of the Pacific area and to the United States forces performing their lawful and necessary functions in that area,” and that he had “ accordingly ordered the Seventh Fleet to prevent any attack ” on the island. Yet except on the assumption that, once in control of Formosa, Communist forces would be helped by Russia to convert the island into an air base with hostile intent, it is difficult to see how their presence there would be dangerous to anyone. There was certainly no evidence, prior to June 27th, consonant with the assumption, nor had any disclosed itself up to the middle of August. True, the North Koreans had been using Russian armour. But are not Bao Dai's troops using, or being trained to use, American weapons against Vietnamese under Ho Chi Minh ? How far is it to be considered legitimate for one Power to go in “ quarantining ” territory which does not belong to it lest another Power should seize it first ? The Chinese contention is that the United States' action in regard to Korea involves an improper interference with their efforts to end their campaign against the Kuomintang, improper because the Korean situation was none of their making and because the Cairo and Potsdam declarations should not be overridden by the technicality that until a peace treaty is signed Formosa still belongs to Japan.

Ho Chi Minh occupies a commanding position in South-East Asia. Born in 1894 he grew up in a revolutionary environment, both his sister and his brother being imprisoned by the French. After visiting France, Britain and the United States in 1911 he worked in Paris as a photographer's assistant, meeting French Marxist and Leftist leaders, including Marcel Cachin. In 1923 he went to Moscow as a delegate to the Peasants International Congress, and in 1925 to Canton as an interpreter in Borodin's mission. In 1928 he was in Siam, and later in Hong Kong, where he worked in the Oriental department of the Komintern. In

1940 he was in Yunnan and Kwangsi, about which time he began to organise his Vietnam movement on lines resembling those of popular fronts in Eastern Europe. After the German attack on the Soviet Union he issued, on October 25th, 1941, a manifesto calling upon all nationalists to attack the Japanese. In 1944, having proclaimed the Republic of Vietnam at Liao Chiao, Ho Chi Minh crossed the border into Tongking with some 700 followers and led an uprising. When the Japanese collapsed in the following year his followers obtained possession of their arms and equipment. Bao Dai abdicated as Emperor of Annam on August 26th, 1945, calling upon "all parties and groups, all classes of society as well as the Royal Family, to strengthen and support unreservedly the Democratic Republic of Vietnam." In a very short time Ho Chi Minh was in conflict with the French.

This withered, soft-voiced little man, as he has been described, is at once protagonist and antagonist in the two chief movements in South-East Asia to-day, nationalism and the extension of democracy in its Western and Russian forms. He is a protagonist of the nationalism which wants complete freedom from Western rule, an antagonist of the nationalism which is content with freedom within the framework of a wider system presided over by the Power whose control has become irksome. Similarly, he is a protagonist of the democracy that connotes the "people," an antagonist of the democracy which finds room also for the "classes."

The second of the two kinds of freedom just described is a typically British conception, which the Dutch and French have copied. It may be that only the British can make it work, and in Malaya they do not propose to try to do so for some time yet. As seen by South-East Asiatics the weakness of the idea is that it emphasises community of interest in local resources—petroleum, tin, rubber, rice and so on—at the expense of their ownership in terms of natural, geographical conditions. The Communists can make much of that.

As regards democracy in its Western form, a severe check was experienced when Sun Yat-sen repudiated parliamentary government. The number of Chinese living in South-East Asia is large. They looked to Sun, as they now look to Mao. Ho Chi Minh derives much help from that fact, which will not be changed by American aid, military or economic. Malik was wrong in confusing the Korean issue with China's representation on the Security Council. China is the Middle Kingdom in the Far East nevertheless.

E. M. GULL.

KOREA PAST AND PRESENT.

SOME weeks ago very few people even in this country hardly knew where Korea is and probably pictured the Koreans as superstitious Buddhists in big hats carrying umbrellas. Yet Korea follows the pattern of Communist expansion. This conquest and aggressions of the Russian Tsars, Red and White, from the sixteenth century onwards amounted to forty-nine square miles per day. This expansion is based on the traditional lines of Russia and Asia combined, with an iron curtain as a protection for the time being against Europe and the West. Russian expansion took concrete form in Mongolia, Manchuria, China, North Korea, now South Korea, and prepares further advances in Formosa, Indo-China, Tibet, Burma, Siam, the Malayas, India,

Pakistan, the Middle East and finally Europe. The "cold war" turns into local wars, "softening" the enemy and dissipating the U.N.O. forces, keeping always for Russia and her puppets the inner line. The softening from within of the U.N.O. countries is effected by local Communist parties, Cominform agents, fifth column, strikes, class strife, thus trying to achieve Lenin's *tabula rasa* theory before building the Communist Utopian World State. Hence every form of stabilisation, Marshall Plan or any other, is taboo. Russia, Tsarist or Red, believed firmly, as Tolstoy put it, that "Russia is the continent and Europe its peninsula."

"A hungry nation is easier to rule than a satisfied," Lenin told me years ago, adding that if the Government is strong enough to control the production of food and its distribution a moment will arrive when the whole nation, cap in hand, will come to you begging for a piece of bread. Then it is up to you to give to one and to refuse the other, and those to whom you give must work hard and do what you order. To-day the nine largest provinces of China, with Sinkiang (the latter strategically a most important province for Soviet expansion, where the Soviets have just completed a huge railway line connecting that part of China with the very basis of the five-year plans in Western Siberia), are suffering from starvation and live on bark and herbs. When further aggression is carried out, obviously the famished population will have an encouraging motto to follow: "All is yours, go and take it from the enemy." Rice is the main food in China, Indo-China, Burma. This latter was a large exporter of rice—2 million tons per annum; now her export has dropped to 1 million per annum, whereas Indo-China's export has dwindled to one-fifth of pre-war.

From time immemorial Korea was the apple of discord between China and Japan, then Japan versus Russia, now Russia versus U.N.O. Russia's technique of expansion is traditional; receiving a rebuff on one front, she directs her feelers in another direction. Having suffered defeat in the Crimean War she turned to the Middle East. Being rebuffed there, she went for the Far East. The Russo-Japanese War and Russia's defeat there in 1905 turned her eyes to the Balkans, Constantinople, the Straits, hoping to annex in time Palestine too.

Korea occupies 85,000 square miles (150 miles wide and 630 miles long). It was always the periphery of the old Chinese Empire, its diaspora, so to say, hence the object of aggression of all sorts. Russia, expanding eastward, reached out and annexed the U.S.S.U.R.I. areas. Korea's history is that of constant invasions and conquests. First came the Mongols, then Japanese, then Altai-Tunguz tribes. The Chinese conquest brought to the Korean throne the Chinese Duke Ki-Ji as far back as 1122 B.C., and Chinese rule from then continued for 1,000 years. The Mongol invasion and conquest lasted from 1231 to 1392. But Confucianism and Buddhism, accepted and practised by the Koreans, could not be eradicated by the Mongol invaders. Again the Mongols took possession under their great conqueror of East and West, Kubla Khan. Then again at the end of the fourteenth century the Chinese reconquered Korea, and her Golden Age, undisturbed by invasions, lasted for over 200 years. When in 1627 the Manchu tribes took possession of Korea, they left large autonomous rights, and the Koreans remained pro-Chinese, and Buddhists and Confucianists at heart. Even when the Japanese conquered Korea and isolated it for over 200 years the Japanese infiltration, conquests and final annexation was a long and painful process for both sides, and Japan finally annexed Korea as late

as 1910. Yet she helped the economics of the country during the occupation, greatly increasing the exploitation of minerals and gold, bauxite, iron ore and anthracite (this latter was found only in Korea, none in Japan). Yet 80 per cent. of the population are still engaged in agriculture. But apart from all this Korea was an ideal *point d'appui* for Japan on the mainland. Korea possessed a high civilisation, derived from China. Confucianism and Buddhism built not only her religious but also her family and social life. The kings, as in China, were divinities. The upper feudal classes spoke Chinese, the lower Polynesian. Women, as in China, were and still are treated as animals; they have to bear children, cultivate the fields and do the housework. Wooden ploughs may still be seen. Rice is one-third of the agricultural output. Cotton and raw silk are produced. Soya beans are imported by Japanese and each year cover more and more of the arable area.

The end of isolation from the rest of the world, except from Japan and China, came with European infiltration. Before 1861 foreigners were taboo in the Far East. For instance, if a foreigner set foot on Japanese ground, owing to shipwreck or otherwise, he would be beheaded and the Japanese who was seen talking to him. The same applied, if not in such a drastic way, to China and Korea. Christianity penetrated into Korea by China. Fierce persecution of Christians took place in Korea in the eighteenth century; their number was then just over 4,000. Xenophobia grew, especially when Russia became an aggressive neighbour. Despite improvements in roads and ports the Koreans, who hate innovations, revolted against their overlords. Mob rioting was common. Hating the Japanese, they tried to counterwork them by concessions to Europeans from 1882 onward. They signed treaties with the U.S.A., Russia, France, Germany and England; the latter, as a safeguard against Russia's expansion, occupied the Hamilton and other Korean islands in the Korean Straits. Japan, however, demanded and obtained compensation for losses incurred in the riots, such as the concession of building telegraph lines to Fusan and other places. With the U.S.A. relations were exceptionally good. However, Japan never lost grip and was biding her time to strike. She exploited the alternate rule of reformists and reactionaries, but reactionaries usually prevailed.

The breaking point came with the victory of Japan over China in 1895. The Emperor had to flee to the Russian Legation—a trump card in Russian hands. The vassalage to China came to an end, but this meant exchanging the frying pan for the fire, as the Japanese became full masters. To safeguard herself from growing Russian aggression Japan later signed an alliance with England. The defeat of China on the Yalu river, the Korean frontier, was followed by the conquest of the seemingly impregnable fort of Port Arthur. Despite lying reports by the Chinese generals of their alleged victories over the “pigmies,” as the Japanese were called, Li-Hung-Chang saw the red light and signed the treaty of Shimonoseki. The hegemony of Japan over Korea was recognised and China undertook to stop all anti-Japanese intrigues there. It was suggested that all misunderstandings would be settled by an international court of arbitration. A Sino-Japanese commercial treaty was signed in the following year.

China was saved this time from complete humiliation by Russia. “Hands off” from Russia to Japan was followed by a similar summons from France and Germany. Under pressure Japan returned to China the Liaotung Peninsula. Korea, though not strangled, found herself

in a pincer movement from all sides. Russia made a loan to China of 100 million gold roubles, which was followed by other loans from European nations in order to help her to pay her reparations to Japan. The latter simultaneously suppressed anti-Japanese riots in Formosa and annexed it in 1896. But it was not for the *beaux yeux* of China that all those "saviours" came. In 1900, seizing the opportunity of the Boxer rising, they took from China all those and more lands which Japan had won for herself in 1895. They forced Japan to give those territories back to defeated China. In spite of Russia proclaiming that "Russia's interests lie in Korea," Japan annexed it in 1910, introducing technical improvements, forts, railways, roads, etc. Social reforms followed, such as humanising the out-of-date criminal code, cancelling serfdom, improving the civil codes, abolishing torture, introducing far-reaching amnesty, establishing land registration and cancelling mass executions. By that time the commercial turnover doubled. Engineers started exploitation of minerals on a large scale and built sawmills. Yet the Koreans hated innovations and the iron grip of Japan.

In 1904-5 Japan gave Russia a knock-out blow. By the Portsmouth Peace Treaty the latter recognised the predominance of the political, military and economic interests of Japan in Korea, undertook not to oppose measures connected with Japan's protectorate and promised to abstain from military preparations on the Russo-Korean frontier. Japan undertook the same *vis-à-vis* Russia. Russia ceded to Japan the lease of Port Arthur, Talienwan, the adjoining territories and territorial waters, all Russian buildings and property on that territory (without compensation), the railway to Port Arthur with all its branches, all coal mines and other important rights there and on Sakhalin Island.

Korea never ceased complaining about Japanese encroachments on her rights. The Emperor complained to the International Court at The Hague in 1907 and to the President of the U.S.A., but Japanese action went on. In 1918 the Japanese language was made official. The "fourteen points" of President Wilson with his gospel of self-determination gave hope to Korea, and nationalism rose to a pitch. Korean hopes revived in 1937 during the Japanese-Chinese war. To control Korea Japan introduced a very efficient gendarmerie, but simultaneously brought in economic and other improvements. They founded in 1926 the first Korean university. The rejoinder to all this on the part of Korea was a so-called Korean "Government" in China, first in Shanghai and then in Chungking.

With the second world war Korean hopes again revived. The Cairo Conference in 1943 (U.S.A., United Kingdom and China) decided to form a trusteeship of four Powers for five years, after which, when a peace treaty would be signed with Japan, Korea would get her independence. But at the last minute Russia entered the war against Japan in August 1945. So Korea found herself under foreign occupation, 22 millions under the U.S.A., 7 millions under the Russians, with the now famous 38th parallel as the demarcation line. Russia immediately proceeded to isolate her zone and to turn it into a puppet State. By June 1950 she believed that all was prepared for annexation and the final touch was the propaganda of the Soviets. The same pattern always precedes Soviet aggression. This propaganda for consumption abroad had a double axis, one with its slogan "Peace of the World," the other "Leave Korea to her own devices."

On June 10th *Pravda* published an appeal of the "Central Committee" of the so-called "United Democratic Front" addressed to the whole Korean people, demanding in glowing terms the union of North and South by "peaceful" means, accusing the U.S.A. and U.N.O. of flagrant aggression and imperialism and of aiming to divide Korea for ever. It went on to say that the Korean nation demands union, and stated that this union will be achieved on the fifth anniversary of the "liberation" of Korea, which would become an "independent" State. Such an act would be fêted by the "masses." A general election would take place on August 5th, and on August 15th a joint session in Seoul would elect a "supreme legislative body." Previous to that, said *Pravda*, on June 15th-17th, a joint meeting in the area of the 38th parallel would take place and a plan for a "General Central Council" would be worked out. It further gave a "solemn" warning against any interference of Li-Sun-Man and of other "self-styled" leaders and "commissions" of U.N.O. The carrying out of elections of a "Central Power," as *Pravda* chooses to term it, "for the whole of Korea will be that of the United Democratic Front." "Long live a united Korean Republic."

On June 12th *Pravda* announced that "a peaceful delegation from workers sent to the South were shot at and forced to take cover." On June 13th it added "a shooting by twenty armed in green uniforms [United States uniforms] near the 38th parallel." It added that the North welcomed a "peaceful union," and that this was followed by numerous meetings of Korean workers in mines, chemical factories, villages, etc., all of whom greeted "the genuine representatives of the nation." On June 18th it published a petition of Korean artists and actors living in Moscow.

On June 21st it launched an appeal for "unanimous support" to North Korean "representatives" of the "Presidium of the Supreme Peoples' Council" of the "United Democratic Party." Numerous meetings, it added, were demanding the immediate liberation of all arrested in South Korea and the immediate arrest of Li-Sun-Man and "his clique." On June 25th it published an appeal of Kim-ir-sin, the Communist leader, to the Korean nation, and on that day the war started. For Stalin history seems to prove that democracies are slow in realising facts and taking action. South Korea had only ten Mustangs, and those flown by South Koreans themselves.

VLADIMIR DE KOROSTOVETZ.

BELGIUM REVISITED.

THE Royal Question in Belgium has at last been solved. For more than five years the controversy over King Leopold had been the dominant issue in Belgian home affairs. When on July 22nd he returned to his divided country he merely put a new complexion upon an old problem. For a whole week thereafter the passions and polemics aroused by his presence brought Belgium virtually to the brink of civil war. From "to rule or to retire" the question became one of "How long will Leopold last?" In the early hours of August 1st the answer came. Leopold agreed to delegate the royal prerogative to his son, Prince Baudouin, who will succeed to the throne on his coming of age on

September 7th, 1951. A sad chapter in the history of Belgium had ended.

This hubbub and strife were the more deplorable if seen against the background of Belgium's economic recovery, which has been nothing short of remarkable. Thanks primarily to her substantial reserves of foreign credits at the end of the war, she was able to saturate the home market with consumer goods and essential commodities. To avert too wide a disparity between prices and wages the Government adopted a policy of strict price control, freezing of wages and subsidies to producers and importers of such priorities as food and industrial raw materials. To a Europe smitten with austerity and restrictions Belgium appeared indeed as "an oasis of plenty in a world of want." But no good thing can last for ever—not even in Belgium. In 1948 life in Brussels was a tourist's dream come true. The local scene was one of shining cars, well-stocked shops and well-dressed men and women, for Brussels is not only the capital of Belgium but a centre of elegance. Past and present happily combine in this fair land of towns for every taste—Bruges nicknamed "*Bruges la morte*," but very much alive with foreign visitors, picturesque Dinant, Liège, the "*Cité Ardente*," etc.

To-day, though boom conditions are still evident, the mood is different, as well it might be. Far-reaching developments elsewhere have had their repercussions here. The cost of living is now three and a half times pre-war. As the economic chaos in other countries was gradually sorted out the sellers' market made way for a buyers' market with fastidious customers. This produced a crop of complicated problems. Belgian firms could not compete abroad because of obsolete machinery and high production costs. France lacked Belgian francs, Britain and the Netherlands bought only essential goods, as did many other countries with limited reserves of "hard" currency. While exports of essentials steadily increased unemployment rose in the "unwanted" industries—cement, leather and textiles. In March 1949 the number of unemployed was 240,000. A crisis was avoided thanks mainly to Marshall aid, which enabled Belgium to increase her exports to an additional value of Fr.9 milliard, reducing unemployment by between 40,000 to 50,000. Under the Marshall plan Belgium has received a loan of \$56 million, as well as "conditional aid" to the order of \$207.5 million, the countervalue of which in Belgian francs is to be put at the disposal of other countries.

Yet, despite setbacks and changing world conditions, trade and output figures for 1949 make stimulating reading. Subsidies were cut and wage-earners with incomes below a certain minimum received extra allowances to compensate for higher prices of food, coal, etc. New production records were registered in many industries, notably textiles and oil refining. Iron and steel showed a slight downward trend, attributable mainly to growing British and French competition and the resurgence of a heavy industry in Western Germany. The importance of the steel industry to Belgium can best be gauged from the fact that out of an annual output of 5 million tons 65 per cent. is earmarked for export. Overall exports of the Belgo-Luxembourg Economic Union amounted to about Fr.80 milliard, imports to about Fr.82 milliard. This means that for the first time since the end of the war exports covered 97.59 per cent. of imports, compared with 85 per cent. in 1948 and 92 per cent. in 1938. The outstanding feature of these totals was a rise in Belgian exports to the U.S.A., accompanied by a fall in American imports into Belgium. Trade with the U.S.S.R. showed a

favourable balance of Fr.1 milliard, compared with a deficit of Fr.1.5 milliard two years ago. Statistics for the first six months of 1950 indicate a steady rise in exports and productivity. Taking 1936-8 as 100, industrial production in March was 131 per cent., in June 110. Output figures for June included the following: Coal, 96 per cent.; metals, 113; steel, 116; cement, 128; electricity, 148. By rationalisation and re-equipment Belgium now aims to raise her industrial capacity by 24 per cent. in 1950-1. Progress has also been made in other fields. Like most countries, Belgium was faced with an acute housing shortage at the end of the war. Up to 1949 little could be done to alleviate it. Since then large-scale building has been resumed and plans put in hand for 110,000 houses within the next two years. Unemployment is being countered through the implementation of a comprehensive public works programme, including the modernisation of the coal mines, new roads and highways and the expansion of the ports of Antwerp and Ghent.

A heartening sign of the times is the changed attitude towards the Congo. Owing to the difference in population and civilisation pre-war Congo never meant quite as much to the man in the street as India did to the British or Algeria to the French. Some people viewed it in the same light as Dr. Johnson saw Congreve's *Incognita*—"he would rather praise it than read it." That, however, is now past history. The Congo's outstanding contribution to the Allied war effort and her growing economic and political importance have brought mother country and colony more closely together. To-day the term "Notre Congo" speaks for itself. With an area of 920,000 square miles—eighty times the size of Belgium—and a population of approximately 11 million the Congo is one of the world's richest countries in natural resources, particularly industrial raw materials. It is also the world's leading producer of radium (96 per cent.) and of that priceless stockpile requisite uranium (70 per cent.). Chief among its industries is mining; iron in the region of the Great Lakes, copper in Katanga, gold and silver in the Kilo and Watsa-Moto regions, industrial diamonds in Kasai. The colony, which includes the trusteeship territory of Ruanda-Urundi, is divided into six provinces, each under a provincial governor, and subdivided into seventeen districts, each under a district commissioner. At the head of the administration is the Governor-General, assisted by a Vice-Governor-General and a Government Council with advisory powers. The post-war period and the "advent" of atomic energy have made it a flourishing colony and a major dollar-earner. Traditional exports of coffee, rubber, cotton and tin have been considerably increased. Prospecting and industrial development are proceeding apace in what was forty years ago a jungle country. Leopoldville, Elisabethville and Stanleyville, to name only three, are prosperous modern cities, and the colony's air services the best in Central Africa.

The Belgian Government has now evolved a ten-year development plan incorporating a detailed investment programme. It is an ambitious and comprehensive document, involving expenditure to the order of Fr.50 milliard, half of which is to be borne by private enterprise. The plan aims to raise the standard of living of the white and native population, expand the number of roads, power stations and public services, and improve agriculture through soil conservation measures and scientific farming. It further proposes the following increases in output: copper, 15 per cent.; tin, 30; industrial diamonds, 50; zinc,

100. To offset the lack of adequate coal supplies full use is to be made of the Congo's considerable water power to boost the output of electricity. Much thought has also been given to native welfare and technical training. White immigration and local industries will be encouraged, and the existing network of land, sea and air communications extended. The ports of Boma and Matadi will be further modernised, and rail and road transport enriched with another 7,500 miles of highways and 260 miles of railroads. Co-operation between Belgium, Britain and France, which operates in so many spheres, was carried a stage farther when a Paris conference in March this year approved plans for the development of transport between French West Africa, the African coast, Dakar and the Congo. Another conference will take place at a later date, with South Africa, Southern Rhodesia and Portugal joining in. This will discuss ways and means of integrating transport development into the general pattern of overseas development.

For the third time within half a century the political world situation is fraught with "explosive" imponderables. For the third time, too, Belgium and her Western allies are forced to divert part of their revenue to national defence. This extra outlay is the more irksome, coming as it does at a time when after long laborious efforts Western Europe was well in sight of balancing its accounts. But Western Europe has travelled far since that day in March 1948 when the Foreign Ministers of Britain and the Benelux countries met in Brussels to sign the Five Powers Treaty. The event signified a new departure in post-war relations. It convinced public opinion that modern defence was no longer a matter for individual countries, but that joint action and unity of purpose were the *sine qua non* of the wider concept of Atlantic defence. Rocket propulsion, atomic energy and the jet plane have swept away such classical concepts as "*la levée en masse*" or "the nation in arms." Present-day defence can only be on a continental scale or not at all. This is fully appreciated in Belgium, which from Caesar's conquest of Gaul to the Battle of Bastogne in December 1944 has been Europe's traditional battleground. Twice within one generation her people saw the tide of war rise, break and recede. Twice within a quarter of a century they had indelible first-hand experience of aggression, foreign occupation and all that followed from it. As Continental realists they fear that Belgium may once again become the rendezvous for rival armies. As members of the Atlantic community they know that if peace is indivisible the price of peace is vigilance plus preparedness. The 1949 defence estimates aggregated Fr.5.5 milliard. The total peace-time strength of the armed forces is : army, 60,900 ; navy, 1,000 ; air force, 7,000. A large proportion of the army (23,000) is stationed in the Belgian occupation zone in Germany. In the last war Belgium mobilised 500,000 men—one out of every sixteen. Her readiness to play her full part in collective defence was best illustrated in the Prime Minister's statement to the Chamber of Deputies on August 8th. After pledging his country's "complete solidarity" with the signatories of the Atlantic Treaty, M. Duveusart announced that his Government would propose the allocation of another Fr.5 milliard for defence purposes up to the end of 1951, and the mobilisation of all economic forces for a common production effort. Reversing the pet theory of Clausewitz, Britain, Belgium and their partners of the Atlantic Pact firmly believe that peace and not war is a business that calls for the service of the highest and the best.

DAVID INGBER.

FRANCE'S PROBLEMS AND PROSPECTS.

WHEN the Korean trouble broke out France had already entered upon a Ministerial crisis. The Bidault Government had resigned. Three weeks passed before M. Schuman, again Minister of Foreign Affairs in the new Pleven Government, was able to make a public statement on the international situation. M. Pleven's Ministerial declaration at once placed France officially in her natural position as a loyal member of the O.N.U. and of the Council of Security. During the laborious negotiations for the formation of a Ministry the attitude which France would adopt was not in question. The resolution of the Council of Security was supported by the French delegate. In the declaration by which M. Queuille obtained the investiture of the National Assembly for his brief Premiership at the end of June he pledged France without ambiguity to resistance against the North Korean aggression. From first to last the Ministerial crisis was dominated by internal politics. The unsuccessful Queuille Government was an improvisation to meet the international situation without an assured basis in domestic politics. In the interest of larger union it took in several Moderates, including M. Paul Reynaud, and was immediately rejected on that ground. The Ministry of M. Pleven, less "national union" but not less clear in its loyalty to the O.N.U. and the Council of Security, responded to the requirements of internal politics.

For France the Korean affair had three aspects. It raised the general principle of defence against aggression through the O.N.U. By the possibility it presented of dangerous repercussions in Europe it aroused the latent preoccupation of the French with their own security. Finally it affected directly and locally the Indo-Chinese problem, which it transformed. It was natural that at first the question of French security should be the chief concern. Public anxiety about it expressed itself in the buying of gold, causing fluctuations in the market which M. Pleven reassuringly described as being on a somewhat limited scale. One of the unfortunate consequences of the prolonged Ministerial crisis was that during this early period opinion was deprived of the guidance which only a Government can effectively give. No French Government could so break with tradition as to be indifferent to the North Korean aggression or to the action taken by the Council of Security to resist it. It was France who, in the forgotten Geneva Protocol, proposed the first audacious scheme of collective security, which defined aggression and prescribed measures to check it. But the French have reasons for thinking about their own security in particular. Two great wars have taken the same form. There was aggression, the partial or total occupation of the invaded country, the slow rallying of allies building up a crushing superiority and at last overwhelming the enemy. The French people are uneasily conscious of being in the front line without adequate existing means of defence. The French memorandum addressed to the United States on August 5th, which emphasised this point, did not in the least exaggerate.

Ever since the first world war the French have been grim realists in their conception of security. By security they mean quite simply military security. Even the Locarno agreements, rather to the surprise of some of the promoters, were regarded as adding nothing in themselves to military security. The pacts and papers, and even the international organisms of the last few years, are only the naked beginning of defence.

The Government shares the public anxiety in this matter. In a speech before the National Assembly early in August M. Jules Moch, the Minister of National Defence, declared that the integrity of Western Europe should be safeguarded. He had in view, he explained, not the final result, which was assured, but the first stage of aggression, "which must be stopped outside our frontiers." Security is now not merely the guarantee of ultimate victory. It is security against invasion.

Other declarations both of M. Pleven and of M. Moch showed that the French have made a logical leap to a still further enlarged notion of security and defence. The memorandum to Washington was primarily a statement of the military effort which France was prepared to make for the next three years. But it went much beyond that. It was a masterly examination of the whole problem of Western security and proposed striking solutions. In the speech already quoted M. Moch contradicted a rumour that France would supply the infantry of the Western coalition. Each associate, he said, would furnish divisions, air force and naval force according to its possibilities. The memorandum says pointedly that it is necessary that "the United States and Great Britain, notably, should be able to participate in the defence with a sufficient number of divisions stationed in Continental Europe." In 1940 the French were not only in the front line but supplied the great majority of its defenders. It is now proposed that the line should be manned from the beginning by joint forces. This obviously opens a wide field for discussion of ways and means and may meet objections. But, if adopted, it would give a great satisfaction to French public opinion.

Taking up an idea already expressed by M. Pleven the memorandum applies the same principle of common enterprise to the financing of defence. The greater part of the resources contributed by the various Atlantic countries should be centralised and managed for the common benefit. M. Pleven had said that each country should contribute to this fund according to its economic and financial possibilities and its national income. The memorandum urged that the new defence effort should be conceived as a collective enterprise of the Atlantic nations "and not as an addition or juxtaposition of national efforts."

Military expenditure in next year's budget is to be increased by about £80 million, and about £2,000 million are to be spent on the new programme in the next three years. But in addition to this France is making a considerable military contribution to the common cause in Indo-China. Some of her best troops are there and the campaign has drawn so heavily on the supply of trained officers that the officering of the French army at home presents a serious problem. It is a peculiar consequence of the Korean affair that the aspect of French action has been completely changed. France had appeared to many observers, including Americans, as fighting a rearguard action for prestige and empire, resisting the legitimate claims of the native populations to self-government. She is now seen to be making the most conspicuous contribution to the defence against the general Communist offensive in the Far East. In his first declaration on Korea President Truman specifically promised military aid to the French forces and to the Associated States in Indo-China. This decisively reflected the new view of the French rôle. The French Government finds its delicate position there suddenly and greatly strengthened.

It so happened that the Korean incident coincided almost to the day with the assembly of a conference at Pau between representatives of

the French Government and delegates from the three Associated States: the Vietnam, Cambodge and Laos. Last year protocols had been concluded guaranteeing the independence of the three States within the framework of the French Union. It was the business of the Pau conference to determine the relations of the States with one another and with the French Government. At the first meeting M. Letourneau, the Minister in charge of relations with the Associated States, called current events to witness that it was not against France that the independence of the States had to be defended. Broadly the French Government wishes the three States to continue to be closely associated for certain purposes through common organisms in which the French administration will also be represented. In the present emergency the situation is eased for France because the States have need not only of part of the old Civil Service but of French military protection. But the protocols have stimulated the nationalism of the States. The populations dislike any approach to the old narrow policy of colonial exploitation. It was an adroit move to withdraw the States from dependence on the Ministry of Colonies and connect them with a new Ministry which specifically recognises them as Associated States. Present circumstances favour an amicable arrangement, but the essential political problem remains to be solved.

In asking for a common fund to finance the common effort of the Atlantic countries M. Pleven made with some emphasis the point that the French effort should not be such as to endanger the economic and social equilibrium of the country. No doubt he had in mind the risk of creating discontent which would be exploited by the Communists. Electorally the Communists are weaker than they were four years ago. The membership of the party itself cannot be precisely counted. It was reckoned at about a million in 1946, and a few months ago was credibly estimated at 750,000, or even less. In the interior of the party the nucleus of active militants is ardent and purposeful and includes a large proportion of young men. The present membership of the Communist C.G.T. is uncertain, but it is still the strongest of the three trade union organisations. Recent events have shown that its power of provoking strikes, though less than it was two or three years ago, remains considerable. In any case the system of defence announced by M. Jules Moch to deal with fifth-column activities in the event of war bears testimony to the capacity of the Communists to hamper the national effort.

The coincidence of the Korean affair with the Ministerial crisis has furnished a fresh point of departure for French policy, both foreign and domestic. A great stimulus has been given to joint enterprise, and it was the high merit of the French memorandum that it took quick advantage of this tendency. The Schuman pool was already a notable proof of movement in the same direction. It may be noted, by the way, that M. Ramadier insisted on behalf of the Socialists that the Schuman scheme should not be allowed to loosen the ties between France and Great Britain. In domestic politics a programme of action touching certain issues was agreed upon by the parties of the majority before the Pleven Ministry took office. The Government's economic policy is one of expansion; full employment both for labour and machinery; credit facilities for private enterprise made available by Government abstention from borrowing; increased revenue resulting from improvement of trade rather than from heavier taxation; accelerated reconstruction. The Government is evidently disinclined to make room for the greater

military expenditure in prospect by sacrificing reconstruction. If cuts have to be made something other than housing must be reduced. Apart from reluctance to present an advantage to Communist critics there is probably some electioneering in this concern for the maintenance of the domestic programme. All the Government parties have their eyes already turned to the general election of next year. French politics have entered what is called the pre-electoral period.

By this time the French economy is in an advanced stage of convalescence. It seems to have stepped outside the infernal cycle of rising wages and rising prices pursuing each other in perpetual alternation, but the cost of living is probably still uncomfortably high for poorer workers. The progress of economic recovery has been hidden by apparent interruptions, such as recurrent strikes and frequent changes of Government. But it would be a mistake to regard Ministerial crises as causing intermittent paralysis. If Governments are unstable Government action is less erratic. For one thing, individual Ministers sometimes survive several crises. M. Petsche, for instance, who is Minister of Finance, held the same office in the Queuille Ministry formed about two years ago. Administrative programmes also survive. It is said that M. Jean Monnet, when negotiating at Washington for credits for French equipment several years ago persuaded the Americans to deal on the basis of disregarding possible instability of government. This principle of action was justified by the event. The programme of equipment has been pursued without serious break ; the money for it has continued to appear in the budgets. Public confidence in the growing material strength of the country is necessary, and it is no doubt from this consideration among others that the Government wishes to protect the still delicate equilibrium of French economy against too heavy a burden.

W. L. MIDDLETON.

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AFRICA : COMMUNIST TARGET FOR TO-MORROW.

AFRICA to-day presents an almost perfect target for Communist imperialism. The African's standard of living generally speaking is low enough to constitute the Communists' dream of a field for conquest. The Africans, playing the role of the down-trodden proletariat in this case, are in a vast majority over the whites, who fall neatly into place as the imperialist, racially intolerant capitalists—and their character as a whole is badly fitted to resist Communist blandishments. On top of this there already exist political, racial and industrial battlegrounds between black and white, not necessarily Communist-inspired but certainly Communist-exploited. A full-scale Communist onslaught upon Africa—which will come, if it has not started already—will be aimed at these three major weaknesses. It will seek to lower the African's standard of living or at least prevent its improvement, it will utilise the weaknesses in his character, and it will aggravate the existing troubles. The assault will have two aims—first to retard or stop the present project of turning Africa into a fortress against Communism, the weapon being the last-named weak-

ness, and the second the conquest of Africa for Communism, as has happened in China.

Of all the African's weaknesses, by far the worst is his appalling ignorance not so much of ideologies but of those more innocuous products of civilisation—the means of keeping himself alive for more than thirty years. Frequent want and disease and the threat of it overshadow his life from birth to death. This is the condition without which Communism cannot succeed, and with which it cannot fail. Give Africans the benefit of knowledge and they will be content where discontent breeds Communism. At the moment, Europeans and educated Africans who are trying to help him in this way have the knowledge, but men of Dr. Schweitzer's stamp are too few. The Africans are ignorant, but they have the numbers for the job. Unfortunately, however, most of the tiny minority who seek higher education do not obtain knowledge which makes them useful to their fellow-Africans, or which they may with benefit pass on among them. They study not medicine or some branch of agriculture, but law. All that they spread among their fellows are ill-digested political ideologies—especially Communism. The Communists will do all in their power to encourage this flow of useless and dangerous knowledge into Africa, and on the spot they will do their utmost to stiffen the resistance offered by superstition and apathy to the scientific promotion of good health and plenty. In addition, in the advanced stages of a Communist attack we may expect the sabotage of such projects as irrigation systems, and the murder of those technicians and administrators responsible for the well-being of the African.

What can be done to check this primary menace to the content of Africans? Education at all levels should be mainly in subjects likely to improve the African's living standards, for there is no time to indoctrinate him so thoroughly in democracy that he will at once reject Communism on moral grounds. We can discourage, though not prevent, the imbibing of dangerous doctrines by building more local colleges for higher education, and we can and must offer the African more opportunities and encouragement to study useful subjects by providing more facilities such as colleges and scholarships for their study, and particularly by using intelligent propaganda more widely on their behalf. The African must realise that it is his solemn duty to fight want in Africa, for it is his land and his people who need his help so badly. He must be his own salvation, for the whites are there only to guide and encourage him in his efforts. The mob composed of the "masses" has always been a powerful Communist striking-force. The African herd-instinct with its terrible, blind and easily swayed release of emotions makes the African mob a truly terrifying weapon. The explanation for the African's lack of individualism is not far to seek. There is no room for it in a tribal village society which under the continual threat of want must have automatic, unquestioning co-operative effort to survive. The individualist is a danger to the common welfare, and is treated as such. The obvious solution to breaking down the herd-instinct is to remove the cause for the suppression of individualism—want and the menace of it. The African must be able to have a mind of his own—a mind not to be swayed by inflammatory oratory. Europeans do not possess it yet.

A real weakness is the African's apathy, or rather his complete dependence upon whoever happens to be ruling him at the moment, whether he be black, white or Arab. This is due largely to the fact that

he has always been a subject ; he has never been called upon to exercise initiative, far less authority, and so his power and desire to do so have atrophied. One set of rulers has been much the same as another to him in some cases ; he would not notice a change in their ideology, so long as they were as efficient both in disciplining him and in helping him as were their predecessors. As efficient as the Communists, for example. Africans must be taught that Africa is their own responsibility as well as their own birthright. His realisation of the second truth is, of course, essential to his realisation of the first, but militant nationalism should not be encouraged, nor should it be allowed to browbeat white rulers into granting premature independence. The Communists naturally encourage it, for the resulting anarchy in a country unprepared for self-government would be all that their hearts could desire. The recent findings of the U.N.O. Commission on Mandated Territories are likely to be of great service to local agitators. It is perhaps a little difficult for the representatives of South American republics to visualise the problems of Empire. The index of a territory's readiness for independence should be its ability to maintain its efficiency at a point where want is to all intent and purposes abolished.

The African's main weakness of character is superstitious fear. The intensely material, horribly real grind of his everyday existence is counterbalanced by a completely unreal, illogical attitude to everything he cannot understand. Spirits evil and good—predominantly the former—are responsible for every whim of fortune, never human agency except indirectly through propitiation. Thus they inspire terror and implicit obedience of the most abject kind. We must take care that a new, all-powerful god does not enter this pantheon which rules the African's every action. The power inspired by fear is very terrible. But this threat is less definite, compared with the Communists' probable aggravation of superstitious resistance to education and modern scientific improvements. Various religious sects point proudly to hundreds of converts made, but does the African look upon our religion as anything more than just another kind of "superstition"? Religion to him means mystery, and mystery inevitably means fear, not love. In a fight against Communism, the process of teaching him otherwise—of eradicating the tradition of ages of fear—is too slow. Psalm-singing will not ensure the safety of the African's little crop of maize, any more than will spirit-propitiation, but a reservoir might. Superstition opposing scientific improvements cannot be broken down as in other lands by slow familiarisation—there is not time. It does not matter if such improvements are looked upon by Africans as white man's magic, so long as the "magic" is understood to be beneficent and so is accepted. All these duties are the responsibility not only of technicians and administrators in British territories but also of those in all African colonial territories, whose administrations are not always as altruistic as they might be.

The Communists' capitalisation of want and character weaknesses among Africans will characterise all stages of their campaign, but they will try to achieve their immediate aim by aggravating black-white controversies. The other methods will take time to achieve their end, but their present task is urgent and calls for speedy action with material ready to hand. This task is to interrupt and disable current plans to turn Africa into a great defensive bastion against Communism. We are hearing of the organisation of a huge military base in East Africa, of the recruitment of a native army from among Africa's millions, of

new networks of communications, especially roads, being built, and of the exploitation of mineral resources and potential "larder" areas in Southern and Central Africa to render the fortress self-sufficient. The groundnuts scheme is one such project of the latter kind. These preparations the Communists will do and are doing their utmost to stop.

It is known that Communist agents and converts have been fomenting the labour and nationalistic disturbances in Nigeria, especially in the mining districts of the south-east. In the Gold Coast prominent Communists including Europeans and propaganda experts on the editorial staffs of newspapers have been connected with rioting there. In areas where nationalist feeling is intense, the whites are represented as the cruel, oppressive imperialists. If they have not already taken advantage of it, which is unlikely, the Communists have a golden opportunity to aggravate the endless racial and labour rioting in Johannesburg and in Durban. The Communists are working in particularly favourable conditions in the shanty towns of uprooted tribesmen which surround many European cities in the Union. These African workers, lured to the towns and mines by tales of riches to be earned working for the white men, live and work in vile conditions made worse by the additional grievance of racial bias which the medieval bigots of the Union Government take no pains to conceal or discourage. In addition, the workers have not the discipline, authority and restraint of village tribal society, thus losing a last protection against Communist incitement to mass violence. In this predominantly industrial area, sabotage, or machine-smashing by the mob, would react most adversely upon the workers' living conditions, and murders would provoke reprisals—savage reprisals there—thus providing some martyrs for the cause, one of the minor essentials of Communist revolution. Johannesburg is situated very well strategically from a Communist point of view, being a centre geographically, economically, owing to the presence of the mining area of the Rand, and with regard to communications, as it is the largest city in South Africa.

Then again, the Communists might try to capitalise the fears of the tribes of Swaziland, Bechuanaland and Basutoland, who, threatened with the proposed absorption of new territories within the Union, are justifiably terrified at the prospect of sharing their fellow-Africans' fate there. The Communists, not being particular as to the nature of the discontent they stir up, so long as some exists, attempted to cause trouble at the recent civic celebrations at Nairobi in Tanganyika, when they threatened prominent African participants in the festivities. It may be taken for granted that the Bamangwatos will not be allowed to lose their feeling of having been deceived by the British Government—whether they were or not—over the Seretse Khama affair. If there was time to do so before the big Communist offensive, it might be averted in the industrial areas without military measures by rebuilding the shanty towns on village lines, thus helping to reorganise their populations according to tribal tradition, by improving working conditions, and by discouraging racial discrimination. Better any such plan should be implemented before the trouble than after, when it might be too late to do anything. At all events, a special commission of experts on African affairs with full Government backing and power should immediately investigate and take measures against the Communist penetration in Africa.

T. R. NICOLSON.

THE BALZAC CENTENARY.

IF it may be said of Molière that he was not only the greatest of comic writers, but Comedy itself, so we may say of Balzac that he was not only the greatest, most fertile, and most varied of our novelists, but the Novel itself. Not only did Balzac's novels differ from all their predecessors, but the imitation of Balzac's novels has been imposed for the last fifty years on all succeeding novelists, so that a good novel has been a novel that resembled one of Balzac's." This was said in 1906 by the French critic, Brunetière, about the writer who died just a century ago, and at that time his claim would not have seemed extravagant. For Balzac first made the novel a complete representation of life. Gautier speaks of the "general stupefaction" when in *La Peau de Chagrin* in 1831 Balzac depicted a lover uneasy, not only at the fear of not being loved, but also at the idea that he might not be able to pay the cab. It was Balzac who first understood how modern life was dominated by money. It was he who discarded the conventional figures of hero and heroine, put love into its right perspective in human affairs, and gave full value to the other passions. His best work illustrates the realistic art which he brought to perfection; seeing and describing things accurately and dispassionately, and choosing the most significant details and arranging them so as to give the most vivid impression of reality. This he enhanced by various devices; he is exact as to time and place, meticulous in the environment of his characters, their houses, rooms, clothes, money, contacts. He mixes real people with his own creations, personifies inanimate features, seeks current and appropriate names for his personages, and sets his story in a familiar historical and social background.

He had little time to observe, but his observation was rapid and detailed, and was combined with a powerful imagination which enabled him to build up a drama on a slight basis of fact. He called this second sight, and his contemporaries vision; for them he was a *voyant*. These qualities, with his positive and original mind, and his persistent energy, constituted his equipment; he lacked facility in writing, good taste, a light touch. He has himself told how these gifts enabled him to enter into the lives of the people he watched when he was starting his career in his garret, just as the dervish in *The Arabian Nights* could pass into any soul or body. But he had this faculty mainly for people of his own day; he was essentially modern.

His chief work, *The Human Comedy*, is a collection of 88 items of varying length, novels, *nouvelles* and short stories, written in the eighteen years 1829 to 1847, and which he regarded as one book, of which the separate items were chapters. Most of the stories are contemporaneous, and are connected by the introduction of characters from other stories, so that the effect is of one large co-ordinated society, with some 2,000 figures, nearly all of whom are given individual life. It is the longest of the world's great novels, three and a quarter million words, against the one and a half million words of Proust's *A la Recherche du Temps perdu*, which is twice the length of *Don Quixote* and *War and Peace*. It is too long, but still incomplete, though the most comprehensive fictional picture of a society in existence. The stories are told in many different forms, some of which Balzac claimed to have invented. *La Duchesse de Langeais* is an early example of the "flashback"; *La Grande Bretèche* of the "Hall of Mirrors"—the tale is reflected in fractions in the minds of accidental participants or lookers-on. *Le Curé de Tours* contains a verbal duel between Mme de Listomère and

the Abbé Troubert in which, after each speech, are given the very different thoughts of the speaker—a foretaste of the “stream of consciousness” novel. *Madame Firmiani* begins with the various opinions held about that lady by a number of people who are described in the manner of the “characters” of Theophrastus. *Le Succube* consists of the depositions in a trial of the Middle Ages; we are left to pick out the truth for ourselves; the witnesses reveal their characters in their testimony, and their depositions are portraits which depict a whole epoch.

Balzac practised many varieties of the detective novel. *Les Chouans* and *Une Ténébreuse Affaire* are police novels set in a historical background; *Splendeurs et Misères des Courtisanes* is a police novel set in a social background. In *Le Curé de Village* the interest lies in the question whether a murderer, who has been caught, had a woman accomplice, and, if so, who she is; the reader is let into the secret, but the actors remain in the dark. The three episodes of *L'Histoire des Treize* are thrillers; “the ‘Thirteen’ are strong enough to set themselves above all laws, bold enough to shrink from no enterprise, and lucky enough to succeed in nearly everything they undertake.” *Étude de Mœurs par les Gants* exactly anticipates Sherlock Holmes; a woman tells how a number of men have spent the evening of a ball by interpreting the marks on their gloves. *Un Entr’acte* is a “Ten Minutes’ Alibi.”

The first novelists to react to Balzac were Dostoevsky, Thackeray and Flaubert. Dostoevsky began his career by translating *Eugénie Grandet* into Russian, and he must have absorbed something of its author in the process. He calls Balzac’s characters “creations of an all-embracing intelligence; not the spirit of the age, but whole milleniums with all their strivings, have worked towards such development and liberation in the soul of man.” Traces of Balzac’s influence can be found even in this highly individual genius. “Thackeray’s most bigoted admirer could not deny that he owed something to Balzac, but the lessons were blended with those of native masters, such as Fielding,” is Saintsbury’s judgment. Thackeray would have resented it. He wrote much about French authors of his day at a time of hostility between the two countries, and disparaged all of them, Balzac included, or gave them faint and grudging praise. There is an obvious parallel between their adventuresses, Becky Sharp and Valerie Marneffe; it is piquant to contrast Taine’s advocacy of Valerie with Saintsbury’s of Becky as the better-drawn character. Flaubert was obsessed by Balzac. “A thousand links bind me to it,” he exclaimed after reading *Louis Lambert*; “this devil of a book has hurt me; how conscious I am of it.” “*The Human Comedy* remains the touchstone of all succeeding novels of manners; Flaubert knows that it is Balzac he must face up to,” says his critic. Flaubert hovered between ecstatic praise and a desire to show his independence; “At any rate I write better than he does,” he said. But he is always referring to him in books and letters; *L’Éducation Sentimentale*, in particular, is saturated with the Parisian scenes of *The Human Comedy*.

George Henry Lewes in 1851 adapted Balzac’s *Mercadet* for the English stage as *The Game of Speculation*, and gave his novels to Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot to read. Charlotte recognised the power with which Balzac analysed motive and laid bare the secret workings of the mind, but she did not like him; she said his books left a nasty taste in her mouth. But one of her biographers finds traces of him in her novels. George Eliot records in her Journal in 1859 that she and Lewes had just finished reading aloud *Le Père Goriot*, “a hateful book.”

Henry James finds this significant as showing that she regarded the novel not as a picture of life but as a moralised fable. She quotes Balzac appreciatively in a letter to Blackwood, and it can be argued that he had an influence on her, both negative and positive. She was the first English novelist to discard the convention of hero and villain and plot, and to base the action on the demands of character and situation, and she had Balzac's example for this before her.

Tolstoy described Balzac as "the man from whom we all learn to write." "From Goncharov to Gorki the new Russian literature has learnt its lesson from the author of *The Human Comedy*," Baldensperger writes. Turgenev was at pains to deny that he was in any way dependent on Balzac, but there are references to him in his novels. Henry James was the first great novelist openly to admit a debt to Balzac in detail, which he did in many essays and lectures, prefaces and letters. "He stands signally apart; he is the first and foremost member of his craft," he affirmed. "The authors of the books that have done something for us exist for us as the substance itself of knowledge; they have been intellectually so swallowed, digested and assimilated that we take their general use and suggestion for granted. They have passed out of sight simply by having passed into our lives. We have been largely living on our benefactor." James wrote his early novels about his own people, and modelled them on Balzac's. *Washington Square* is the story of *Eugenie Grandet* transferred to New York; an heiress with character but no great intelligence or attraction saved by a father careful of his money from a fortune-hunter whom she loves. Money is the basis of James' books as it is of Balzac's, in spite of the difference in James' attitude to "the odious stuff." His prefaces mention other matters in which he has followed his master. Paul Bourget was an even greater addict. He came across *Goriot* in a reading-room when he was fifteen, devoured it at a sitting, and then the rest of Balzac, and his vocation was determined. He never ceased to proclaim Balzac not only the greatest novelist but the only novelist for him.

Wilkie Collins in 1859 said that Balzac "had tens of thousands of readers all over Europe; women credited him with the subtlest appreciation of their sex, and he ranked unquestionably as one of the few great geniuses who leave their mark ineffaceably on the literature of their age." George Moore used to say that there were only two great story-tellers, Balzac and Turgenev; and when he lectured in Paris in French on Balzac and Shakespeare he was inclined to give Balzac the superiority. Taine had already classed Balzac with Shakespeare and Saint-Simon as "the greatest storehouse we have of documents on human nature." Oscar Wilde in 1886 found *The Human Comedy* "the greatest monument that literature had produced in our century." "The novel of psychology was born in France," Edith Wharton writes; "the novel of manners in England, and out of their union in the glorious brain of Balzac sprang that strange chameleon creature, the modern novel." Theodore Dreiser has recorded a similar experience to Bourget's. He picked up *La Peau de Chagrin* one day in a Pittsburgh library, and went on reading it till dusk. "He did for me what his imaginary skin had done for Raphaël, transferred me bodily to the centre of the world he was describing. For months I ate, slept, dreamed, lived with him and his characters. . . . I cannot imagine a greater joy and inspiration than I had in Balzac those days in Pittsburgh." Charles de Bernard and Jules Sandeau were the most competent of the young writers who came under Balzac's personal influence. His later

disciples, the naturalistic school of whom the Goncourts and Zola were the most prominent, lacked his skill in selection and his power of evocation, and they present merely a photographic picture of life. Maupassant may be said to have learnt indirectly from Balzac, for his master was Flaubert. Proust's works are studded with references to Balzac. He is M. de Charlus' favourite author. Robert de Saint-Loup says to Marcel, calling him the cleverest man he knows, "I say it to you as you might have said to Balzac, 'You are the greatest novelist of the century.'" "I have been completely repossessed by Balzac," is an entry in Gide's Journal. He pronounces him the greatest French novelist but places Dostoevsky above him, though with reservations.

Some novelists who say little or nothing about Balzac nevertheless afford internal evidence of his impact. Hardy had his works at Max Gate; there are obvious references to them in *The Woodlanders*; the theme of *The Trumpet-Major* is that of Balzac's *La Fausse Maîtresse*, the unusual one of a man in love with a friend's wife and perfectly loyal, inventing a mistress for himself to prevent suspicion. Hardy, like Balzac, personifies environment; Egdon Heath is as much a character of *The Return of the Native* as the old house at Saumur of *Eugénie Grandet*. Conrad says that he told Stephen Crane about *The Human Comedy*; he may have taken from Balzac the *Hall of Mirrors* method of telling a story, with Marlow as Balzac's Bianchon. Meredith is reproached by James for ignorance of Balzac, but he is credited by Edith Wharton with the invention of the device Balzac used in *Le Curé de Tours*—giving the speaker's real thoughts after his speech.

Balzac has inspired his successors too by giving them subjects for stories and plays. One of Daudet's *Lettres de mon Moulin* is a pathetic picture of Balzac's Bixiou, old and blind. Edmond About's *Les Jumelles de l'Hotel Corneille* contains a character, Leonce, who models his life on the typical young man of Balzac. Paul Bourget's *Le Beau Rôle* turns upon an actor's performance of a play based on *Le Colonel Chabert*. Pierre Louys' *Esther Gobseck* supposes a pure Dutch girl with that name to have confronted Balzac at Les Jardies to protest at his having given her name to a courtesan. Maurois' *Par la Faute de M. de Balzac* relates what happens to a young professor who copies the strategem of Gaston de Nueil before Mme de Beauséant in *La Femme Abandonnée*. Robert Hichens' *Felix* is pure Balzac, inspired by a meeting in Touraine with Balzac's old Saché tailor. Bernard Darwin has based a golf story on the theme of *La Peau de Chagrin*. In all these cases the debt to Balzac is admitted; in others a similar inspiration may reasonably be suspected. The titles of eighty-five plays are recorded as founded on different scenes of *The Human Comedy*. Twelve are in English, and some of them have been produced in England and America. But the most successful Balzacian play in English is Lewes' *The Game of Speculation*. It was one of Charles Mathews' favourite pieces; he revived it again and again, playing the part of Mr. Affable Hawk on each occasion.

Until about twenty-five years ago Balzac's vogue in England was almost as great as in France. He was praised by other great English writers besides novelists, notably by Robert and Elizabeth Browning and Swinburne. Even the critics, who condemned him for immorality—Matthew Arnold, Leslie Stephen, Ruskin—admitted his power and life-like presentation of character. The only two biographies of him, by Miss Sandars and Lawton, were in English. Two English versions of *The Human Comedy* were published in the last years of the nineteenth

century, and in addition Saintsbury translated *Les Chouans* and Ernest Dowson *La Fille aux Yeux d'Or*. Henry James and Saintsbury both wrote many appreciations of him between 1875 and 1913. Fifteen volumes of his fiction were published in the Everyman Library in the early years of this century. Of the fifteen novels which Percy Lubbock analysed in *The Craft of Fiction* in 1921 three were by Balzac. But from that time there has been a decline in his popularity here. So much so that James Agate, a devotee, invited to write a volume on him for a "Great Writers" series, declined on the ground that he was "as dead as mutton" in this country. Raymond Mortimer, in "Introduction to Balzac" in *Channel Packet* in 1942, said that he was barely mentioned here now, and he was puzzled to account for it. Many of the critics who have written about the novel in recent years ignore him, or refer to him in colourless or disparaging terms. Nearly all the English translations of his works have gone out of print. Yet in other countries his fame stands higher now than in his own lifetime. Not only in France, where a spate of books and articles is heralding the centenary celebrations. The United States, through the flourishing Balzac Society of America, is preparing for the occasion with almost equal enthusiasm. Balzac is the most read novelist in the Soviet Union. *The Human Comedy* is being translated for the first time into Japanese and Portuguese.

Why, then, has his fame declined in England? Partly, perhaps, because for all the early enthusiasm, he has not been well presented here; the translation of the Dent edition lacks the distinction of Scott Moncrieff's Proust. Balzac's work as a pioneer is forgotten or regarded as of only historical importance. Flaubert is more often spoken of as the father of the realistic novel, Poe of the detective story, and other inventions of his have been attributed to successors. And some misconceptions have got into the Balzac tradition in England. For instance, Saintsbury is responsible for the legend that he was devoid of humour. But Balzac was a most amusing man, both in his talk and in his writings. Not so much in *The Human Comedy* perhaps, as in other works; the French did not expect humour in their novels; they preferred wit, in which he was deficient. But the *Comedy* contains half a dozen humorous stories and several comic characters—Mme Vauquer, the two Birotteaus, Gaudissart, the de Bargetons and their circle and others, and many scenes of comedy are scattered over the longer novels. The humour is introduced naturally, is always relevant, and is mixed up with the narrative. There is a good instance in *Béatrix*; when "mouche" is played at the du Guénics, between the absurdities of the game the players show their own characters and advance the plot by their conversation. The numerous figures of speech afford many examples of humour; "You are as full of scruples as a nun who accuses herself of eating an egg with concupiscence;" "As rare as love in love-making;" "As happy as an English nabob when a commercial traveller sells him the first Swiss snuff box to open in three places."

Arnold Bennett said we owe half *The Human Comedy* to Balzac's debts, and it has been said that he wrote only for money, even that he was dishonest. But Werdet, the publisher with whom he quarrelled, in a bitter book of reminiscences, affirms that he was an honest man. Of course he was obsessed by money; there is too much of it in his books and in his letters, for he was never out of debt. But had he wanted money only, he would have taken the offer made him at the outset of his career, become a lawyer and married a *dot*. He wrote for money like all novelists with no private income, but he wrote chiefly because

his demon made him ; he was the possessed type of artist. When he felt sure of marrying Mme Hanska and her fortune, instead of letting up, he planned to double the *Comedy*. But it may be that, had he been able to please himself, he would have written more philosophy and less fiction. "Cut out all the metaphysics and be a story-teller, as God has made you," his collaborator, Rabou, said to him ; and we know from his sister that the exhortation was needed.

It has been said that his picture of high society is grotesque because he was never received in it. But for some time he was a "lion of the salons," welcomed by the most exclusive hostesses. He was fêted by the aristocracies of Turin, Milan and Vienna. The Duc de Fitz-James was his friend, and planned to tour Italy with him. It is true that he was not so much at home in the Faubourg Saint-Germain as Proust, who had more money and better breeding, but do his duchesses seem more vulgar than Proust's ? Sainte-Beuve, another "lion," vouches for the truth of Balzac's picture of them. His relations with his mother, with the Marquise de Castries, with Mme Hanska have been misrepresented. The material for judging him began to be published long after his death and is not yet fully revealed. Saintsbury said that the more he got to know about him, the better he thought of him. He was not a great man, as Lamartine thought him ; he was not a "tragically unhappy man," as James called him. He had distressing faults, but they were on the surface. Fundamentally he was generous, warm-hearted, kind to young writers, to servants, to underdogs ; a most conscientious artist, and a jovial companion, full of *joie de vivre*.

Perhaps the chief reason for the decline in Balzac's position in England is the change in the standards required of the novel. Tolstoy foretold that Turgenev's *Sportsman's Sketches* and Dostoevsky's *House of the Dead* would do away with plot. E. M. Forster in 1927 decided rather regretfully that the novel must still tell the story, but since that time it has been content in many cases to give merely a slice of life. James' experiments in his later novels, followed by Proust's and Joyce's, have helped to substitute subjectivity for objectivity, and to make what people think, not what they do, the supreme interest of the novel. Character has lost its importance, and become a peg on which to hang the meditations of a Bloom or a Mrs. Dalloway. The critical temperament has always been more impatient of Balzac's defects than the writer of fiction. Henry James, praising as a fellow craftsman Balzac's sure instinct in construction, rebukes the critic Faguet for venturing on ground that only a novelist should tread. And in England recently the critics have spoken with more authority than the novelists. But there are still writers of fiction in this country who adhere to the Balzacian pattern, and one of the most considerable of them, Somerset Maugham, has declared Balzac to be still the world's greatest novelist. And, besides Raymond Mortimer, V. S. Pritchett, William Plomer and Francis Wyndham have paid tribute to him. A writer whose books are retranslated into a foreign language more than a hundred years after he wrote them must still command interest. During the last few years new translations have been made of *La Peau de Chagrin*, *La Cousine Bette* and *La Duchesse de Langeais*, all by well-known writers, in versions which are a great improvement on those hitherto available. If these are read, and stimulate a demand for more, Balzac will come into his own again, in this country as elsewhere, in spite of critics, and without factitious aid from centenary celebrations.

H. O. STUTCHBURY.

THEATRICAL MEMORIES.

IN the 'nineties, then in my thirties, I lived at 17 Red Lion Square, Holborn. I kept "Open House" there on Friday evenings. I recall an occasion in the summer of 1899, when there was an animated and exasperated discussion on the backward state of the English Theatre. During that discussion I contended that it was futile to grumble. We must do something about it. If we cannot see the plays we want to see at the commercial theatres we must produce them ourselves for ourselves. Why should not we take a studio, form a society and choose and produce plays? We decided to try. I called a meeting in my rooms. Over a hundred people came. Walter Crane took the chair. We decided to found a society. Its name was to be "The Stage Society." As the performances were to be private, I suggested and it was agreed that we should "produce" on Sunday evenings.

Prolonged searchings and enquiries failed to produce a suitable studio. I had an actor friend, James Welch, who became a member of the committee. He suggested that Miss Kate Santley, owner of the "Royalty," might be willing to lend us the use of her theatre. She would not be needing it on Sunday evenings. This bold suggestion bore fruit. Miss Santley agreed. Another member of the committee was Bernard Shaw, who gave us permission to open our Society with his play *You Never Can Tell*. James Welch was to act the part of the "waiter" and to produce the play. With his help we secured a cast, not of amateurs as we had expected but of well-known London actors, and we announced the play to our 300 members for a Sunday evening in November 1899. The licences of theatres in England state that they exclude from the licence Sundays, Christmas Day and Good Friday. The law concerning the theatre in England is vague. I consulted friends, and we concluded that a Sunday evening performance in a theatre lent for the purpose was not a public performance in the meaning of the Act. For the occasion the theatre was virtually a drawing-room.

On the afternoon of the day of the first performance my housekeeper announced "Two policemen are at the door. They want to see you, Sir." I saw them. "We hear that you are opening the 'Royalty Theatre' this evening. Is that so?" "Yes." "It is illegal." I assured them they were mistaken. The performance was private and the theatre was not legally open. They left me saying that the performance would not be permitted. The date was November 26th, 1899. At 7.15 that evening I was at the theatre with the hon. treasurer, and we found waiting for us an inspector from Scotland Yard, who said he could not permit us to open the theatre. I had looked into the law and knew just a little more about it than he did, and assured him that he was exceeding his authority. We went to Miss Santley's office and discussed the matter and continued doing so from 7.15 p.m. to 11.30 p.m. when the performance concluded. It was a case of a bluff, which succeeded. The performance, which I did not see, was a great success. The Society was launched. Then I wrote to the principal London newspaper editors saying that we should be glad to welcome the dramatic critics at our performances as members, but could not do so if they came in their professional capacity. I requested that no notice of the performance should appear in any newspaper, and no criticisms appeared. The first year's authors included Shaw, Ibsén, Brieux, Tolstoy, Fiona Macleod, François de Curel and Maeterlinck. The initial crisis was surmounted.

At the end of the first season, Sir Almeric Fitzroy, then Clerk to the

Privy Council, who was greatly interested in the art of the theatre, joined the committee. Plays were thus produced in London theatres, for the first time since the reign of Charles II, on Sunday evenings. They were not public performances, it is true. Only by payment of a subscription as member of a society could they be witnessed. But since that November 1899 scarcely a Sunday evening has passed without at least one performance being given in some theatre, and as a result an eclectic theatre public has been served, many actors and actresses have had the opportunity of playing in works of European fame, and many new authors have been secured for the English stage. The birth of the Stage Society was for me the outstanding event of the 'nineties. One evening in the first decade of this century I was at His Majesty's Theatre, seeing a famous French comedy by Octave Mirbeau, *Les Affaires Sont Les Affaires*, in its English translation, *Business is Business*. At the end of the first act I had a message from the stage: "Mr. Tree asks whether you can come to see him at the end of the performance." Of course I could. He asked me, to my extreme surprise, whether I could take the position of secretary and reader of plays to the theatre. This offer, which to me at the time was a startling one, was no doubt due to the success of the Stage Society. Fortunately, I was able to accept and thus enter on an intimate association of many years with the English theatre, on which I now look back with the greatest interest and pleasure.

As chairman of the Stage Society I had read a great many plays; now I added plays sent to the chief commercial theatre in London. As a consequence for about ten years I read annually hundreds of manuscript plays, good, bad, mad, indifferent, brilliant, competent, crazy. Occasionally I had to read a play aloud to Sir Herbert Tree and his manager. It was a difficult task. Once I remember reading a play which is now well known. I began to read it in the famous dome of His Majesty's Theatre. Sir Herbert Tree was seated on a raised dais, in order that an Austrian sculptor, then in London, could do a bust of him. He was breakfasting, his valet was shaving him, Mr. Comyns Carr, the author of *Pendennis*, his next production, was waiting to consult him on matters concerned with scenery. Charles Buchel was submitting designs for posters, Henry Dana, the manager of the theatre, came in from time to time on points of theatre management, the telephone bell interrupted again and again. Through it all, by many months' training hardened to these experiences, I kept on reading remorselessly. I ought to add that the author was present. Fortunately the play was accepted and proved a success.

It was at His Majesty's Theatre that Shaw's *Pygmalion* was originally produced. There is a famous word, which became almost a drawing-room word during the World War I, which was used for the first time publicly on the English stage at the first performance of that play. I shall never forget the hissing intake of the breath of the startled audience, when Mrs. Patrick Campbell said: "Not bloody likely." During my association with Sir Herbert Tree he enabled me to try an experiment. I organised a syndicate for trying out plays and operas at matinées, when the theatre was not in use for its regular performances. We called the enterprise "The Afternoon Theatre." Its first production proved important. It was an opera, *The Wreckers*, by Ethel Smyth. It had already been produced in Germany. Thomas Beecham, who had begun to be associated with modern music, became our musical director, and in that capacity became conductor of *The*

Wreckers. The opera caused so much interest that King Edward VII commanded a special performance. Sir Herbert Tree sportingly gave up one of his evening performances. We built a Royal Box in the pit. Many interesting experiences come to my memory. One such occurred whilst I was managing the Great Queen Street Theatre for the famous Russian actress, Lydia Yavorska.

In those days, the days before the war periods, I had a week-end cottage on the Chiltern Hills, at Downley Common, near High Wycombe in Buckinghamshire. There, one late summer afternoon, I was reading in the garden. A messenger boy suddenly arrived from London. He brought me a letter signed "Lafayette," asking me to come immediately to London to see the writer the same day in Tavistock Square. At first I was inclined not to go. It was a lovely summer day. I was in the country for a restful week-end. I knew no one named Lafayette. But the peace of the day had gone for me. I thought there must be some serious reason for this so sudden call and that I might regret it later on if I had not followed it. In any case the *dolce far niente* of the week-end was over. So, grudgingly, I went to London and to Tavistock Square. The wall of the house I noticed was covered with paintings of dogs. Up the staircase inside the house a vine was growing, trained to cling to the balusters. I was shown into a room on the first floor. There was a dog and there stood a man. "Mr. Lafayette?" I asked him. "I have come in response to this letter. Why do you want to see me?" He replied: "The fact is I have made a good deal of money in my theatrical life and I am anxious to do something useful for the art of the theatre. I was told you could help and that is why I invited you to come." "What kind of use do you mean?" I asked him, "and how much money can you spare?" "Whatever you think necessary," he said. I began to think he must be mad. I had better humour him or something might break. It happened that in the spring of that year I had been in Berlin, had there become friendly with the German theatre director Max Reinhardt and, whilst with him, had been present at a production organised by him in the Circus Schumann of Sophocles' *Œdipus Rex*. So I said: "If I had money to spare and wished to help the art of the theatre, I should telegraph to Max Reinhardt, the director of the Deutsches Theater in Berlin and ask him to bring his production of *Œdipus Rex* to London." "Well, let's do so," he said. I still thought he must be mad. "It will cost a large sum of money." "That doesn't matter," he said. "What will you want for yourself?" I knew nothing of him and thought I was in the presence of a megalomaniac. So I said: "Oh, £40 a week and a percentage on the profits." "Very well," he said, and there and then he wrote and handed me a letter agreeing to £40 a week during the rehearsals and the production and a percentage of the profits on all performances in the British Isles and in North and South America.

I went the same day—it was a Sunday—to see my theatre lawyer, J. D. Langton, and told him of the extraordinary episode. To my astonishment he said: "That's fine. Lafayette is very rich, both in the States and here in England. He is the famous mystery man. He is known as 'The Great Lafayette' and appears in the Music Halls and Variety Theatres. Go ahead at once." So I wired Berlin. Reinhardt agreed. Norman McKinnel agreed to play *Œdipus*, and Lillah MacCarthy, *Iocasta*. In Berlin the play had been given with immense effect in the arena of the Circus Schumann. I proposed that

we should produce in the arena of the Albert Hall. The Albert Hall authorities were willing, a contract was drawn up, Reinhardt came to London. Together we tested the acoustics of the hall. I remember that he went to the gallery and that I talked to him from the organ platform. All was going on swimmingly, when suddenly a snag. The Albert Hall lawyers found out that the Charter of the Hall, which had been built as part of a memorial to Good Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's consort, prohibited stage plays. A year or two later a prize fight took place in the arena. There was nothing in the Charter explicitly forbidding it. So a prize fight was permitted and a play by Sophocles was prohibited!

Then I told Lafayette that if we intended to reproduce the great effect that Reinhardt had secured in Berlin, we should need a similar arena and auditorium, that we could not have the Albert Hall and that there was no alternative but to build a temporary building with a spacious arena and a large surrounding auditorium. Again he agreed. In those days Kingsway and Aldwych, great London improvements of the L.C.C., were in process of clearance and erection. The Kingsway Opera House, now a cinema, was already erected, but there was a great gap still lacking buildings on either side of Kingsway and I approached the building committee of the London County Council. They agreed to lease for a period a large space near what is now Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons' offices. I saw the well-known theatre architect Stanley Peach, who enthusiastically interested himself in the project and agreed to design a circus and auditorium to be erected as a temporary building. His plans passed the L.C.C. building committee; the cast had been engaged, building was to commence, a date was settled for Reinhardt's visit to London. Contracts were to be signed by Lafayette, who agreed to come specially to London from Edinburgh, where he was appearing. One Monday morning Mr. Passmore of Langton & Passmore, rang me up. "Don't forget, to-morrow, Tuesday afternoon, to meet Lafayette and to sign the contracts." "No fear," I said.

On Tuesday morning early a telephone call. "Have you seen the afternoon papers? Buy one at once." I sent out for one. A heading: "Death of the Great Lafayette!" He had been burnt to death at the music hall in which he was performing in Edinburgh the previous evening. The hall was burnt to the ground. He had escaped, but re-entered the burning building to save his dog. He and his dog were burnt. Mystery even after death. It transpired later that the charred remains over which a funeral service were held were those of a theatre attendant. Lafayette's remains were never identified. The calamitous ending of what would have been a great enterprise has a fine side. Lafayette's heirs, in the absence of signed contracts, naturally disclaimed any financial obligations and I was left bleakly with a horrible financial prospect. But Reinhardt cancelled his contract, the cast considered their contracts as not having been agreed, the lawyers made no charge, the architect never sent in a bill, the contract with the L.C.C. Lands Department had not been signed. So my financial loss was slight. But the loss to the art of the English theatre was great and what would have been a sensational enterprise, vanished. I still regret that unbuilt theatre and the death of the Mæcenæ, Lafayette. Then came the war of 1914 to 1918. My theatre life continued throughout the war years and then, in 1917, ended disastrously. A new life, but not in the theatre, started in 1919.

FREDERICK L. WHELEN.

A SON OF VOLTAIRE.

MICHEL LAMBERT seems to have occupied a unique position in the printing world of eighteenth-century Paris for forty years. He had accomplished a good deal of important work before a vacancy occurred which enabled him to become one of the recognised thirty-six master-printers. So many references to his activities have been preserved that it is possible to piece together pretty accurately the story of his life. Lambert is one of those names that occur in all classes of society, common to nobles and prelates as well as humbler folk. There was a celebrated court singer named Michel Lambert (1610-1696) whose exquisite voice was praised by La Fontaine, Boileau and Molière; but he left no sons. Some pretty little water colours in the style of Boucher turn up bearing this signature, which makes one wonder if our printer was likewise an artist. He was on very friendly terms with P. A. Baudouin, one of Boucher's pupils, and may well have tried his hand at painting while young.

The registers of the Printers Corporation show several Lamberts a generation earlier, but if this one had been a relative it is fairly certain that Augustin Lottin would have known it when compiling his *Chronological List*. The civil register mentions that he was the son of Jean-Baptiste Lambert, bourgeois of Paris, and Marie-Madeleine Papillon, his wife. These good folks were probably only foster-parents, because when Jacques Anisson Duperron compiled his private register of Paris Booksellers and Printers about 1752 he made the following entry under Michel Lambert's name:

<i>Born</i>	At La-Charité-sur-Loire.
<i>Parentage</i>	He is a son of Voltaire.
<i>Age</i>	About thirty-two.
<i>Height</i>	5-ft. 6-inches.
<i>Description</i>	Wears a brown beard and has rather pale complexion.
<i>Remarks</i>	Trained under Lemercier for some years, then set up for himself in the rue de la Comedie Française, got married soon afterwards. He is a real good fellow who, though not much of a genius, has sufficient talent to do good business. Has taken to printing Voltaire and produced a complete edition in sixteen volumes.

That prince among printers, the Director of the Royal Printing House, was not the sort of man to write down that Lambert was the son of Voltaire unless he had excellent reasons for believing it to be the truth. His informant was probably his good friend d'Hemery, the official Inspector of Printing, who wrote it in a letter to Berryer, the Chief of Police (Archives de la Bastille.) In following Lambert's career this fact enables many things to be understood that might otherwise seem obscure. Voltaire would have been twenty-eight at the time this son was born and had just inherited a comfortable fortune from his father. He had a whole series of love affairs with actresses and society ladies about that time, but the child's mother is reputed to have been the wife of a door-keeper. If J. B. Lambert and his wife had been real parents one would have expected them to be present at their son's wedding, but they are never heard of again and it is always Voltaire's relatives who were present on these occasions. It is to be supposed that Voltaire made adequate provision for his son, made sure that he had a good education and helped him to start on a career. Being such a prolific writer and constantly in trouble with his publishers, it seems quite logical that he should have had his son trained to be a printer

and apprenticed him to a good master, for P. G. Lemercier was printer to the Paris University and the "Doyen des Imprimeurs." On the completion of his training, young Michel acted as assistant to Lemercier's successor—G. F. Quillau.

The records of the Printers Corporation show that Michel Lambert was admitted to the status of bookseller on April 5th, 1749 and paid the fee of one thousand francs. To gain admittance it was then necessary to produce the following certificates :

- 1° From the Rector of the University certifying that he was familiar with Latin and could read Greek (November 5th, 1739).
- 2° From one of the principal vicars of Paris stating that he was well versed in the Roman Catholic religion (March 1749).
- 3° From four other printers certifying good behaviour. This was signed by Martin, Coignard, Saillant and Boudet.

When Quillau died, Lambert carried on the business for his widow, but the contract for the *Journal des Savants* was renewed in his own name. He likewise opened a bookshop for his own account in the rue de la Comédie Française on receipt of a special permit from the Chancellor, dated September 9th, 1752. It is possible that Malesherbes was aware of Lambert's origin and, having great admiration for his father, made things easy for him when he could. A great many of Lambert's letters to the Chancellor have been preserved, and they show no trace of the obsequiousness that is evident in much of the printers' correspondence with the authorities. Lambert had already printed the first complete edition of Voltaire's works to be published in France, as well as several plays, among them the *Duc de Foix* and the *Princesse de Navarre*, the latter having a charming frontispiece by P. A. Baudouin. On November 2nd, 1752, soon after moving to his new quarters, Lambert married Marie-Nicolle Baudouin, daughter of the engraver Michel Baudouin and sister of the artist who had designed so many delightful frontispieces for Voltaire's tragedies. The bride had a dowry of ten thousand livres, and the bridegroom settled an annuity on her of three hundred and arranged that she should inherit all his property in the event of his death. The marriage contract carries forty-five signatures, starting with Count and Countess Ferriol d'Argental, Madame Denis and the Abbé Mignot ; Voltaire's intimate friends, niece and nephew respectively. Several Government officials and lawyers were also witnesses, while P. A. Le Prince and the elder David represented the printers and booksellers. The bride's friends included several knights, bankers and academicians. Last but not least was their mutual friend Cuvillier, Commissioner of the Royal Buildings, who later married P. A. Baudouin's widow.

Although extremely happy, this marriage lasted only three years as the young woman died in December 1755. After a time, Lambert married Madeleine-Thérèse Oger, and moved to a new address in the rue des Cordeliers, at the Collège de Bourgogne. This second wife presented him with a son—Charles Michel—but seems to have died in childbirth. The high rate of mortality among young printers has already been noted and the same was true in those days of young married women, probably due to lack of medical knowledge and hygiene. When Lambert married for the third time in 1760 the marriage contract carried a clause protecting the interests of this son Charles, but the child died also at an early age and, with the consent of his new wife, the young son of P. A. Baudouin was taken into the home. Legal

adoption did not exist in France until the Code Napoléon, but little François was educated to learn his uncle's business and to become his heir. Although his private life was so full of bereavements, Lambert's bookselling business continued to grow and prosper, notwithstanding that he was frequently in trouble with the authorities over forbidden works of Voltaire. His premises were searched on May 15th, 1753 for the *Supplement to the Life of Louis XIV* and again in December of the same year for a new edition of the *Histoire Universelle*.

It was not until September 1758 that he passed his examination as a master-printer and was admitted into the Corporation as one of the registered thirty-six. Widow Quillau had sons to inherit her business, so he had been obliged to wait for the retirement of Widow Grou, whose husband had likewise been a printer to the University. He purchased her stock-in-trade—it was only a small business—and ordered from P. S. Fournier all the founts of type he needed to set up in business for himself. Chancellor Malesherbes immediately granted him the privilege of installing his printing plant on his premises in the rue de la Comédie Française, "although this is not a street where printers are allowed." The Corporation was asked to make a special note of this on their registers. At his examination it was stated in Lambert's favour that he had been printing the *Journal des Savants* for twelve years and had already undertaken much important work. It should be remembered that the above journal was for many years printed in Latin and well illustrated with engravings. The other "important work" might well refer to his editions of Voltaire of 1751 and 1757, the first complete editions to be printed in France, the latter especially containing many illustrations by Eisen and some of the finest designers of the period.

It seems safe to assume that Lambert was popular with the advanced intellectuals and philosophers and much disliked by the reactionaries. Voltaire sent him charming friendly little notes, of which the following is a sample, relative to the first two acts of *l'Orpheline de la Chine*. "Please forgive me for not having franked the parcel, I will try to send you the remainder postage paid. There is a dedicatory epistle to the Maréchal de Richelieu and a letter that must be placed at the end of the play. I repeat that I make you a present of the whole thing for France and to Cramer Brothers for foreign countries. Be assured that I shall always try to give you pleasure." Voltaire likewise wrote many letters to Chancellor Malesherbes asking him to intervene with Lambert, such as on July 5th, 1754 with regard to Volume III of his *Histoire Universelle*. "I merely ask that Lambert's edition be held in suspense until the Preface, which is my only justification, is completed, especially as I have dedicated this volume to the Elector Palatine." And again next day on the same subject: "I am again obliged to bother you about that poor fellow Schoepfling. He made a deal with Lambert, who undertook to buy two thousand copies. It was understood that I would send the book to be submitted for your opinion and to place it under your protection. He loses all the benefit of the gift I made him. I implore you, Sir, that he and Lambert may reach an agreement under your orders, if you will condescend to give some, or under the shelter of your indulgence. Be good enough to hold up Lambert's sales until he has received the necessary corrections. This is a favour essential to me, please add it to the many kindnesses that attach me to you. Voltaire." These early editions of Voltaire's plays printed by Lambert are still sought for by collectors. Several of them are to be found in the collection of the Baron James de Rothschild.

So long as he enjoyed the friendship and protection of Malesherbes, Lambert's troubles with the law were not of a serious order, although his premises were searched on several occasions. When he happened to be the Syndic of the Corporation, there is an element of comedy about these perquisitions. The following is an official report drawn up by himself :

"We, the undersigned, Syndic and assistants of the Paris Booksellers & Printers Corporation, called to-day on Mr. Lambert, bookseller of the rue de la Comédie Française, and after searching his premises found a copy of Bayle's *Analyse Raisonnée*, 4-vols in-8°. Having seized the said volumes, according to the Chancellor's instructions, we have forbidden Mr. Lambert to sell any more copies. The said Mr. Lambert, having declared that he owned no more copies, has signed the present report with us."

LAMBERT, Syndic
Deprès, Assistant
Barrois, Assistant.

No sooner had Malesherbes resigned however than our printer began to have rather a bad time with the authorities. He was ordered to close down his workshops for six months and pay a fine of five hundred francs for having sold copies of Voltaire's *La Pucelle*. On his premises were found eight unbound volumes in-8° and four hundred in-12° together with over a thousand engravings destined to illustrate this book. Lambert's defence was that he had not printed the book, but had received it in a consignment from Geneva, as he did a lot of business with Cramer Bros. and sold them quantities of French books. He stated that he had sold his friend Pankoucke part of a stock received from Switzerland without examining it carefully. In any event, he was able to get himself reinstated in his business by the end of three months and the fine reduced to one hundred francs. It is easy to imagine the confusion into which the editors of periodicals were thrown when the printer on whom they all depended was obliged to close down his works.

Early in 1778, Voltaire, now aged eighty-four, journeyed to Paris from his Swiss retreat to be present at the first night of his latest tragedy *Irène*. He was received at the home of his friend the Marquis de la Villette on the Quai des Théatins (since known as Quai Voltaire) and was welcomed by the Parisian population with indescribable enthusiasm. He was carried in triumph, pelted with flowers and saluted with cries of "Hail Voltaire, persecuted for half a century!" When he paid a visit to the Académie Française, the members came down to the door to meet him, something they rarely did even for visiting monarchs. On his appearance in a box at the Comédie Française, the whole house rose and cheered him, and a laurel wreath was placed on his head. At the end of the play, the curtain rose again to display a bust of the author on the stage banked with flowers and surrounded by all the actors and actresses. All this excitement and emotion was too exhausting for such a frail old man who felt that his end was near. He remarked to his friend d'Argental: "I interrupted my deathbed scene to come and greet you." This was alas! only too true, for he barely survived two months and passed away on the evening of May 30th. No record seems to exist of the relations between father and son. The secret was well kept so that only relatives and a few officials seem to have known of it. Perhaps there was a tacit understanding between them that the subject must not be referred to, and it is even possible that Lambert wore a beard purposely to conceal a sharp-pointed chin that would

have reminded people of Voltaire. The rumour that the mother was the wife of a doorkeeper may likewise have been invented so as not to compromise Marie-Madeleine Papillon, who may well have belonged to the aristocratic family of that name. Knowing the printer's cult for his gifted parent and his absorbing interest in the theatre, Voltaire's final triumph must have been extremely gratifying to Lambert, although so quickly followed by bereavement.

O. F. ABBOTT.

HANDWRITING AND CHARACTER.

FORTY years ago I had a novel and curious experience in examining the Classical VI of a Public School. It was my first examining of the sort. What surprised me then may be familiar to others, and fairly common in the examiners' craft. I claim no exceptional powers in the matter. There must be many examiners who do, or could do, as I have done by taking advantage of opportunity. I had a colleague in the examination, a Cambridge man of very wide and exact scholarship. He had an unerring gift of expressing in a convincing percentage the value of the Latin Prose, or the Greek Verse, or any other paper. I admired the precision of his mark-sheet, without the power or indeed the wish to emulate it. While he kept his head through the jolts and jars of Latin Proses, I found myself entangled in a flood of impressions about the boys themselves. I saw no boys, only their papers. The impressions I noted down were read to a meeting of masters, and a number proved correct. These included such "shots" as, (1) heavy shoulders; (2) certain specific failings, (3) a chilly temperament, (4) a certain stature, and (5) nationality. In case (5) my claiming a boy with a Scotch name as a German was justified by a master who knew the family; the boy's mother was a German. This boy opened an intriguing vista for me. Examining VI Forms, with perspicacious masters to play the part of "controls," became worth while. Holding strongly to the Latin Prose, I extracted from it such results as that a boy had a chubby face and freckles, that another was tall, thin and dark, that another lived with grand-parents, and that another had several sisters but no brother, and that another grimaced. The last case proved to be a boy one side of whose face twitched badly. There were cases, too, in which the Latin Prose revealed a lack of morals, and others again in which goodness shone out. There were cases, of course, in which I got no clear indications from the Latin Prose, or went quite wrong. My theory to account for the successes was that the creative effort of writing Latin stirred the boy's mind in its depths, so that background as well as foreground elements were there for the catching. My own contribution, I felt, was a strong interest and indeed an affectionate curiosity towards the boy, he being unknown and unseen, and my only evidence of him being his papers. Both points, the churning in the boy's mind and the friendly detectivism in mine, I still think plausible as elements in an explanation. But explanation they are not. The finding of freckles in a boy's prose was in fact easy, a stroke of intuition that came unsought. To account for the intuition is a different matter, and difficult.

Ten years later I made a second start. My wife passed me an oddly addressed envelope, part of the morning's mail, at the breakfast table,

and asked what I thought of it, and I made some answer which proved correct. Since then I have found the handwritings of persons unknown to me a pleasing study. The "faculty," whatever it may be, is provoked to function only by the unknown. Handwritings certified as those of persons whom I know yield me nothing. I confess another failing in the faculty; the sex of the writer often eludes me. I have to ask to be told the sex, in order to save time, worry, and mistakes. Nor can I answer questions in the middle of the "diagnosis." Any attempt to answer appears to paralyse the faculty. On the other hand the faculty has often gained by my holding my wife's or my step-daughter's hand. Here are some of the early cases from the years when we lived at Ewelme Down, Oxfordshire.

1. A man's hand. I got the impression that he pressed his chin out over his collar. This was so much his habit as to have earned him the bye-name of "Chinny."
2. A man's hand. My impression was of great and prolonged tenseness in the muscles of the hand and forearm. He was devoted to sailing small boats, with the sheets and the tiller firmly grasped.
3. A clergyman's hand. My impression was of habitual short motions of the right hand across the body. This proved true. He had begun life as a stone-mason, using a mallet in the right hand and a chisel in the left.
4. A woman's hand. My strong impression was, "She is gasping for breath." It turned out that at the time of writing she was laid up with asthma.
5. A man's hand due to visit us in a fortnight. My impression was of lameness and eye-trouble. On arrival he was not lame and wore no glasses. In fact when he wrote he was limping from a blow on the ankle at hockey, and he was under recent orders to wear glasses continually, but was too shy to bring them for the visit.
6. A man's hand, fetched from upstairs by a sceptical visitor. My impression of it was "a humbug hand." It was in fact faked by the visitor.
7. An Icelander's hand on an envelope. My impression was of his having received a blow in the personality. In fact his wife had forsaken him, which the letter inside (not seen by me) recounted.
8. A man's hand. My description of him was wrong for him, but accurate for his brother. This has happened several times.
9. A butler's hand whom my wife thought of engaging. My impressions were that he was (a) very short and stout, (b) a glutton for work, and (c) hairless. He turned out to be a barrel-like man, and almost too keen on his work, and the opposite of hairless—until he was discovered to wear a wig on a bare scalp.

Since I moved to Exeter in 1926 I have practised the faculty fairly often. These many years I have officiated at many School Speech Days, and I have usually offered prizes for original poems. Here was a tempting field for experiment; the reading of the poems occasioned innumerable thumbnail sketches of children, many of which the School staffs were in a position to verify, and did verify. It was moreover a continual surprise to me to find how much poetic feeling and how much expressiveness were to be found in the work of children of ten to thirteen and how much information handwriting could yield about looks, bodily state, and circumstances even at that early age. These experiments, as carried through by *mê*, were of the nature of play. The selection of college staff, though a tempting occasion, was in general too serious a matter for this method, though it answered occasionally, as in the following case.

10. A woman's hand. I diagnosed a habit of attitudinising with the head and the arm. In fact she had no sooner taken her seat for the interview than she extended her left elbow and cupped the back of her head in her hand, and so continued throughout the interview.

It has been my pleasant lot to dine not infrequently in the College Halls of Residence. In the Common Room after dinner—I stress dinner—and in warmth, and good and friendly company, the faculty has often given results.

11. A man's hand in Norwegian, of which language I know nothing. My impression was of overwork and anxiety on the verge of a breakdown. His daughter, who showed the hand, conveyed my diagnosis to him, and I understood that the foreigner's view of him had given him pause.
12. A man's hand. My impression was of a man whose life had been switched along a new channel which made considerable demands on him, and who was responding well. In fact he was a man of 53 who had just become engaged for the first time.
13. A young man's hand. My impressions were much in his favour, except that he was going bald, which was true.
14. A woman's hand. A strong impression was that she had very beautiful arms. I enlarged on this impression amid the growing hilarity of the dinner party. She was in fact a guest, her arms were bare to the shoulder, and quite beautiful.

The cases which follow occurred in various places and connections.

15. An American's hand. My impression was of an extremely heavily made man in respect of bones. The "control" accepted this on the score of the man's having been smashed down by a taxi in New York and picked up for dead, and having been discovered, on the contrary, to have had not a single bone broken.
16. A man's hand. My impression was the odd one that he was dressed in white. This was in fact his habitual wear, in Persia, where he was a missionary.
17. A New Zealander's hand. My impression was that his clothing, and especially his trousers, was of very thick wool, and black. The colour and the weight were vouched for by my control, the man having a bad circulation.
18. A woman's hand. My impression was that there had been a clean cut in her life, that she had been aiming at a certain career, and had been obliged, very unwillingly, to take up a different life. She had in fact been about to join a University with a certain career in view, when her mother died and her father obliged her to return and run his house.

The effect of a great deal of my experimentation is best summarised. Certain sorts of voice I have found discernible through handwriting, e.g. mellow, rounded, rich, high-pitched, forced, cracked. And similarly with varieties of speech—voluble, slow, rapid, level, up-and-down. Besides the audible elements, visible elements appear. I often succeed in visualising the quality of a woman's hair, the amount of it, the style of the upper parts of the face, and the line of the shoulders—so often that I wait with some confidence for these to appear, which they do with fair accuracy. A clean pale skin with large eyes and broad cheek-bones is perhaps the easiest, for me, to read in a hand. Impressions of style and quality of dress, of style in movement, and of dignity in the standing pose come to me frequently. Harris tweeds and smooth fine cloths, especially in black, are among the more easily discerned. Small mobile dark merry eyes, especially in a man, "register" comparatively easily.

Here are three circumstantial cases.

19. A foreigner's hand in his own language. The hand, though practically illegible, was so interesting that I wrote a long delineation. This was translated by the friend from whom I had the hand to a company among whom was the writer. The company identified the writer from the delineation.
20. A man's hand. Before meeting the man at lunch with a friend of mine in his London Club, I studied the hand in the London train, and visualised a broad upright pale brow, deepset brown eyes, and well-chiselled nose and cheekbones. On reaching the club I was shown into a waiting room and there identified the writer by his looks before our host arrived.
21. A young woman's hand. In the drawing-room after dinner my host worked by the fire, and my hostess and I talked. She furnished a hand. My impression was that the writer was various things, but very untidy in her own room, with drawers left open and clothes everywhere. My host interrupted, "but that must be our daughter." It was.

Impressions and intuitions of the sorts which I have described have come to me, so far as I have observed, under specific conditions. A happy passive mood of friendly enquiry is the first requisite. One must let come what will come. A good meal, and warmth, and favouring company, and a chair that encourages one to relax, and unbroken quiet help greatly. A whiff of scorn or doubt chloroforms the faculty. After tea or after dinner is my best time. It is reasonable that handwriting, the product of eye and hand under the guidance of the mind, should be significant and suggestive. Handwriting seems to me to be a moving rhythm of great depth and breadth in which the continuous and discontinuous, the superficial and the recondite, are all present, and on which various layers of mind may reasonably be thought of as impinging. Handwriting may be likened to music, of a sort, for those that have the ear for it. They, I am persuaded, are plentiful enough, if they only knew it.

I have been concerned throughout with certain facts of discovery. How the operative faculty works, whether it embraces, for instance, a complex machinery of finer sub-faculties or contributories, or some associative linkages of uncanny delicacy, I do not know. Nor do I see much hope through investigation. I shall never know about the odder strokes, for instance, how from the Icelander's addressing of an envelope (7) I surmised a hard blow against his core; or how I detected the ex-mason in the Clergyman (3), or how I foresaw in her script what a candidate was due to do with hand and head (10), or how heavy black trousers got into the New Zealander's hand (17), or how a redirection of life showed through in hands (12) and (18), or how I saw a man's face in his postcard (20). Someone else may be better circumstanced than I feel myself to be for solving these puzzles. Or he may have just a form of words to cover them. But indeed I have one myself. Mine is brief, "Scotch second-sight," which explains nothing! Mind is mystery, and knowing is miracle.

JOHN MURRAY.

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PORTRAITS—FROM THE PAINTER'S ANGLE.

IT happened to me more than once that people I met would remark in the course of conversation: Ah, you are a portrait painter, so you must be a good judge of human character. At first remarks like this surprised me. I had not been aware that portrait painting was conducive to psychology; it had never occurred to me that the two went together. And I suppose this is the typical attitude of the artist. Any capacity for psychological insight he may possess is bound to remain instinctive; as to his conscious thoughts, they are taken up almost entirely by the artistic, or if you like, the pictorial side of his work. He surely does not start work by considering how his sitter should be "characterised." He merely paints him, and if he is a true artist and if he possesses the special gift which we should call the sense of character, the miracle will happen that when the picture is finished the character of the sitter is unmistakably contained in it, even revealed.

If we take the old masters and look among them for a particularly good example of this, no doubt it is impossible not to think of Rembrandt. His portraits, either in painting or etching, are marvels of pictorial characterisation. Say, the large etching of Coppenol which I so much admired among the Rembrandt etchings in the British Museum, or among his paintings, the portrait of Jan Six, Mayor of Amsterdam, which I saw many years ago in the house still belonging to the Six family in that city. Or, among women's portraits, that incomparable one of the artist's second wife, Hendrickje Stoffels, also seen ages ago, in Berlin. Both these great portraits are full of a straightforward simplicity; they leave no doubt that Rembrandt merely made his models take an unaffected pose and painted them without afterthought. And curiously at the same time there may be some doubt as to whether Rembrandt's portraits were so very "resembling." At any rate some of his portraits of himself seem rather unlike one another. And in other instances of ancient portraits, say of the Renaissance, we often find surprising differences in various portraits representing the same person. Evidently in those times people were not so critical about portraits and resemblance. It is true that one of the Fuggers of Augsburg, those wealthy bankers of the Renaissance, in a letter in which he asked his correspondent to send him an artist in view of some portrait to be painted, said expressly that he was looking not so much for a good painter as for a good portraitist. Still on the whole those people, the patrons and clients of bygone centuries, were far more liberal-minded in the matter of portraits than our public. We artists of to-day are in a much worse position, and this change is no doubt due to the advent and evolution of photography. It is not merely that clients to-day demand a stricter "resemblance" from the portrait artist; the changes wrought by photography are deeper and more far-reaching than that, to an extent not fully realised. These changes, subtle and insidious affect not merely the material position of the artist and his dealings with his customers; they have brought along a sad decline in portrait art and a widespread degeneracy of public taste.

As to the fact that resemblance is demanded of the artist in portraits, it would not in itself be anything to complain of. Nor is it either unnatural or wrong if sitters wish to be shown to their best advantage, if they want their portraits to be "flattering." Indeed an eminent

artist ought to be able to put into a portrait all the good looks, beauty or attraction a sitter may possess—the real, living beauty of the individual model, not some sham beauty of an academic recipe. The main trouble brought along by photography lies elsewhere: it is the corruption of good taste and even of unbiased vision, notably by portrait photography as it has been practised now for about a century. Here again, as in so many other cases from the industrial revolution onwards, inventions valuable in themselves have fallen into the wrong hands—with devastating results. The hands they fell into were those of economic anarchy. In the case of photography economic anarchy is represented by those enterprising and, aesthetically, unscrupulous, individuals in all countries who made portrait photography their business and succeeded in gradually spreading bad taste and corrupted vision all over the globe.

It is usually held that a photograph never tells a lie. This notion, demonstrably false for a number of different reasons, has fundamentally altered the position of the artist, who formerly reigned supreme, not merely as an artist, but also as a recorder of facts. Incidentally it would be a tempting task to follow the various devastating effects of photography on art in all their ramifications. For instance, has it ever been pointed out with due emphasis how many artists secretly use photos to work from instead of nature? In some cases of course, this has become practically inevitable; but quite a few artists will use photos even when not necessary, say in a landscape or town view, just to avoid having to go out and work on the spot of the place. And those who see work thus produced, paintings or etchings, will wonder why these seem so hopelessly dull, without being able to tell what exactly is the matter with them. By evading the trouble of going to work outdoors under sometimes rather trying circumstances, the artist has deprived, on the one hand, himself of the very great joy of working in communion with nature, and on the other, his picture of the indefinable, suggestive quality which only this communion with nature can give.

Regarding portrait photography, it should be noted that the technique of adulterating nature as practised by professional photographers was evolved only gradually. The very early photographs, the "Daguerrotypes," are often very beautiful. But then, by and by, photographers developed a special routine, a whole bag of tricks all meant to make the portrait photo "pleasing." Retouching the negatives was introduced, and also certain tricks of lighting the sitter in the studio, with the deliberate intention of retouches to be made then on the negative. The windows of the studio were fitted with a veritable maze of curtains, used to *over-emphasise* the features of the sitter. The arrangement of these curtains enabled the photographer to obtain a kind of light occurring nowhere else, something quite absurd, bringing out every line, every feature, every wrinkle. If the customer were shown a print of the unretouched negative of a picture taken in this way he would be horrified. But no danger of that; the negative is first of all handed by the photographer to his helpmate, the *retoucheur*: a piteous drudge, employed to do his mysterious job on the photo, effacing all the displeasing lines and wrinkles, allowing only the "pleasing" ones to remain, indeed giving these fuller play thanks to the mentioned over-emphasis of lighting. Thus nature, distorted by absurd, senseless effects of lighting, became doubly adulterated by subsequent retouching. More recently, with the advent of artificial light in photography, quite a

new school of nonsensical lighting effects arose. Of these, any illustrated magazine will afford horrifying examples, that is, examples that would horrify us if we were not so used to them. Also, the movies reflect these new fashions in lighting the actors. The curtain tricks in the daylight studio have been replaced by new tricks performed with a variety of electric lamps pouring their light on the unfortunate sitter all at the same time from the most unexpected angles. And gradually indeed whole generations all over the globe got so completely inured to all these faked photos that they think them beautiful—and even true! For in our mechanistic age "photograph" somehow remained synonymous with scientific truth.

Thus, imperceptibly, the portrait artist found himself faced by an unpleasant competitor in the person of the photographer, slinking surreptitiously into his hitherto undisputed domain. It would take us far if we should follow this change of rôle in all its detail; I would, however, just mention one or two striking instances. In the first place while the original inventor of photography, Niepce, was a chemist, Daguerre, who perfected the process and converted it to practical use, was a painter. And indeed, as soon as photography became introduced as a means of making portraits, more than one portrait painter simply gave up painting and established himself as a photographer without compunction. Another characteristic little trait is the well-known habit of photographers to effect the fashions which somehow had become associated with artists: beards, longish hair, velvet coats, broad-brimmed hats and what not. It is said that imitation is the sincerest flattery. The proverb might be aptly modified thus: Imitation is an overt avowal of competition.

What with the unquestioning approval bestowed on technical innovation, gradually the photographer's work came to be taken for granted, and, just as gradually, portraits painted by artists became open to anyone's gratuitous criticism. And another new type of competitor to the real artist arose: the portrait painter adapting himself entirely to the demands of his customers, pandering to the taste of the public. To be sure, in a different way the type of the accommodating portrait artist did exist already: but he was to breed more exuberantly and in a hitherto unknown fashion, thanks to the development I attempted to show. Incidentally it would be a rewarding task to examine the history of the pot-boiler portrait in art. It was unknown in Antiquity, among the Egyptians or the Romans; nor did it exist in the Middle Ages or the Renaissance. True, the Romans would represent their Emperors as gods; but from there we find a gap, many centuries wide to the seventeenth and eighteenth century, to the sugared portraits *à la* Mignard, Vigée-Lebrun or Angelica Kaufmann, and then another wide gap to the pot-boiler portrait of the nineteenth and twentieth century, or to be more precise, to the *post-photographic age*, dating from the second half of the nineteenth century. Surely it must have puzzled many an art-loving observer that while in the past the portrait painters with the greatest vogue, from Van Dyck to Quentin De Latour, Gainsborough and Raeburn, were often genuine artists and even great artists, in our time the most outstandingly successful and highly-paid portrait painters are hardly artists at all in the higher sense of the word, only shrewd businessmen who know exactly the kind of portrait their public usually wants: something mid-way between the sweetbox cover and the retouched photograph. No matter how flattering the portraits by sycophants of the brush may

appear to the majority of the public, they do not make their sitters truly beautiful or interesting in the pictures. Rather, there is in these either a certain insignificant prettiness, or a mediocrity and conventionality, which apparently have a wide appeal.

The artist to whom art is not merely a source of income and a means of social advancement, but an ideal to which he must remain true and a source of inner satisfaction above all, has a good deal to put up with if he does portrait work. Like other painters who do portraits, I too had countless experiences with sitters and customers whose wishes I found hard to cope with, and even with their relatives and friends who thought they were called upon to offer criticism, pronounced as if it were beyond appeal, and most often contradictory to one another's. In the long line of my sitters there have been not too many who did not try to interfere with my work in one way or another, and indeed, at this moment, I can recall only one who insisted emphatically that I should do as I like in painting his portrait. This was an old Catholic Bishop whose portrait had been commissioned by some official institution. In the first sitting I made several pencil sketches of my model in different attitudes, as I often do before starting work in oils or etching. I hesitated which of the attitudes would show him to his best advantage, but he brushed aside all my hesitations with a broad gesture. "There is no need for the picture to be advantageous!" he exclaimed. "It is not even necessary that it should resemble—if only there is character in it!" I was agreeably surprised by the broadmindedness of the Bishop. It is true that the way in which he expressed himself sounded unusual, for resemblance and character, though not identical, are nevertheless rather closely related. Moreover, the word "character" allows of two different interpretations; it can mean the character of the sitter, but also the character of the artist, his own individuality as reflected in his work. In either sense, however, the remark was most welcome. What my sitter meant was evidently that he did not want his portrait to be the usual sort of "photographic" portrait, but a spirited piece of painting in which I had been at liberty to follow my inspiration without restraint.

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THE GENERALSHIP OF JOAN OF ARC.

TRADITION has so heavily draped the figure of the Maid of Orleans with the trappings and tinsel of romance as to conjure up in the popular imagination a vision of something resembling an armour-clad "Queen of the May." The essential quality which distinguishes Joan of Arc as a conspicuous historical personage, that is to say her native genius as a military commander in the field, has virtually been relegated to oblivion. At best it has become the habit to regard the Maid's feats of war as "quite remarkable for a girl." How immeasurably such a tepid encomium falls short of due recognition of Joan's faculties is matter for marvel. For when examined in detail against the background of military history her exploits unquestionably entitle her to rank in kind with the great captains of all time. Like them her strategic concepts exhibited strength and clarity. Like them she possessed the power of galvanising her staff and her troops into valorous action through the power of her personality. And like

Cromwell in particular she dedicated herself and her cause to the service of the Deity and imbued those about her with a like spirit. To the solution of tactical problems she brought a freshness of approach, allied to a sureness of touch, that was the wonder of friend and foe alike. Never prior to her advent in the field had any war leader demonstrated so keen an eye for the likeliest point of attack or a more subtle sense of the decisive moment for thrusting it home. None had known better where and when to contribute the irresistible personal lead, complete with shining armour and streaming banner. And never before her time had any commander employed artillery with equal originality and effectiveness as did this young girl who up to then had never had a close-up view of a cannon or a culverin. Such was the impression she made upon the more experienced amongst her supporters, the nobles and knights on her staff, notably Dunois and the Duke of Alençon, seasoned warriors both. And such is the impression she leaves upon latter-day critics who study her campaigns.

Born at a time when her country had been ravaged by the sword for more than a hundred years, until four-fifths of it had either been laid waste or had passed under the dominance of the English crown, Joan grew up to girlhood in an atmosphere of perpetual troop movements. More than once she was forced to fly with her family from her native village of Domrémy and seek refuge in some nearby stronghold until the fighting had died down or rolled on to some other quarter. Thus she was nurtured in the thick of it, so to say, and must have imbibed much of the war gossip and technical military jargon which doubtless was current amongst the men-folk of her family and others about her. For it was a day and age of marches and counter-marches, of sieges, of mining and counter-mining, sorties, assaults and retreats, a time when in effect every male creature was something of a soldier and the clatter of arms a sound almost as familiar as any emanating from the pastures or the barn-yard. It is but reasonable then to take the view that ere Joan took sword in hand she had served her initiation, if only in this vicarious way. War in its atmosphere and rudiments was familiar to her. This is not to detract from the element of the miraculous that must forever cling about the heroic figure of the Maid, but rather to prune away something of the supernatural and fallacious that has permeated her legend, in which she is sometimes pictured as though she had abruptly emerged from some remote desert region and straight-way assumed command of an army of seasoned soldiery. Nevertheless it is but natural that we of a later day should stand bemused in wonderment at this slip of a peasant girl and what she accomplished and speculate as to how she came to do it. For some sort of explanation we must revert to her childhood and youth.

In the course of her trial and in the examination of witnesses during the proceedings of the commission of Rehabilitation set up by sanction of the Pope in 1455, a quarter of a century after the martyrdom of the Maid, it was established that she was brought up in a deeply religious atmosphere and that during her childhood she herself was intensely devout. Later, at the age of about fourteen, the girl began to hear *Voices* and then to see *Visions*. These phenomena were said to have persisted throughout the succeeding three years, instilling into her consciousness the conviction that she had been chosen as the deliverer of her country, as had been foretold in a prophecy then current in those parts to the effect that France was destined to be rescued from thralldom by a humble peasant maid. In time Joan came

to identify herself with this rôle, a view which seems from all accounts to have been adopted locally by many of those who knew the girl. After no great lapse of time her fame spread throughout all that region and beyond, firing the imagination of the plain people for the most part but arousing only scepticism or downright ridicule amongst the nobles and upper-class men of arms, to say nothing of the clergy. As to Joan herself, her inner promptings soon became crystallised into a definite formula, later to manifest itself as the basis of her military strategy, namely unification of the factious elements amongst the French, coronation of the Dauphin as King Charles VII, expulsion of the English invader from the soil of France.

It is unnecessary to dilate upon the difficulties which beset Joan in obtaining an interview with the Dauphin, the reaction of that vacillating poltroon, the opposition of those highly placed about him, the discouraging delays that at the outset held up the expedition to raise the siege of Orleans. All this and much more are matters of historical record. The question of the relief of Orleans, is however, a point that is of special importance in an attempt to appraise the military talents of Joan of Arc. This operation marked the opening gambit of her broad strategic aim. With unerring instinct the Maid perceived that early relief of this fortified city was imperative if France were to be saved, for the capitulation of this key position would enable the English to cross the Loire and ravage all the territory still in French hands lying south of that river. In this concept of the general situation the girl revealed a soundness and maturity of judgment not unworthy of the Emperor Napoleon himself, and again one is constrained to inquire how such a thing could come about in the case of an unlettered, unsophisticated farm lass of seventeen. Native intelligence of an unusually high order does not provide the whole of the answer. War and the waging of it is a science no less than an art and as such demands knowledge, which in itself is not innate but has to be acquired. The like contention applies with equal force to Joan's conduct of the preliminary tactical moves undertaken by her, first in revictualling the Orleans garrison and secondly in reducing piecemeal the assault structures erected around that fortress by the besiegers. These operations were intricate in the extreme and appear to have been partly planned in collaboration with the experienced and reliable Dunois, the garrison commander and thenceforward Joan's most loyal and practical lieutenant. In this tactical realm the Maid was to display a soldierly capacity of the highest order, exhibiting a finely balanced sense of what may be brought off by the exertion of that additional effort in the assault that lies beyond the power of the enemy to resist. It was in attacks of this nature that the Maid was to reveal that quality which has ever marked the supreme master of the art of war, namely the instinctive appreciation of just how much more pressure the enemy can stand ere breaking point is reached, or in other words how close he has drawn to the limit of endurance relative to that of the attacking force.

Joan and Dunois did not always see eye to eye in the solution of tactical problems. On occasion the girl would give way, abandoning some projected move of her own in favour of one proposed by him. But in how far such seeming flexibility was merely diplomacy on Joan's part, so as not to put an experienced soldier to the blush, is a debatable point, for Dunois' projects were not invariably crowned with success in practice whilst Joan's scarcely ever proved abortive.

Her position was in its very nature a difficult and anomalous one for a peasant girl suddenly erupting into a garrison of hard-bitten fighting men and taking over command. That she quickly won the recognition and allegiance of all and carried them with her to triumph, at Orleans, at Patay, at Rheims and beyond, is an immense tribute to her intelligence, tact and evenly balanced temperament. It was the Maid's deeply religious nature and her belief in her heaven-directed mission as the liberator of her homeland that fortified her with that unquestioning faith that can move mountains and which in actual fact enabled her to accomplish the equivalent. Intuitively she knew that a certain span of life would be vouchsafed to her in which to carry her designs to maturity, and it was this factor, as likewise in the instance of Alexander the Great, that prompted her to place herself in positions of the utmost personal peril, when critical situations arose and appeared to call for such action on her part. In exploits of this nature Joan was twice severely wounded and once struck on the head by a stone hurled from the battlements as she was ascending a scaling ladder, falling back senseless into the ditch below. Concerning her wounds, it is on record that she possessed foreknowledge of them, having confided the matter to Dunois and others in advance of their occurrence. Premonitions of this kind are not uncommon in the annals of war, but to attempt to account for them along rational lines is a futile pursuit. In the case of Joan of Arc they may have had their wellspring in a certain super-sensitiveness, a process of reasoning on a higher plane of spiritual activity as applied to the law of probabilities. But this is avowedly little more than an attempt here to explain the inexplicable or at best brought forward as evidence that Joan was no ordinary mortal.

Assuredly no ordinary mortal could have put up with the shiftlessness and hesitancy of the Dauphin, who had to be coaxed to the verge of coercion to go through with his own coronation when Rheims was finally reached. On more than one occasion he was all for turning back, notably whilst the army was halted by the walls of Troyes and the garrison had rejected with insults Joan's summons to surrender, until as the outcome of a diplomatic expedient effected by Joan herself a deputation issued from the fortress with offers of capitulation. No ordinary mortal could have preserved his or her equanimity in the face of the Dauphin's contemptible cowardice either. Although a fit man and aged but twenty-five at this time, Charles took care to keep well out of the way when battle was joined. Yet Joan never openly exhibited exasperation nor any overt contempt for the man, if we except one occasion when, chafing with impatience aroused by the wrangling of the court as to the advisability of pushing on to Rheims, Joan abruptly took herself off from the shelter of the royal headquarters and set up a tent in a field nearby for her own accommodation. This gesture promptly put things to rights and may well have been merely a ruse on the Maid's part with that aim in view. In her dealings with the Dauphin and his personal *entourage*, more especially the crafty and despicable minister de la Tremoille, the Maid irresistibly calls to mind Marlborough, and his tactful handling of his Dutch allies in their obstructionist policy during the long years of his campaigning in Flanders and the Danube basin. Here we find the like unruffled and persuasive demeanour preserved throughout. This faculty also may be accounted one of the finer characteristics of the great captains of war. All elements and forces must be made to combine and work together in the single cause of victory over the foe. Nothing must

be permitted to disturb the harmony of effort of the high command. In preserving this essential condition at headquarters, where the strategy is formulated, cranks have oftentimes to be tactfully dealt with and ruffled sensibilities placated for the general weal. Such seems to have been the rule in the instance under review. Nothing short of supreme qualities of heart and mind in the Commander-in-Chief can carry this policy through to full fruition. It takes a Marlborough, an Eisenhower, a Joan of Arc.

The Maid is credited with having introduced a new note of deportment into the army under her command, abolishing blasphemy and bad language generally amongst all ranks, discouraging cruelty to prisoners of war and the extortion of ransom money at the spear-point, promoting care of enemy wounded and forbidding pillaging on the line of march. All this was novel to a people rendered callous through age-long warfaring and constitutes a distinguishing mark of greatness in this young girl as a captain in the field. Every great general is something of a psychologist. In war the soldier's mental processes demand study and care no less than his physical condition and its well-being. In order to sustain *morale* an embattled host must be provided with some worthy cause for which to fight. The Maid exalted *Liberation*, as Cromwell later was to inculcate *Religious Fervour*. Lacking some such set purpose there can be no sound strategy in war. The Maid would appear to have been cognisant of this truism.

How would Joan of Arc fare in the field in our day? It is a question one is naturally tempted to ask. The answer is the same as would be forthcoming were the name of Nelson substituted for that of Joan of Arc. Genius is essentially contemporaneous, capable of flourishing with full vigour in any age. Nor is the popular reaction to it any less fervent to-day than it was five hundred years ago. Some have sought to attribute the sudden decline in the English standard of fighting in the face of Joan's early successes to the paralysing effect of superstition. Witchcraft, sorcery and false dealing were charged against the Maid by way of accounting for her victories. In the opinion of the present writer this unflattering suggestion can be dismissed out of hand, and a straightforward material explanation put in its place. Joan's triumph was the practical outcome of her superior military talent, manifesting itself in a display of strategy and tactics to which there was no effective counter. This is the practice of warfare at its most supreme. A striking example was the Maid's strategic thrust at Paris after the coronation at Rheims, boldly leaving her flanks and rear exposed. With clear insight she foresaw the political importance of establishing the newly crowned monarch at the national nerve-centre with all possible speed. Warfare since Joan's time has exhibited more than one parallel instance. On all counts it is eminently safe to assume that were the Maid to return to-day and be placed at the head of an army in the field victory would crown her operations precisely as it did in the fifteenth century.

The Maid's eventual collapse was not due to any falling off in her military skill, but may be traced primarily to the independent action of the King in coming to an arrangement with the defender of Paris, the Duke of Burgundy, whereby it was agreed that hostilities should be suspended between them for a term, at the expiration of which Burgundy would throw in his lot with the King. At this juncture Joan was storming the Paris defences, and actually on the point of forcing an entry when she received a peremptory order from the King to

break off the action and withdraw her troops. Charles himself now took it into his head to march south to the Loire with his entire force, losing one by one almost all those points which Joan had captured for him with such conspicuous valour and glory following the relief of Orleans. The mortified Maid, with the small force now left to her, appears to have spent some months in sporadic fighting on her own, quite separated from the King in whose stability and integrity she had by this time lost all confidence, if she had ever really nurtured any such sentiment. There is a lack of design about these later operations of hers, dazzling as they were in themselves, that suggests a mood of exasperation bordering on despair. Treachery, that insidious cancer against which generalship at its best is but powerless, soon reduced her followers to a mere handful, and with these the day came when beset on all sides by bodies of the English, who by now had been strengthened by fresh drafts from home, she was compelled to throw herself into the fortress of Compiègne to avoid destruction. It was whilst leading a sortie of some few hundred men from this stronghold a little later that her force was unexpectedly assailed in rear and dispersed. Through a mishap Joan herself was cut off, surrounded and forcibly captured. What followed is set forth in elaborate detail in the history books.

What appearance did Joan of Arc present? Most of us can conjure up a long-range picture of the Maid, riding along amid her brightly clad nobles and knights and readily distinguishable from them by the white surcoat with its golden *fleur de lys* worn over her armour, the bare head with its dark hair close-cropped like that of a soldier in the ranks, the storied banner fluttering in the breeze, as the twinkling cavalcade shows up against the pasturelands flanking the bright line of the Loire. As to her face and features, or even her stature, we know nothing. Such "portraits" and sculptured figures as have come down to us were executed long after her martyrdom. But some of us may reconstruct for our inner selves a vision of the sun-tanned countenance, reading into it the purity of spirit, the moral force, the warm humanity, the fine intelligence, the indomitable valour with its pulse of daring . . . the *ensemble* that was Joan of Arc . . . and know that such a face could have been nothing other than comely.

MAURICE BURKE.

INSTINCT IN THE NESTING BIRD.

BIRDS are often extolled as displaying ingenuity of an almost human level. It is not always realised that many of these acts of dexterity are prompted by an inborn impulse. The assiduity with which a bird will tend its young, for instance, is due not so much to parental love as to instinct—an instinct which is induced by the gaping action of the nestling. A brief period of observation at any nest will reveal that it is not the mere form of the nestling that prompts parental attention but the gaping action of that nestling. This is doubly apparent if a young bird falls from its cradle. A young hedge-sparrow can topple on to a branch only a few inches below the nest, and there it will remain completely ignored by its parents. The hen may sit brooding her young, but she will take no notice whatever of the luckless nestling whose faint spark of life is rapidly fading directly below her. If the young bird is returned to the nest, and it recovers

sufficiently to renew the gaping action, food will at once be placed in its mouth. But if it has grown so weak that it is unable to do this it will be left to die. So much for parental devotion! The gape association can also be witnessed in the case of a young cuckoo which has left the nest of its foster-parents. The fledgling of this species has a voracious appetite and will open its mouth at the approach of an adult bird. At once the urge to feed the open gape is instilled in the adult—who may be on the way to feed its own nestlings—and so it places the food in the mouth of the cuckoo. In this way a young cuckoo may be fed by three or four adult birds of different species.

There are several other factors connected with birds at the nest which are so often compared with human actions, but which are, in fact, purely a matter of instinct. There have, for example, been instances when the male bird has successfully reared a family after his mate has been killed. But this cannot always be the case, because some males do not possess the instinct to feed the young. The males of most raptorial birds capture and pluck the prey and then hand it over to the female, who tears it up in pieces before feeding to her nestlings. If a female sparrow-hawk is killed the male will continue to secure food and will bring it to the nest, but he can do no more; and so the nestlings die. The common buzzard and the golden eagle adorn their nests with fresh sprigs of larch, oak and beech, and they renew these every five or six days. One can hardly believe that the purpose behind this is ornamental. A feasible theory would be that it provides a certain camouflage to the nest in the verdure of a wood in early spring. On the other hand both these birds rely on inaccessibility as a protection for their nests, and so it is unlikely that the instinct to camouflage is present. I have seen young buzzards eat these sprigs, and so I think that the reason behind it is probably one of providing moisture. Here again it is clear that there are limitations to the marvels of instinct, for often the parents will furbish the nest before the eggs have hatched.

Many birds—particularly the passerines—use the same route to the nest, and, to a lesser extent, the same route when leaving. The warblers almost invariably approach their nests by hopping from one twig to another over the last few yards. It is apparent that the twigs along the route are always used in the same order. If one or more of these “stepping-stones” are removed the bird is at once embarrassed. With its beak full of insects it will show great agitation as it hops backwards and forwards trying to find its accustomed route. And although the young are only a few feet away, with their gapes opened wide at the appearance of the adult, the parent’s instinct to feed them is no longer working, and it may take several hours before the bird will finally go to the nest. If an obstacle is placed so that it is physically impossible for the bird to follow the usual path, it is more than likely that it will desert the family altogether. Remove the obstacle and all is well again. The bird will go straight to the nest and feed its young. The larger birds do not adhere so slavishly to this habit. It is apparent in thrushes and blackbirds, to a certain extent in jays and magpies, and occasionally in the raptorial birds. In the case of the latter, however, the removal of “stepping-stones” in the vicinity of the nest does not have an adverse effect for more than a few minutes. It is noticeable again in some of the ground-nesting birds. Partridges use a worn path to their nest in a hedge-bottom, and they leave the nest by a path leading in the opposite direction.

This procedure is also followed by corncrakes. Curlews, mallard and redshank normally approach the nest by the same route, and will show intense agitation if a "hide" is placed over their path. Some form of nest sanitation is observed in most birds. In the smaller species the faeces is removed by the parents after feeding and carried to some distance from the nest. This is usually executed by the male, but the instinct is present in both sexes. Occasionally the young are prodded to induce the appearance of the pellicle. The nestlings of the *Raptores* will shuffle to the edge of the nest and evacuate in a white stream. By the time they are ready to fly the nest has the appearance of being thoroughly whitewashed.

A rather unique form of parental instinct occurs in the red-backed shrike. The larder of this bird, which normally consists of humble bees, beetles, shrews and the young of passerines, is preserved in the event of heavy rain precluding the capture of food. Food from the larder may, at times, be eaten by the adults, but primarily it is kept for the nestlings. It is often thought that the action of "injury feigning" as a protection of the young is a deliberate deed, and that the bird is displaying a high degree of intelligence associated with a certain boldness in the defence of her family. No matter how much we should like to believe this, observations have proved that it can no longer be more than a fallacy. There are, at present, two theories on this subject. The one is that the act of "injury feigning" is brought about by a shock to the nervous system, and that, in extreme cases, it resembles the partial paralysis induced in a rabbit when hunted by a stoat. A well-known bird-watcher was of this opinion after watching the behaviour of Arctic skuas. "Injury feigning," of which there were many variations, was observed in both sexes. Sometimes it was in the form of frantically beating wings while the bird remained in a crouching position; sometimes the bird would stagger along with wings fully extended; and, on other occasions, there were signs of catalepsy, when the skua rocked from side to side on unflexed legs and actually allowed itself to be blown about by the wind. Each time the action was accompanied by hisses and screams. It was also noticed that "injury feigning" was only practised at the approach of a human. One skua only feigned on three occasions: on the day that the first egg was laid, the day that the first egg chipped, and again when the first nestling hatched. There were other variations in the time of feigning. Some birds only feigned once—when the first egg chipped—and there were others in which the act was not witnessed throughout the nesting period.

The other view is that the act of "injury feigning" springs from the instinct of self-preservation and reproduction. The bird wants to run away from danger, and, at the same time, it wants to brood. So it compromises, and endeavours to lure the young away from the vicinity. If the peculiar antics of such birds as the nightjar, mallard and woodcock are studied they will be seen to resemble the courtship display. I have seen a teal repeatedly leap in the air and fall prone with outstretched wings as if in courtship and all the time she was calling to her ducklings. This was surely a "conflict of emotions"—a desire to preserve herself and a desire to reproduce herself. A modified form of "injury feigning" is also apparent in some of the smaller birds. Warblers will often leave the nest with a wing drooping as if broken. Shrikes will also feign a broken wing.

Instinct, which can cover so many traits in bird life, can at times

be most capricious. Just when we think that we have really got to the bottom of some problem we suddenly find an exception to the rule and our theory is scattered to the four winds. This is certainly so when dealing with nesting sites. As a general rule birds which lay white eggs build either a domed nest, as in the case of the willow warbler, wren and long-tailed tit, or they nest in holes, typical examples of which are the tawny owl, kingfisher and woodpeckers. The exception to this is, of course, the wood-pigeon. Occasionally a pigeon will depart from her accustomed habit of laying on a frail platform of twigs and will place her conspicuous white eggs in a hole in a tree. This tends to indicate that holes were once the bird's normal nesting site. The ground-nesting birds rely on concealment, i.e. camouflage, for self-preservation. The lapwing, when nesting on pasture, lays eggs with a green background, and when ploughland is chosen the eggs are of a brownish hue. The nightjar's eggs conform exactly with the surroundings in which they are laid. Moreover, the plumage of the sitting bird merges so perfectly with the background that it is often possible to approach within a foot before she is seen, and then she only draws attention by leaving her eggs. Her camouflage is completed by the closing of the eyes when danger approaches. But this rule also has its exception. The harriers and the short-eared owl are both ground-nesting birds and they both lay white eggs. The answer to this enigma may well be that both these powerful birds are capable of defending their clutches against such egg-snatchers as carrion crow and jay. Assuredly, the book of instinct is one that has been thumbed many, many times, but somewhere within its covers are pages that still remain unturned. They await the bird-watcher as he sets forth with binoculars and notebook on a spring day.

G. D. ADAMS.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

SPAIN AND THE WEST.

THERE seems now to be a good chance, when the fifth session of the General Assembly of the United Nations meets next month (September 18th), that the 1946 resolution about Spain will be rescinded. The door, as it were, was virtually opened to such rescission on January 19th last when Mr. Acheson, United States Secretary of State, wrote a letter to Senator Connally, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, announcing that the United States was ready to vote for a resolution in the United Nations which would leave members free to resume full diplomatic relations with Spain. Mr. Acheson went on to explain that the step thus suggested did not imply "approval" of the Franco régime, but resulted from the fact that the U.S.A. had long questioned the wisdom and the efficacy of the 1946 resolution, which seemed to have strengthened rather than weakened the Spanish Government. Mr. Acheson declared that the revised U.S. policy towards Spain was based on the recognition of certain facts: item, that there was no alternative to the existing Spanish Government; item, that the Government was strong; item, that Spain belonged to and should not be cut off from Western Europe.

It has taken a long time for such self-evident truths to sink in. Not often in the muddled history of diplomacy has so perverse a situation

persisted for so long. When it is considered that the main issue in world affairs since the defeat of Nazi Germany has lain between an attempted world-wide tyranny by the atheist Communists directed from Moscow on the one hand and the freedom of Christian civilisation on the other, it is almost beyond the ingenuity of surmise to explain why Spain has been so obstinately shut out, and Russia as senselessly pressed in, whenever Western plans have been discussed. If one reads again the text of the resolution which was passed by the General Assembly of the United Nations on December 12th, 1946, and keeps in mind not only the fact that such strictures were not applied to Russia but that on the contrary Russia was a gleeful party and a prime mover in the framing of the strictures, framed for exclusive application to Spain, it becomes difficult adequately to express the sense of unreality and even of mockery that runs through it. The resolution was passed by thirty-four votes (including those of the U.S.A. and Great Britain) against six, with twelve abstentions.

The text, which deserves to be reproduced, if only for its curious interest, ran thus: "That the Franco Government of Spain be debarred from membership in international agencies established by, or brought into relationship with, the United Nations, and from participation in conferences, or other activities which might be arranged by the United Nations or by these agencies, until a new and acceptable government was formed in Spain. If within a reasonable time there was not established a government which derived its authority from the consent of the governed, committed to respect freedom of speech, religion and assembly, and to the prompt holding of an election in which the Spanish people, free from force and intimidation and regardless of party, might express their will, the Security Council should consider the adequate measures to be taken in order to remedy the situation. That all members of the United Nations immediately recall from Madrid their ambassadors and ministers plenipotentiary accredited there, and that members report to the Secretary-General and to the next session of the General Assembly what action they have taken in accordance with the recommendation."

Now if in the wording of that resolution the name Stalin had appeared instead of Franco, Russia instead of Spain, and Moscow instead of Madrid, there would at least have been logic and consistency behind it, and the sense of humour and of proportion would not so unaccountably have been violated. Or perhaps it may be thought on the contrary that it needed a trained and active sense of humour to appreciate a situation in which Russia, with Western support, pointed the finger of scorn at Spain and demanded as a condition of Spain's admission into the comity of nations that a new government be elected by the Spanish people, "free from force and intimidation and regardless of party," and that such government be "committed to respect freedom of speech, religion and assembly"? This is the sort of irony that the Russian temperament dearly loves.

Moreover, at the time of the resolution there were hardly any ambassadors or ministers plenipotentiary accredited to Madrid, so that when on December 20th, 1946—a week after the resolution was passed—the Secretary-General with a rash application to duty requested the member governments to report what they had done in the matter, what he elicited was the information that out of fifty-five member States concerned, thirty of them were not in diplomatic relationship with Spain at all, another nineteen had no ambassador nor minister

plenipotentiary stationed in Madrid, one (Argentina) had no ambassador in Madrid but now promptly sent one, and only three members did duly recall their ambassador or minister! The United States was among those who had no ambassador in Madrid. Great Britain recalled Sir Victor Mallet and left the mission in charge of a *chargé d'affaires*; and the other two governments—the only other two—which were in a position to obey the resolution of December 12th were those of Holland and Turkey.

In Spain itself, a proud and independent country, the only effect of the ostracism decreed by Russia and the West in combination was a wild outburst of support and loyalty to General Franco, and a formal protest by the Cortes against the "foreign interference and infamous attacks" that had been made. An incidental oddity is this, that it has been a commonplace of Western doctrine—a doctrine preached consistently since the Atlantic Charter of August 14th, 1941, declared in its third "principle" that the United States and Britain "respect the right of all peoples to choose the form of Government under which they live"—that nations should live and let live; yet the doctrine has been ostentatiously applied to Russia and as ostentatiously denied to Spain.

The interesting thing is to discover, if at all possible, the explanation of this rather puzzling differentiation in the attitude adopted towards Russia on the one hand and towards Spain on the other. It can hardly be argued that it is based upon a democratic hostility towards totalitarianism; because such hostility would apply more, far more, against Russia than against Spain. Indeed, it is impossible for totalitarian tyranny to exceed in cruelty and in cynicism the degree to which it is pushed by the Russian practice. Nor is it reasonable to base it upon the argument that Spain is hostile to the purposes of Western statesmanship, or constitutes a danger to the peace of the world. Is not Russia hostile to those purposes? Indeed the whole problem of Western statesmanship is concentrated upon this Russian hostility. Can Spain be regarded as a greater menace to the peace of the world than Russia? The question is preposterous. The main practical difference between Russia and Spain in this point of view is that whereas Russia is Communist, anti-Christian and aggressive, Spain is Christian, anti-Communist and peaceful. Then what is this subtle motive of Western antipathy to Spain, for subtle it must obviously be? Is it that Spain is no friend, for instance, of Britain? Of course Spain is no friend of Britain, nor ever will be so long as Gibraltar is in British hands. Would Britain be friendly towards Spain if Spain were in the possession of Dover?

On the other hand there is equally little doubt that Spain and General Franco personally were and are friendly towards Germany. Germany helped Spain to oust the Communists at the crisis of the Spanish civil war. General Franco has never concealed his friendly feelings for Germany. Yet, in a speech made to the House of Commons on May 25th, 1944, Mr. Winston Churchill gave thanks for Spain's refusal to play Germany's game during the second world war. "At this time (1940)," he said, "the Germans proposed to the Spanish Government that triumphal marches of German troops should be held in the principal Spanish cities, and I have no doubt that they suggested to them that the Germans would undertake, in return for the virtual occupation of their country, the seizure of Gibraltar, which would then be handed back to a Germanised Spain. . . . There is no doubt that if Spain had yielded to German blandishments and pressure at

that juncture our burden would have been much heavier. The Straits of Gibraltar would have been closed and all access to Malta would have been cut off from the west. All the Spanish coast would have become the nesting-place of German U-boats. . . ."

Spain did not, of a truth, refuse to follow Italy's example and throw in her lot with Germany at the moment when France was down, and Germany looked certain of victory, out of any feeling of "loyalty" (why should she be "loyal"?) to Great Britain. Her motive was to keep out of the war—a motive which the Spanish people, who were the people mainly concerned, had every reason to be grateful for. It happens to be the case that the Spanish people, not yet recovered from the horrors of the civil war, were indeed grateful to General Franco, who has consistently and devotedly studied the interests of that people. The United States Ambassador to Madrid during the war years, Professor Carlton Hayes, has placed on record in his book *Wartime Mission in Spain* the impressions he received while serving in Madrid. "Throughout my entire residence there," he wrote, "from May 1942 to January 1945 I had constant evidence that the large majority of the Spanish people greatly desired, (1) to stay out of the international struggle, (2) to avoid recurrence of civil war, and (3) to be friendly with the English-speaking democracies, especially with the United States." It is true that General Franco in the period 1939-45 was often tactless and needlessly provocative. He was once told by a candid British friend that a wildly pro-German speech he had just made was "silly." He answered, "Well, has Winston Churchill never made silly speeches?" One of the silliest of his frequent pro-German speeches was delivered in February 1942, when he said: "... if the road were open to Berlin it would not be one division of Spanish volunteers that would go there but a million Spaniards would offer themselves."

In December 1946, when the political committee of the United Nations was preparing the way for the notorious resolution under the leadership of the Polish delegate, Dr. Lange, General Franco reacted with another unwise speech. The occasion was a demonstration organised in Madrid (December 9th, 1946) to protest against the "insults" of the United Nations committee. For three hours a gigantic crowd (reported to be 300,000 strong) cheered General Franco before the Royal Palace. In his speech Franco said: "We Spaniards must not be surprised at what has happened in the U.N.O., for a wave of Communist terror is devastating Europe, and violations, crimes and persecutions, of the same order as many of you suffered or witnessed, preside, unpunished, over the life of twelve nations, independent till yesterday. . . . As long as the concert of nations of the world continues to stand on respect for the sovereignty of every nation and until there shall exist some international Fascist body to dictate to and unify us, no one can have any right to mix in the private concerns of any other nation." The historical facts of Spain's relationship with the West since the civil war of 1936-9 have however lost much of their detailed interest. An excellent summary may be found in Arthur F. Loveday's book, *Spain 1923-1948* (The Boswell Publishing Co. Ltd., 1948). In broad outline the trend is clear and simple.

The Spanish civil war was the first round in the still undecided struggle between the old Christian civilisation and the new Communist bid for a world-wide atheist materialist tyranny directed from Moscow. The fact is that under General Franco Spain did crush the Communist revolution then launched. The general situation is of a still formidable

potentiality. Its origins are easy to trace. The scientific advances which during the past hundred years made possible the rapid expansion of industrial production, and with it a devilish expansion in the range and power of the weapons of war, offered a sharp challenge to the spirit and the intelligence of mankind. Were these new potentialities of wealth and the means of prosperity to be bent into the common service of all people and of all nations, or were they to be harnessed to the selfish greed of the privileged few who were in a position to appropriate them? Such was the challenging question. History has not told a greater tragedy than the blunder committed by the world at large at the beginning of this present century. Faced with the choice between selfish greed and resultant disaster on the one hand and unselfish service and resultant prosperity on the other, the collective mentality of men made the wrong and the fatal decision. At this present vantage point in time it is fair to make so sweeping a summary of what took place. The event proves and confirms it.

The general tone and feeling being set in the wrong direction, everything proceeded to go wrong at the same time, and in effect the old Christian civilisation underwent something like a collapse. To-day, a generation later, the question that exercises the minds of men is whether that civilisation is to survive. Private individual greed within the confines of particular countries, especially in Great Britain, which happened to be the leading industrial and imperialist country in the world, led to a corresponding competition for the spoils on the international scale, the spoils being the raw materials on which industrial enterprise depended. If the British and the German rulers had had any sense they would at all costs have avoided the negative destructive expedient of competitive war for the spoils, and would instead have reached an agreement for the division of those spoils, to their common and mutual benefit. But the die was cast. The wrong-headed plunge into the ethical practices of the Kilkenny cats started something which has not yet spent itself.

One war started another—"For what can war but endless war still breed?"—and the general quality of human thought and human behaviour went progressively down. Distress, adversity, suffering, played their part in the tragedy. The devil saw and took his opportunity. Was this the handiwork of Christian civilisation? Why then pursue the senseless superstition of a loving God? Such in effect were the questions used as ammunition by the first Bolsheviks. They were used with deadly effect. They are still used to-day in all their crudity and blasphemy. In this very year, 1950, when the Communist bosses of Eastern Germany held their recent "peace" demonstration, the old technique was applied with undiminished evil intent. At a Punch and Judy show, for instance, when a large crowd of German children had been collected, a puppet suddenly shot out this question: "Children, would you like some sweets?" With one voice the answer of course came, yes. The puppet then said, "Well then; ask God to send you some sweets!" Silence. Then the puppet: "No sweets, you see. Now let's ask Stalin to send you some sweets!" A moment's pause, and a shower of sweets was released by the henchman who had been stationed for the purpose. The object of such propaganda was the children of Eastern Germany. The conflict goes on: whether mankind shall be subjected to a foul and inhuman tyranny imposed by wicked men, or whether, under God, the free dignity of human beings is to be safeguarded?

In that conflict, whether the politicians of the West gainsay it or not, whether they try to hinder it or not, Spain to-day plays, and will continue to play, as she played more than ten years ago, a vital part. In *The Times* of June 12th last there appeared a symptomatic article—symptomatic at last of a changing British attitude in this matter—from its “Special Correspondent lately in Spain.” It was headed “The Essential Spain.” It ended with these words: “. . . it may be doubted whether a country so impermeable to the commonplaces of industrial Europe, to progress, to liberal institutions, to welfare, to democracy, would achieve very much by unseating its rulers except the replacement of one prison governor by another, and one pervasive philosophy of life, the Catholic, by another, the Marxist. Any less radical change can be expected only from a reversal of the present United Nations policy towards Spain.” That policy has indeed been proved foolish and is indeed bankrupt. No matter how obstinate be Western complexes, no matter how desperately the Western Socialists throw Spain as a sop to the more extreme of their supporters, the policy at last is doomed. There comes a time when facts can no longer be shouted down. They will out. This unsubstantial bogey of Spanish dictatorship, reduced to its proper dimension as the contrastingly vicious reality of Russian dictatorship plunges ahead, is doomed to extinction by its own very lack of substance. In the article above referred to *The Times* correspondent made a diagnosis which is convincing and familiar to all those whose judgments on Spain are based on a knowledge of the Spanish character rather than on abstract doctrinaire preconceptions about dictators. “So pervasive and obstinate,” he wrote, “is the Spanish national temperament that any government machine must in the end be subordinated to it. A Spanish authoritarian régime is therefore unlike any other. It can be arbitrary, menacing, or sensible; but none of its manifestations digs very far below the surface of daily life. Before the dignity and independence of the individual all Spanish Governments are in the end made to look small. Those which survive—and Franco’s is no exception—are the governments which issue broad edicts but overlook their detailed application whenever it is convenient.”

The subjects of General Franco’s dictatorship have cause to be grateful to it. It has no effect on any people outside of Spain, except in so far as it constitutes a bulwark of defence against the Communist inroads upon the general welfare and freedom. By contrast the victims of the Stalin dictatorship are shorn almost of hope in the extremity of their suffering. Even to argue the case as between Russia (who, despite Korea, is still wooed by the Western politicians) and Spain (who is still ostracised by those same politicians) seems unnecessary, and the exercise is an insult to any ordinary intelligence; but the argument must drag on till the policy be changed.

Mistakes have been made in large numbers during this present century by men who could have had an opposite influence on affairs. The fault lay—of this there can be no question—in the false assumption that pride and prosperity were an exclusively human concern. Man was both proud and prosperous at the turn of the century. He forgot that all human assets are a trust from God, to be used in a way that is accountable to God. They are therefore to be passed on in fair degree from the more to the less prosperous, if man is to safeguard his prosperity. British jealousy of a rising Germany, no matter how provocative was the rising Germany—and there is no doubt about the provocation

—was a capital misreading of the abiding truths. The misreading was due to the undeniable fact that God was left out of the reckoning. God cannot with impunity be so left out. The European Christians on whom so great a responsibility rested failed in their trust. It is not an accident that in the sequel the disasters and bewilderment have moved inexorably to a climax of challenge, which may fairly be expressed in this way: are our love of God and our faithfulness to be revived? Unless and until they are the disasters must continue. The challenge is logically pointed by the crystallisation of the menace in the form of an atheist materialism that is sweeping the world. President Truman hit off the issue in 1946 when he said: "There is no problem on this earth tough enough to withstand the flame of a genuine renewal of religious faith. And some of the problems of to-day will yield to nothing less than that kind of revival."

The strength of Communism to-day is the measure of Christian weakness in the recent past. The first world war was a betrayal of Christian principle. Wars are not the method by which any decent end may be won. They are indeed the opposite. No Communist was responsible in any degree for that first world war of the century. It gave the Communists their opportunity. It was the first world war that enthroned the Communists in Russia a generation ago. As the lesson of that war was not learnt by the leaders of what we call, and what ought to have been, a Christian civilisation, and as in the due time a second world war was added to the tale of catastrophe, the ranks of the Communists swelled with an inexorable logic in the trend of affairs, so that to-day we are bound at our bitter leisure to survey a situation in which half the world has quickly fallen victim to Moscow. There is nothing that happens in this world that is haphazard or disjointed from the normal play of cause and effect in the abiding laws of nature. When the Western Powers organise their military resistance to the military aspect of Communist aggression they do something which understandably, but tragically, results from their fears. It is tragic because further war, if it comes, cannot arrest, but can only still further spread, the Communist poison. No matter whether the war guilt be demonstrably Russia's or not in the immediate cause, no matter how genuinely the Western Powers be merely defensive in their policy and outlook, if war comes it will still further weaken Christian civilisation and still further strengthen the empire of materialist atheism. President Truman was right; only a revival of Christian faith can defeat what in essence is a challenge to the spiritual basis of man's life on earth.

The comment may perhaps be suggested that General Franco did defeat a Communist menace in Spain by military means. The truth is that he did nothing of the kind. What he did, with German and Italian help, was to crush a military insurrection, just as by military means a German military menace was defeated in 1914-18 and again in 1939-45. But the military victory achieved no lasting purpose. The Germany of 1939 was the proof that the Germany of 1918 had not been beaten in any realistic sense; and history has yet to record whether the Germany of 1945 was beaten in any more realistic or lasting sense. If the Spanish victory of 1939 over the insurgent Communists had rested only upon the force of arms Spain to-day would be as rotten with Communism as are so many of the countries that also have scored their so-called military victories. The reason why Spain to-day is singularly free of Communism is that the ordeal of 1936-9 acted as a challenge to her spiritual quality and roused her Christian conscience.

General Franco is typically 'Spanish in his religious motive and in his devoted sincerity as a practising Christian. He has made many speeches—not reported in the Press of our country—which prove that his strength is of a spiritual kind, as all strength must be. In common with neighbouring Portugal, Spain has had the benefit of a leader who recognises the insufficiency of man's unaided contrivances. Far from Spain being ostracised by the Western nations which still face the menace of atheist materialism she should be welcomed as a true and staunch ally. Her example even should be studied; for the truest thing that can be said about the present climax of civilisation is that unless the menace can be met by what President Truman called "the flame of a genuine renewal of religious faith" it cannot be met at all, no matter how many hydrogen bombs be held ready in the offing.

August 11th, 1950.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

THE STRUGGLE FOR GERMANY.

Mr. Drew Middleton's *The Struggle for Germany** deals with a great subject. It is concerned with questions of vital importance to every civilised country. He has had splendid opportunities, and of some of these he has availed himself well. He is a man of large experience and knowledge. He has been able to study at first hand on the spot, over a good space of time. He has had access to people, and occasions, of especial moment. Yet his presentation is far from clear. The ground is not well marked off. The various leading topics seem continually to jostle one another. Doubtless with an eye to popular appeal the style is at times slovenly and often slangy. Mr. Middleton realises that Germany is a most important key, perhaps the master key, both to the understanding and to the solution of the East-West struggle for the body and soul of Europe. Sometimes, shaking himself free from the doubts and fears that beset him, he boldly advocates, as in his last chapter, a West European Association, in alliance with America, and including Germany—at least "our" Western Germany. This, he trusts, would be sufficient to halt the western advance of Russia and Russo-Communism. But without German inclusion it might not be powerful enough. The United States must be guided in all this, he pleads, by its own interests and judgment. It is the leader of the West, and must not just follow upon the prejudices of those it is leading. It and its co-workers in West Europe and elsewhere are engaged in a stern contest with a totalitarian Power, of vast resources in men, material and other things. "The consequences of defeat are before us in Eastern Europe. We must see that we do not, through our own mistakes, cause the Germans to yield to Communist pressure, now the supreme enemy of human freedoms."

Something like a solution for some of these difficulties may be, unconsciously, suggested by the author himself. Nowhere is he more readable than in his sketches of German political leaders. And, in the case of the *Bavarian Party*, the thought and expression of Bismarck's Germany were strikingly prominent to Mr. Middleton's observation. For the party's programme, he found, pictured as its ideal and goal a German Federal Union, somewhat like the Bismarckian Empire of 1871-1890-1918, with Bavaria maintaining a special position within that Federal Empire. In such a balance of powers, imperial and democratic, and in such a peace-ensuing, friendship-seeking, alliance-weaving system as that of Bismarck's later time, not only these Bavarian statesmen but many others may find inspiration and instruction. Here, at least, are ideals of statesmanship rather than violence, of peace, maintenance and development rather than destruction in our ill-starred continent.

(Sir) RAYMOND BEAZLEY.

* Allan Wingate: 12s. 6d.

FOLK ART.*

In this age of mass production and plastics it is refreshing to meet with a host of practical and decorative "objects" through which the creative spirit of the craftsman pulses so vigorously as in the Folk Art of Pennsylvania, of which a comprehensive and penetrating study has just been given us by Professor Dr. J. J. Stoudt. How much deeper is our gratification when, led by his striking erudition and religious insight, one discovers that the gay, seemingly naïve or conventionalised, patterns depicted here have a profound meaning. For the art of the Pennsylvania "Dutch"—German, Dutch, Palatinate and Swiss refugees who fled from persecution during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—is essentially symbolic even when it is not confined to obviously religious subjects such as a baptismal certificate or Heinrich Otto's "Spiritual Labyrinth." It is indeed not only an old decorative tradition that causes these symbols of beast, bird and flower—rose and lily, tulip, peacock, unicorn and dove, etc.—to reappear on such mundane objects and quilts and coffee-pots, stove-plates and even valentines. Rather it appears due to an overflowing of that unifying mystic vision which was the life-spring of those persecuted sects who even went as far as regarding art in a "therapeutic" light and a means of crucifying the flesh. Dr. Stoudt offers us a most valuable detailed explanation of these motifs on different psychological and spiritual levels. He has, moreover, as well as exploring an abstruse symbolism derived from hymns, psalms, parables and devotional writing, referred us to the archetypes of C. G. Jung. Special importance is attached to the flowers the rose, the lily, whilst a whole number of symbols significantly foregather on a towel inscribed with verses that clearly reveal them as belonging to the garden of Paradise blooming amidst the wilderness. Are we not here directly confronted with the unconscious survival of the Mazdaian Paradise which found its way into the work of medieval and later western mystics through the symbolic love and the rose garden and through Sufist imagery? In this magnificently and profusely illustrated book, which is the first to link baroque hymnody and poetry with folk art, Dr. Stoudt offers not only a noble contribution to the history of art and folk-lore but directs us towards a re-birth of that "inwardness" which may prove the only hope for our disrupted world.

HANNAH CLOSS.

CHARLES DICKENS.†

This is a book that underlines the inadequacy of reviewers. No critic commands the detailed knowledge of psychoanalysis that could keep him alongside Mr. Lindsay's argument, and psychoanalysts are seldom equipped to follow his main literary contention. Which points to the author as the only man in England qualified to review his own book, and that again is a practice that custom deplores. To the layman there are several difficulties about applying even a softened psychoanalytical technique to people who can no longer look after themselves. Genuine lovers of Dickens are worried to discover that most of their favourite characters can be traced to a detailed origin, or that the plot of *Edwin Drood* is as easy to explain as Mr. Skimpole. It seems at first to depreciate the act of creation. Another drawback is the adolescence of psychological jargon, which precludes good writing. A third and incidental stumbling-block is the number of mistakes of name in the particular text and omissions in the index.

Mr. Lindsay's book is a work of inductive reasoning towards the delineation of Dickens' creative spirit. There are no new facts: all the facts have been set out in Forster, and Dickens' fragment of autobiography, and the novels, and the works of prurient research that from time to time appear. Some of it

* *Pennsylvania Folk Art*. By J. J. Stoudt. Messrs. Schlechter's, Allentown, Pennsylvania. With over 400 illustrations. 7.50 dollars.

† *Charles Dickens*. By Jack Lindsay. Andrew Dakers. 18s.

cries up phenomena which are not unique ; the pervasive influence of smells, or childish associations, or women. Some of it is so entwined among patterns and urges that not a few readers will throw the book away and not a few will lay it reverently on an upper shelf. Some of the conclusions are brilliant and some debatable. What do you say, for example, to this ?—" It is an odd point—the kind of odd point always turning up with Dickens—that when Sam appears in the story it is as boots of the White Hart Inn and he is at work with blacking ! " That is the author's exclamation mark, not mine ; and it is according as to whether you think it has a happy relevance or an unconscious irony that you may form your opinion of the book. The most valuable part stresses the extraordinary power of outside influences over Dickens' sensibilities, so that his life and work were dangerously interchangeable. This is evidenced by the increasing difficulty he had in writing his work and reading it, and the amazing extent to which he wrote his acquaintance into his books—not with the deliberate spleen of one who says " So, Uncle, there you are," but unconsciously. Mr. Lindsay is very good at tracing it. Still more interesting is the insipidity in his works of those people who were most powerful in his life. Helena Landless and Estella are no more than shadows of Ellen Ternan, and Bella Wilfer and Rosa Budd her unwitting caricatures. Mary Hogarth has tripped down the years as Rose Maylie, Little Nell and Florence Dombey. Why were they bowdlerised in presentation ? Mr. Lindsay will tell you, by implication. It will be seen that his is a book where dogmatic judgment is neither prudent nor possible ; you must read it yourself.

JOHN WHALE.

THE ORIGINS OF MODERN SCIENCE.*

Professor Butterfield is the chairman of the committee set up to establish the teaching of the history of science at Cambridge, and the present work contains the substance of his opening lectures given in the spring of 1948. His aim is to interest the historian in a little science and the scientist in a little history. But he achieves far more, and indeed guides us through the maze of early notions on gravitation and cosmology to a clear analysis of the great physical synthesis of the seventeenth century culminating in the work of Newton. So significant were the repercussions of this linking up of the labours of Kepler, of Galileo and of Newton that the author places at this point the dividing-line between the mediæval and the modern world. In setting forth his arguments he shows how remnants of old ways of thinking persisted even after Bacon had preached the efficacy of experiment and Descartes had cleared the air by his method of philosophic doubt. Harvey the bold investigator was still steeped in Aristotle, and Robert Boyle, who professedly set out to refute the alchemists, was often entangled in their jargon. We see how confusion resulted from lack of an adequate nomenclature, and how the great innovators in science had to free themselves from the dead weight of error cemented by long tradition and wedged in by the plausible evidence of the casual observer. While due emphasis is devoted to the fundamental achievements of the seventeenth century we are given some insight into the complex story of the foundation of systematic chemistry a hundred years later. We see how advance in this field was dependent upon practical techniques and upon the invention of a fitting language with which ideas could be formulated. Furthermore we are shown how in chemistry, as in other fields of science, advance has proceeded not by the slow accumulation of Baconian details but by the vision of those who could survey the whole and see the interrelatedness of a mass of facts which isolated experiments had brought to light. The story is an absorbing one and likely to appeal to a wide public who recognise the dominant part played by science in the civilisation of to-day.

D. M. TURNER.

* *The Origins of Modern Science.* By Herbert Butterfield. G. Bell. 10s 6d.

Vindication of Ruskin, by J. Howard Whitehouse (Allen & Unwin, 10s. 6d.), is a brief rejoinder by the President of the Ruskin Society to the attack contained in Sir William James' book *The Order of Release*. The grandson of Millais and Effie Gray, Ruskin's first wife, published a mass of material relating to an unhappy marriage designed to show that it was all the husband's fault. The picture was so one-sided that a reply from the Ruskin camp was required, and for this task no one was so well equipped both by sympathy and by access to documentary material as Mr. Whitehouse. Here at last is Ruskin's statement, prepared for but not presented to the court when his wife sought and obtained the dissolution of their marriage on the ground of nullity. Contrary to the common belief Ruskin was not impotent, and if the document had been presented to the court the divorce could not have taken place. This, however, would have been contrary to the desire of Ruskin himself, his wife, and Millais, to whom she had transferred her affections. The marriage, which had been arranged by the parents, had never been consummated, and what little affection had existed at the outset quickly disappeared. "Every day we lived together," wrote Ruskin, "there was less sympathy between us Perhaps the principal cause of it—next to her resolute effort to detach me from my parents—was her always thinking that I ought to attend *her* instead of *herself* attending me." These words are a condemnation of both parties, for how could a marriage succeed if each claimed priority rights? Ruskin had tried in vain to win Miss Lockhart a year before his marriage to Effie Gray, and he was to try many years later, equally in vain, for Rose la Touche. The two women he loved were unattainable, and the wife provided by the parents was unsuitable. "Never marry a man of genius," exclaimed the disillusioned Mrs. Carlyle. Ruskin was a man of genius, but his art and his books, which were everything to him, meant nothing to his wife. The fairest judgment was pronounced by Gladstone. "Should you ever hear anyone blame Millais or his wife or Mr. Ruskin," he remarked to his daughter, "remember there was no fault; there was misfortune, even tragedy. All three were perfectly blameless." Mr. Whitehouse declares himself in substantial agreement with this tolerant attitude. The moral of this poignant little book is that young people should choose their partners for themselves and should not marry unless they are in love.

G. P. G.

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Defence of the West, by B. H. Liddell Hart (Cassell, 12s. 6d.), is an instructive, exciting and challenging book, written by an expert but intelligible to the layman. All the five sections are full of interest, but the present reviewer has been most struck by the first and the third. The former, entitled "Yesterday," discusses—sometimes with unexpected results—such questions as the collapse of France, the chance of clearing North Africa if we had not tried to help Greece, the nearness of Russia to total defeat, the madness of Hitler in forbidding Paulus to retreat from impregnable Stalingrad before it was too late, the grave error of the "unconditional surrender" formula, the value of the Resistance Movement, the wisdom of a Polish guarantee without the means of implementing it. The third, entitled "Russia's Forces and Britain's Defences," is enriched by frank conversations with Rundstedt and other German generals who faced the Russians in war. That the army, like the leadership, was in poor condition at the outset and improved with time was clear enough. But has it continued to make steady progress since the war? No decisive answer is given by the author, for political considerations cannot be excluded. "There have been several indications of a tendency to eliminate war-proved leaders of energy and ambition, and to bring back into favour those who are regarded as more politically sound." But there is no excuse in these chapters for complacency in the West. The Kremlin is as energetic as it is ruthless, and Captain Liddell Hart wonders that we have not already made large scale underground shelters and taken other precautions on the Home Front. "A nation that neglects such protective measures is living in a fool's haven."

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ASIAN RENAISSANCE.

IF a Rip van Winkle in the person of a mid-Victorian statesman were suddenly to awake to-day after a sleep of fifty years what part of the international scene would cause him the greatest surprise?

I do not think it would be the existence of the United Nations Organisation with its Council, Assembly and subordinate Bodies. Ever since the attempt by the Emperor Alexander of Russia to form the Holy Alliance, after the final defeat of Napoleon, statesmen had been thinking along these lines. Tennyson had predicted "the Parliament of Man" and the "Federation of the World." The Inter-Parliamentary Union, formally brought into being in 1889, was the outcome of nineteenth-century feeling that there ought to be some meeting ground for Parliamentarians from all nations where democratic constitutions prevailed.

Nor would our Rip van Winkle be in any way surprised to find the United Nations Organisation torn with squabbles and bickering. The so-called Concert of Europe with which he was familiar had never worked smoothly. In particular, Russia had always been a discordant element bent on a territorial expansion which would set her free from the geographical limitations on her access to the Seven Seas.

No doubt he would not be quite prepared for the changes in the order of importance of the great nations with whom he was already familiar. He might not have anticipated that the United States of America would head the list. But the phrase about "the New World being called in to redress the balance of the Old" had already been coined, and as the nineteenth century drew to its close the population of the U.S.A. had surpassed one by one the figure for that of each of the separate nations of Europe. The defeat of France in the Franco-Prussian war in 1870-1 had shattered her predominance on the Continent. Austria-Hungary had already been called the "Ramshackle Empire" and the Sultan of Turkey "The Sick Man of Europe." The kingdom of Italy had only recently come into existence. Spain had for centuries been down and out.

What would startle our reawakened Victorian far more than all else would be the present status of those countries of Asia which border on the Pacific and Indian Oceans. In his day no one of them, in spite of its great area and teeming millions of population, counted for very much in world affairs. The future, it was assumed, lay with the white races. Brown men and yellow men were all very well in their way, they might even constitute something in the nature of a "peril," they might perhaps some day, under the tutelage of "more advanced" nations, attain to a "civilisation" not greatly inferior to that existing in the West. But that by the middle of the twentieth century they would be able to look the white man in the face on equal terms would have seemed a visionary and fantastic prediction.

Even now it would be rash to suppose that we are able to take the full measure of the political earthquake which has elevated into this

position the countries of South-Eastern Asia. Some of its tremors are at the present moment involving the Great Powers in war. But we can at least face up to the known facts and we can pose the vital question on the answer to which will depend the future history of mankind.

First as to the scale on which the events have taken place. The aggregate area of the countries concerned is not more than one-seventh of the land area of the world. But the proportion of the population is much greater. If we include Burma, Ceylon, China, India, Indo-China, Indonnesia, Japan, Korea, Malaya, Nepal, Pakistan, the Philippines and Thailand and one or two smaller countries which together with them make up what is known as the "A.F.E. region" we have a population estimated at some 1,167 million or almost exactly half that for the whole world.

The second fact is that these are not backward peoples like those of Africa who are emerging for the first time from primitive tribal life. They are all of them countries who claim to have had great civilisations in the past at a time when most of Europe was uncivilised and uncultured. By many of their people the white man is still regarded as the red-haired, red-faced "barbarian" portrayed in the prints that are current in China and Japan. It is therefore not so much a dawning civilisation that we are witnessing as a veritable *renaissance*.

The third fact is that in spite of wide differences of race, colour, religion, language and script there is a community of thought and feeling throughout the whole of the region—an Asian as distinct from a European outlook. Not only does this account for the recent rapid spread across national frontiers of the ferment for complete independence but it also tends to create a common policy with regard to world events which are happening to-day. Pandit Nehru, the Prime Minister of India, is fully conscious of this tendency, and while disclaiming for his country the leadership of Asia feels justified in stating what he believes to be an Asian point of view.

The fourth fact is the appalling poverty of the bulk of the people and the accompanying widespread undernourishment. In the volume called *The Economic Survey of Asia and the Far East for 1949*, published by the United Nations, on page xiv is the following statement: "Nutritional conditions in the region are among the poorest in the world. Despite the legitimate ambitions of Asian countries to diversify their economies and to promote industrialisation, the pressure of economic factors has tended to bring to the forefront the problems of mere subsistence. Food is still the basic want of the A.F.E. countries with their growing population, and agricultural development their main pre-occupation." Later, on page 89, it is further said: "While money wages have risen in Asian countries, the cost of living has also risen, with the result that in many cases real wages have declined." These are grave and disturbing statements.

Finally it is a fact—attested by many well-informed correspondents—that there is growing up in Asia a revulsion of feeling against new types of "colonialism" which it is feared are implicit in programmes of economic aid with strings attached to them. In justification of this attitude various cases are cited. There is Japan where the old reactionary oligarchy has been helped back into the saddle and allowed once again to exploit the workers. There is Indo-China where it is claimed that the Allied forces are taking the discredited and unpopular

side. There is the support given by MacArthur to Chiang Kai-shek as against the fully established People's Government in China. Finally in Korea though the determination to resist aggression is applauded there is no love for Syngman Rhee's Government of South Korea and (as a correspondent of *The Times* reported on September 6th) resentment is expressed at the heavy bombing of targets by the United States Air Force with its inevitable destruction of villages and loss of civilian life.

As a partial set-off against this attitude there is generous appreciation of the way in which Britain withdrew its domination from India, Ceylon and Burma and welcomed the two former as equal independent members of the Commonwealth. There is also recognition of the part that Britain played in securing an amicable settlement in Indonesia.

All these facts must be taken into full consideration when we pose the question which lies at the back of all our minds: "On which side will Asia throw its weight in the conflict between totalitarian Communism and Western Democracy?" It was no other than Bismarck, the great militarist statesman, who declared that even in war the imponderables count for more than the ponderables. If that is indeed true of what we now refer to as a "shooting war" how much more is it true of such a "cold war" as is already in being? Can anyone doubt that if Asia were to come out wholly and unequivocally on the side of Western Democracy that would be decisive in deterring the Kremlin from converting the "cold war" into "a shooting war"? Equally if Asia were to become Communist what hope would be left of averting that awful catastrophe?

So far Asia has not taken sides. Not one of the countries in the area that we are considering has finally made up its mind. I say this deliberately not forgetting the so-called Communist People's Government of China. For in my opinion it remains to be seen whether that Government is genuinely Communist in the Russian sense. The indications so far are that she will pursue an essentially Chinese policy and refuse to be a mere subsidiary of the U.S.S.R. There is therefore still time for us effectively to influence the decision. But the time is short and it is of the utmost importance that we should from now on pursue actively a policy which will contribute to the desired result.

There are broadly two alternatives. The first is that we should concentrate almost exclusively on the military aspect. According to those who hold this view we should make ourselves masters of all the strategic points. We should support and arm every available enemy of Communism, however reactionary. We should ride roughshod, if military necessity demands it, over national susceptibilities. In particular we should treat the countries of Asia as pawns in the game and the personal predilections of their inhabitants as matters of little account. This in my view is a policy of despair. It will make a third world war no longer a possibility or even a probability but a certainty. Even if in the end victory rests with us, it will have converted our homelands equally with those of our enemies into a shambles. Civilisation as we have known it will be no more.

The other alternative is less simple and requires far greater statecraft. It involves a proper balance between military and psychological objectives. It starts from an appreciation of the root causes of Communism. When men and women are secure in at least a moderately good standard of life they have no personal interest in

disrupting their existing order of society and attempting to substitute another in its stead. They will prefer to reform the one under which they live. If on the contrary they are miserable, destitute and oppressed they may in their desperation fly to unknown remedies which in their opinion cannot make them worse off than they are at present. They will be all the more inclined to this course if they are fed on tales of the great blessings which the common people elsewhere derive from some other order of society. The condition in which untold millions of the people of Asia are living at the present time makes them an easy prey to such propaganda.

It follows that the prime duty of everyone who wishes to prevent Asia from becoming Communist is to do everything possible to improve the lot of her common people. Every action which has the effect of raising their standard of life or of establishing a more just system of government is a blow struck for Parliamentary Democracy in its conflict with totalitarian Communism. Contrariwise, every action which demonstrably strengthens reactionary forces in Asia and results in the still greater exploitation of her workers and peasants is a blow struck for Communism and for a third world war.

Those who accept this view as fundamentally sound will not abandon their efforts to perfect their powers of defence. To be strong remains an essential deterrent against aggression. But these defensive preparations must not be such as to alienate the goodwill of our Asian neighbours and they should be accompanied by a progressive political, social and economic policy towards them.

Of course it is true that the United Kingdom is not solely or even mainly responsible for the policy adopted throughout the world by the Allied Powers. She is not in a position to dictate to her colleagues, particularly not to her great neighbour across the Atlantic. But anyone who has been following affairs in the United States must realise that in that great democracy there are conflicting currents of opinion. While the people as a whole are genuinely desirous of doing the right thing by other nations and while the President and his great Secretary of State have, in the main, wise and progressive views, there are others, powerful in domestic politics, who would follow a wholly different course. In such circumstances it is essential that our Government and our Press and our public men in all parties should do all that lies in their power by deed as well as by word to convey to the Administration and to the leaders of opinion in U.S.A. how strong are the views held by the great majority of our people. For these views are based on long experience and close association with the peoples of Asia.

PETHICK-LAWRENCE.

SCREWING DOWN THE LID.

THE other week Mr. Fred Hoyle boldly suggested that somewhere in an adjoining universe there might be a species of *homo sapiens* capable of putting up a cricket team to beat the Australians. This may be taking speculation too far, but at least it provides an alternative to that exasperating journalistic fiction, the "historian of the future." Future historians when they come to sift the voluminous memoranda of the twentieth century will suffer the disadvantage of all who look backward at history: there is no way in which the defendant whose affairs are under scrutiny can enter the witness box and answer back.

But inter-stellar man, arriving to-day and parking his flying saucer by Nelson's Column, would have the advantage over everybody. He alone would here and now have the chance to see us face to face, and the impartiality to assess our chaotic affairs for what they are.

All the same, explaining the present situation in Korea and Formosa to him would not be easy. How could the poor man distinguish the legal grounds on which America objects to the presence of Russian tanks, planes and military advisers in the service of the legally constituted Government of North Korea from those on which the Russians objected when similar support was given by the Americans to the "constitutional" Government of nationalist China? Of course, any intelligent world citizen would soon make it clear that legalisms, though they make good propaganda at the time, are unimportant in the long run; ultimately it is simply a question of the free, self-governing peoples of the globe banding together to withstand the insidious political and military aggrandisement of the common enemy. But here we might find more trouble. If the world citizen should be Chinese, or Czech, or Polish, it would be clearly implied that the Russian *bloc* were the guardians of economic emancipation against the market manipulators of Wall Street. If he were Japanese, or Italian, or Irish, America would be the bastion of political and religious independence against the insidious materialism of the Soviet. If he were Yugoslav, or Indian, or Israeli, he might be tempted to suggest that it was six of one and half a dozen of the other. Whoever he was, he would emphasise that the root issues in the cold war, and the strongest pointers to its becoming a hot one, have very little to do with local rights and wrongs in far-off places like Korea and Formosa. They have come into the picture because geographically they are key points on an invisible frontier, and because their domestic politics provided a foothold for both sides to slog it out. And after five years of hopes and fears, it is likely that the average worldling would be despairing of any gesture from either side that could check the growing conflict—short of the *coup de grâce*.

Perhaps this is where, along with our space visitor, we tire of these gloomy forebodings, and of mankind's apparent inability to define even basic facts in common terms. Instead, let us follow inter-stellar man in by-passing policies and principles for the moment, and attempting to sort out the lie of the land on either side of the Iron Curtain.

On the Russian side, it appears that a confederation of States has been organised and directed by one small group of determined men. Either from motives of altruism, or of personal aggrandisement, they believe they are capable of reorganising the economy of their half of the world, and they have set out, by systematic redeployment of manpower and industry, to develop waste lands, people empty spaces, and prosecute a co-ordinated attack on disease, illiteracy and racial separation. To do this, they have decided it is necessary to suppress all minorities capable of modifying or opposing their plans; and by ruthless police action, combined with subtle educational propaganda, they have persuaded the man in the street that their plans are desirable, or, at the least, that they are inevitable.

Like most big plans, however, it has been very difficult to contain them within their originators' terms of reference. The world's resources are scattered widespread, and only a world government can fit them together satisfactorily. Besides, even if a government of half the world could be made an economic proposition, there remains that subtle

blend of fear and envy, greed and suspicion, that has always prompted rulers to try to deprive even the most innocent of their neighbours of a possible base for attack. So alongside the ruthless organisation of men and materials inside the Communist frontier there goes on an equally skilful organisation of sympathisers on the other side of the fence, and from time to time the apparent success of the Communists' plans, coupled with the threat of their armies, results in fresh accretions of territory and influence.

On our side of the fence, a comparable analysis is much more difficult. In the Russian *bloc*, aims and methods spring fully armed from the head of the State. But most of the allies and satellites of America still preserve a system whereby one head of the State, motives and all, can be displaced by another. And motives apart, there is a wide divergence between the domestic practices of different governments. In Australia and South Africa, where there is living space to spare, there are also hard and fast restrictions which enable the reigning government to ensure that the electorate is "uncontaminated" by constituents of an unpopular colour or political creed, who might otherwise come in from the overcrowded territories of Asia. In a number of smaller units—the Philippines, South Korea, Indo-China and Japan—a form of Great Power supervision hesitantly safeguards an inferior type of local politician, and enables him to carry on, behind the democratic façade, an administration which lacking the courage to institute swift and radical reform yet retains the energy to feather its own nest.

In economic matters, an even more dangerous situation is apparent. Over vast territories in the Far East and in Africa, raw materials have been cheap, and as a result the standard of life in Europe and America which they have supplied has been correspondingly high. In fact the high living standards of the "white civilisations" of the West derive in part from the low standards of living of the "backward peoples" who mine our minerals, harvest our grain, or lease us territory.

The return for all these disadvantages which Asia and Africa have suffered at the hands of the white man has been access for the "backward peoples" to the scientific and religious achievements and the superior political organisation of Western culture. Thus far, so good. But, our visiting observer will notice, these great benefits of the West are no longer conferred as disinterestedly as we should like them to be. Most important of all, the "backward peoples" themselves are beginning to notice that their welfare, and the course of their emancipation, are becoming bound up with the struggle between the two kinds of white man who face each other on either side of the Iron Curtain. Western science, Western diplomacy, even Western religious teaching, are being directed more and more to the business of containing Communist expansion, and beside this over-riding objective the positive contributions of Western culture perforce take second place.

Here, however, we must reluctantly send our star-man packing. Bird's-eye views of the world's woes, though useful, do little to solve its problems. The decision on the shape of the next fifty years of world history is already out of the hands of impartial observers and partisan propagandists alike. It rests now with the peoples of the new States which the twentieth century is bringing in to redress the old balance of power. These newcomers—India, China, in a decade or two perhaps a coloured, sovereign Africa—between them possess the men, the materials, and what is far more important, the freshness and the vigour

to lift the world clear of the ideological rut. But merely because these territories, potentially rich, soon to be powerful, will one day be indispensable to our survival, it would be foolish to pretend that they have now the wisdom and the maturity desirable in the arbiters of the world's destiny. In the West, we still mistakenly talk to these new peoples as if they were versed in the *clichés* of Western polemics. We waste valuable time pointing out what is to us the insincerity of purpose behind the challenging and vast designs of Communism. But we forget how ill-assorted are our own political records. How is Western sincerity to be judged—by the democratic aims of Mr. Truman, or the near-Fascist methods of the Committee on Un-American Activities? How is the Asian to judge the late "First Citizen of the Commonwealth," Field-Marshal Smuts—by his mighty speeches abroad, or by the fact that he and his party stood four-square with Dr. Malan's fanatics in support of "white supremacy" in a country whose non-European inhabitants outnumber white settlers by four to one? Is "white imperialism" to be judged by enlightened British post-war policy in India and Burma, or by the Dutch record in Indonesia? All these are questions which no one can properly answer as yet. At least they explain why in Africa and Asia our own sincerity of purpose, as well as that of the Russians, is still suspect and has yet to be vindicated. Meanwhile the claims of either side in the cold war will be judged with an empiricism still alien to the Occident. For a man whose children lack schooling, whose daily bread is an uncertain victory wrested by main force from the depredations of the elements, the rapacity of the village landlord, and the apathy or the corruption of local government, the Westerner's preoccupation with political freedom is apt to seem wilfully unrealistic. Meanwhile the Communist steps in and wins by showing that he means business. He puts his policy into effect, as is happening now in Korea, even whilst the fighting continues. And the poor peasant observes that the new administration is freeing land tenure, mobilising national resources in order to bring Nature into the service of man, and providing clean government which treats the farmer as the community's benefactor, instead of its slave. With that example, is it to be wondered that the Communists both in China and Korea have never lacked guerrilla supporters?

Until now the decisive advantage of Communism has been that, despotic and ruthless, it is able to conceal its worst side until it is too late for the convert to back out. But "Western democracy" works at present in exactly the opposite way. The benefits of democratic government appear in the long term. In the short term we carry always with us, like the Old Man of the Sea, the burden of our own renegades. In a sense we have caught the worst and most virulent infection of Communism—the disposition to subordinate means to our ultimate objectives. The correspondence columns of the national Press, and sometimes its leader columns as well, are full of ponderous nonsense which argues that we "cannot afford" to worry about local rights and wrongs or to question the sincerity of our associates—everything must be subordinated to the fight against Communism. On such arguments, we countenanced the despatch of American and Canadian munitions, and the distortion of UNRRA's economic aid policy in China in support of the morally bankrupt régime of Generalissimo Chiang. The same virus has infected our relations with men like the Emperor Bao Dai, Dr. Syngman Rhee and President Quirino of the Philippines. We are gradually, painfully, achieving a military and

economic confederation, which accepts a rag-bag of ideas and objectives, and has as its highest common factor the fear of Communist aggression. This is short-sighted from every point of view, most of all when one considers the challenge which the democracies could put up against Communism if they were only prepared to cut loose from their unhealthy associates. Any Communist worth his salt can run rings round United Nations policy in "withstanding North Korean aggression," so long as our opposition to South African aggression (the repudiation of mandatory authority in South-West Africa, and the deprivation of the political rights of non-Europeans) is limited to queasy diplomatic protest. And we only complete the Communist's argument for him when we accept a fighter squadron from Dr. Malan for use in strafing the North Koreans.

Sooner or later we have to decide whether to sacrifice our beliefs or our interests. It is to Mr. Truman's political interests to conciliate the opposition in America by making only a token protest at the undemocratic procedures in the course of establishment in the persecution of radicals "and fellow-travellers." It is to the economic interest of the rest of the British Commonwealth not to offend the whites in South Africa. It is to Australian racial interest to bar great land areas to the Asian immigrant. These are all in their way immediate *tactical* requirements. But they also represent the strongest *strategic* weapons at the disposition of Communism in its struggle for the possession of Asia. Armed with the potent argument of American military intervention in China, Mao Tse-tung roused to victory in guerrilla warfare a people which otherwise might have gone on content to make do with the corrupt ineptitude of the Nationalists. . . . In the course of time, when Dr. Malan's Government occupies the grave which it is now preparing for itself, we may find that African guerrillas have been prominent at its obsequies, and that having ejected the foreigner from the South, they will be free for offensive action against peace-loving territories to the West and North. All these are conjectures; but it should be remembered that in 1947 it was fashionable to describe as a handful of Red bandits the men who now rule China. And to-day, as three years ago, we are still enjoined by men who should know better to disregard the local rights and wrongs of the situation—in Korea, in Formosa, in China, in Greece, in South Africa—so long as we stand up to the Russians with every military resource available.

Communism in the long run owes its successes to three solid and invincible weapons: clean government, land reform, and a convincing appearance of restoring self-respect to despised races and depressed parties. These advantages need not remain in the hands of the Communists. But we shall not gain them for our side whilst we countenance the dirty government of administrations under our influence, whilst we fear to institute the redistribution of the land and its produce "because that is near-Communism," and whilst we condone the operation of the colour bar. At present Russia holds the initiative in two important respects: she outstrips the Western alliance in military strength, and she has shown in practice that the Communists are better than the West at meeting the economic necessities of the "backward peoples." We have now to choose which of those initiatives it is more important for us to regain. In the time at our disposal we cannot tackle both problems simultaneously with any success. Our resources of man-power, factory space and transportation can go into rearmament, or into a pacific and African equivalent of the Marshall Aid plan. It is doubtful

whether rearmament at the panic level now envisaged will leave the United Nations able to do more than tinker with reconstruction. The disagreeable implications of American experience in China and Korea are that armed strength can pass quite easily to the other side, if the people on whose behalf it is allegedly in use are out of sympathy with the foreigner, and believe his intervention to be inspired not by practical concern for their welfare but by simple self-preservation and the urge to hold on to his gains. In these conditions, rearmament of the West is merely a means of screwing down the lid on the boiler. The contradictions within the Westerner's rule are too many, and the development of the aspirations and hostilities of the "backward peoples" is too rapid. Thereby we defer, but we also make inevitable, an explosion which will put an end to our hopes and fears alike.

TONY GIBSON.

THE NEAR EAST DANGER.

IT will occasion no great surprise to competent and informed observers of the "hot and cold war" that what has happened in Korea, the Far Eastern periphery of the global East-West clash, should produce new convulsions in the Balkans—the very heart of the whole struggle and ferment. A disease invariably works outwards from its centre, and the wonder is that the men who lead Russia should have waited eight months after the end of the Communist-inspired war on Greece to stage a new episode in their now obvious bid for world domination. Korea, known long before to-day as "the cockpit of Far Eastern power-politics," forming as it does a strategic bridge between the Manchurian mainland and Japan, and being hardly more than 100 miles from Vladivostok, has its counterpart in the historic "Cockpit of Europe."

The Korean challenge to the West may possibly have been determined by the time these lines appear in print; if unfavourably, then the resuscitated "war of nerves" in the Balkans might conceivably take a far more sinister turn. Yugoslavia, with Greece and Turkey, is an exasperating and very prickly thorn in the most tender part of the Soviet anatomy, and even if it be true, as Mr. Churchill holds, that Russia is deterred from marching across Europe because of the fear of America's stockpile of atomic bombs, the Balkans are notoriously explosive, and anything might happen to precipitate World War Three. One lesson learned from Korea is that modern weapons count for little unless backed by considerable land forces, and who can resist the thought that Stalin and his advisers frequently dwell on the fact (according to M. Paul Reynaud) that they have 265 divisions, 100,000 tanks, and the biggest submarine fleet in the world?

Cool and cunning though the Soviet hierarchy undoubtedly are, they are more liable to be moved by the sudden impetus of events in the Balkans and in the Middle East than anywhere else; and whilst we may accept the general assumption that the Russians hate war and that Russia will avoid war if she can gain her ends piecemeal and "by proxy," let no one forget that Lenin has predicted, and his successors have never contradicted, that there must come "a final bloody clash in which either the Soviet Union or the capitalist democracies go down in ruins."

Greece, Yugoslavia, Turkey and Persia—all are under the threat

of sudden aggression—experienced no relief at the shift which took Malik back to the Security Council; this was clearly seen as a ruse to reimpose the veto and put difficulties in the way of military help for the Americans in Korea. These countries sensed more reality behind the warning which the United Nations Special Committee in the Balkans delivered to Mr. Trygve Lie, that accusations by the satellite States that Greece and Yugoslavia planned to invade Bulgaria and Albania might be an attempt to justify in advance a new assault by the Cominform against Greece and perhaps also Yugoslavia. Hence Greece has suspended demobilisation, the Turks are putting their army into a condition of greater preparedness, and the Yugoslavs maintain a land force of 500,000 men, with plans for the mobilisation of a further 750,000 if necessary.

Outwardly apparently quiescent, the Balkans volcano smoulders whilst the world war in miniature is being decided in Korea. Hopefully anticipating events in Asia, Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary have moved considerable sections of populations from frontier areas, and there are recurrent reports of troop concentrations on the Yugoslav and Greek borders. Meanwhile, over the satellite radio system and in the Press of the Cominform, Tito and the "Greek monarcho-Fascists" are tirelessly subjected to the utmost vituperation, and new charges are preferred against the "imperialist aggressors." Persia and Turkey naturally gaze with anxious eyes across the *Ægean*, and Turkey's application for membership of the Atlantic Pact underlines the dangerously weak position of the countries on Russia's southern border. Both these Middle East countries share the barrage of abuse directed from Moscow, and this "war of nerves" has been maintained ever since the Soviet Union failed to bludgeon Turkey into conceding the border regions of Kars and Ardahan in 1945, and failed to annex the Persian province of Azerbaijan in 1946.

It is always possible that Russia would strike at Turkey and Persia first, instead of Greece and Yugoslavia, but it is the view of most Persians, and of Greek, Turkish and Western diplomats, that Russia would not march into Turkey and Persia unless she was intent on a full-scale world war which would involve simultaneous moves in Europe, the Middle East and Asia generally. Tension and uneasiness pervade the Persian towns on the Soviet-Persian border, where Red Army troops show up at intervals from behind the mountains in full view of the Persian sentries. A Persian army of 150,000 stands on guard all along the frontier. On their side, the Russians maintain their Caucasian Red Army at full strength, based on Tiflis, and supported by highly developed war industries in the Donbas and Turkestan and by local production.

I do not think it is profitable to speculate on the relative strengths of the East-West forces in the Middle East or in the Balkans area, seeing that Russia's own legions are so near to the scene themselves. What is more important is what steps the United States and Great Britain are taking to see that the "too little and too late" blunder committed in the case of Korea is not repeated in this vitally strategical quarter, and I am certain that most people will feel that in the light of what has occurred in the Far East the withdrawal of Britain's token force from Greece was tactically and psychologically a very stupid mistake.

America is now rushing more war equipment to Greece, but the Greeks may well be excused for asking if the United States and the

United Nations are also going to send men to help man the guns, for as a Greek general put it bluntly to me during the early stages of the war against the guerrillas: "We are fighting 250 million Slavs, not merely the Greek Communists." This truth is more self-evident to-day, when Greece is painfully attempting to recover from a struggle which bled her white, and when the defence of Greece, Persia and Turkey is seen to be but part of the general plan for the defence of the whole Middle East. A joint United Nations force of substantial strength is now clearly called for in the Balkans if, in the words of Mr. Hoffman, "the issue is plainly the survival of Western civilisation itself—no more, no less," and if due weight is to be given to Mr. Truman's recent statement, "We must be prepared for aggression elsewhere." If Russia does not intend war, the presence of a United Nations peace-guaranteeing force in the Balkans incurs no risk; if the West intends to defend the Near and Middle East, and if Russia is really bent on aggression, then it is common sense to ensure that the Western forces are placed at the least possible strategical disadvantage from the outset.

It is one of the pitiful and tragic features of the East-West conflict that whilst the Communist *bloc* have a strong political unity and discipline marking all their activities no such thing is yet discernible on the part of the Western democracies. As in the Far East, so in the Near East. Whilst America strives to weld and consolidate the military arrangements for European defence the imperative need for political and diplomatic unity is childishly and hopelessly neglected. In Britain and America, Tito is applauded for his open defiance of Russia and the Cominform, yet though the Yugoslav dictator is no longer able to keep one foot in the Soviet camp no attempt has so far been made to induce him to settle his differences with Greece and thereby close a dangerous gap in the defence of both countries. Not merely has Yugoslavia flouted international feeling by failing to restore the stolen Greek children to their parents—only eight out of about 12,000 in Yugoslavia have been allowed to rejoin their parents in Australia—but hopes of a resumption of friendly relations between Athens and Belgrade have been dashed by hostile comments in the Yugoslav Press and radio to "Slav minorities in Ægean Macedonia." In reply to a speech by Mr. Kardelj, the Yugoslav Foreign Minister, referring to the necessity for a settlement of this question, General Plastiras, then Greek Premier, told the Greek Parliament: "I declare in the most categorical manner that such a question is non-existent." The Greeks, in fact, have the most conclusive of answers: that the Slav-speaking minority which still remains in "Ægean Macedonia" elected of their own free will to remain within the Greek State. Furthermore, Marshal Tito is made to chew some words he addressed to Czech journalists in the Belgrade *Politika* of November 22nd, 1945: "I must stress that experience of the past shows that henceforward no national minority living within the borders of a State must behave as if they were subjects of another country. We shall never tolerate the existence within our borders of a minority which does not look upon Yugoslavia as its motherland." Tito, the Greeks further allege, has been true to his word in his ruthless suppression of surviving Greek populations in the districts of Monastir, Krushovo, Gevgeli and Stromnitsa, but no protest has been made by Greece.

Meanwhile, the exchange of diplomatic representatives hangs fire, or such was the position up to the time of writing. Willing to forget the fact that Yugoslavia was a main base for the Greek Communist

rebels during the guerrilla war, Greece had extended the hand of friendship to the point of offering to restore the Yugoslav Free Zone in the port of Salonika and reopening the frontier to rail and road traffic, with a consequent mutual development of the trade of both countries. That a minor political impasse should be allowed so seriously to hinder the efforts being made to consolidate the Western defensive system seems farcical when it is considered that Tito is now wholly dependent on the Western democracies for his own and his country's survival. No further economic aid should be given by America, the United Nations or Britain until the Yugoslavs give the clearest proof that they are ready to co-operate to the full in the Western Union and Atlantic Pact programmes for the defence of non-Communist Europe. Tito enjoys his present apparent immense backing in Yugoslavia only by virtue of the fact that all sections of the population are now nationally roused against Russian hostility; the fear of Russia's ultimate intentions is very real. The Yugoslav Communist Police State, as such, is precariously based, and Western observers estimate that not more than three million voters out of a total electorate of approximately nine million support the régime, though the minimum estimate is as low as one-tenth of the voters. Tito can find no easy road back to Moscow, which must be even now plotting his liquidation.

Greece, Turkey and Yugoslavia are potentially the three strongest Powers, from a military point of view, in the Balkans or Near East. In terms of Soviet land power, that may not amount to anything formidable, but given the requisite United Nations military support, which, in view of the changed international outlook, must mean something more than arms and military missions; and given the political unity which at present is lacking, the recurrent ferment in the Balkans might be quelled, a greater feeling of security ensue, and Russia deterred from further aggression "by proxy." I do not think Mr. Paul Hoffman is indulging in wishful thinking in saying that the Soviet system of satellites "will crack, and crack quite suddenly," from tensions now building up within. "I expect to live long enough," he added, "to see Stalin go." Certainly no one in 1947, when the Truman doctrine was launched, expected so shortly afterwards to see Yugoslavia torn apart from the Soviet wing.

The series of trials and purges in Bulgaria, Hungary and Czechoslovakia are symptomatic of "the tensions mounting within." The Soviet economic grip on the satellites has tightened, and the victims are now acutely aware that they are being drained of their oil, manufactured goods, raw materials and produce in order to feed the Russian giant, who is feeling the tremendous strain of maintaining a vast army in a state of readiness. The revaluation of the rouble was an obvious move to get satellite goods at much less than export market prices. Excepting among a minority of fanatical Communists, enthusiasm for the Russians is on the wane even in Bulgaria and Albania, and discontent is growing. In Bulgaria, General Damianov has been relieved of his post as Minister of National Defence by General Panchevski; who before 1945 served in the Russian Army, whilst a report comes from the Hungarian National Committee in New York that a few months ago the Russian secret police in Hungary arrested 700 Hungarian officers, including the Chief of Staff and several generals, on an allegation of conspiracy to take part of the Hungarian Army over to Tito during the spring manoeuvres. Twenty of the officers were executed and no manoeuvres took place.

On July 5th there was a significant move by the Albanian Government. After the official Albanian news agency had announced that Enver Hodja's Cabinet had resigned, it was stated that the National Assembly had "unanimously approved" of General Hodja's policy and he was again instructed to form a government. The truth seems to be that the mass of Albanians are becoming very tired and resentful of the elaborate militarising of their small country by the Russians, who do nothing to raise the low standard of living of the people. High prices for everything and military service for every male between 15 and 60 only serves to aggravate hot Albanian tempers. About 60 per cent. of Albania's budget goes on military expenditure, for the Russians have reorganised the army and brought it to a strength of 62,000 officers and men—an absurd burden on a population of 1,200,000. Though this army is said to have been supplied with modern automatic weapons, tanks and guns, a recent report disclosed that the Albanian Government had been unable to replace the soldiers' boots once they were worn out.

The split with Yugoslavia left Albania's economy in a serious state, and now the Albanians find themselves isolated from the rest of the Cominform bloc, and have to further tighten their belts, while they listen to accounts of Marshall Aid pouring into Italy, Greece, Yugoslavia and Turkey. The Russians, of course, maintain communications by sea, but the Albanians derive little succour or comfort from such shipments as arrive, for they are mostly military cargoes. New barracks are being built round Tirana, the capital, and repairs to the main Tirana-Durazzo road are at present being hastened by Russian officers attached to the Albanian forces.

It would not be surprising if the inflammable Albanians in the near future revolted against the Soviet stranglehold. Such a defection would be of the utmost value to the West in their Mediterranean defensive system. Russia has sought to obtain strategic control of the Adriatic by fortifications on the Albanian coast. Soviet engineers have fortified Valona Bay, which commands the Straits of Otranto, as well as the island of Saseno, at the entrance, and the port of Durazzo. Yugoslavia's lapse robbed the Russians of good ports on the Adriatic; the loss of Albania to the West would be a shattering blow to Moscow, for it would eliminate the potential Russian threat to Italy, where there is a "fifth column" of more than two million Communists.

The retention of the entire Mediterranean seaboard by the Western Powers is of the utmost importance, for holding this inland sea and its coastline means that the Russian preponderance of land forces is considerably offset. With the Dardanelles closed and the North African shores in their hands, the aircraft-carriers of the American, British and Allied navies could operate very effectively against Russian and satellite cities in the event of war. The advantages are not all with the Russians. Greece, Yugoslavia and Albania—assuming the defection of this impoverished and demoralised people—are mountainous regions, whose native forces are tenacious fighters in their hidden fastnesses and scrubby heights. Much depends, however, on how fast and skilfully the Western democracies work, and on the degree of political unity achieved in the Balkans and in the Middle East. In Greece, the urgent need is for the rehabilitation of the country's economy, so that the many thousands of workless and hungry may be employed. Otherwise the Communists may gain ground. It is a pity that disagreement has arisen with the Americans

over the extent to which Greece should be industrialised. The Americans have vetoed a plan for the establishment of a steel industry on the grounds that the cost of production would be too high to be competitive with Western Europe.

My own view is that the Americans are right in insisting on light industries and a high concentration on agriculture, but Greece should be allowed to produce sufficient steel for her own needs. Greece has iron ore, but no coal, and it is cheaper to import coal than to import finished steel, which would be required for light industries. Above everything, Greece must have a healthy and balanced agriculture, and the Western Powers must help her to dispose of her tobacco production. In view of the new Balkans tension I think that both Britain and America will have cause to regret that they refused, at the Paris Peace Conference, to give Greece control of the mountain passes leading from Bulgaria into Greece. Russia scored heavily on that occasion, for appeasement was then the order of the day.

THOMAS ANTHEM.

AUSTRIA REVISITED.

TO a visitor who remembers Austria from pre- and post-*Anschluss* days, and comes to her after twelve years of absence, the country presents a curious picture. It reminds one of a house which has been newly repainted, or rather of a house where efforts have been made to scrub off the latest layer of paint in order to restore the old, genuine surface. In some provinces of Austria these efforts seem to be, superficially at least, quite successful; in others they are lacking in zeal and half-hearted. Austria is slowly emerging from the Nazi flood: but the process has not been completed yet and the Nazi tide left some ugly legacies and disturbing traces.

From a traveller's point of view Austria is almost fully prepared to meet even the fiercest tourist onslaught, with the notable exception of the roads. They are still not up to international standards and a motorist has to be prepared for some inconvenience. Some roads have been left unrepaired for years, others are much too narrow; and the *Bundesstrassen* network, about 8,000 km. long, is now to be improved by the Austrian authorities, who fully understand the need for bettering the state of Austrian roads 105 million Austrian schillings have been allotted to the upkeep of roads and about 60 million to the extension of the existing road network (*Ausbau*); for the construction of outposts to watch the traffic and supervise the condition of the roads (*Strassenschutzhäuser*) a sum of 6 million Austrian schillings has been earmarked. Altogether 170 million Austrian schillings are to be spent on Austrian roads.

Food is plentiful, pensions and hotels are comfortable, communication by rail, buses and *Postkraftwagen* (on the Swiss model) normal, although trains are definitely slower than they used to be before the war. Austria seems to provide a welcome alternative to Switzerland, which after the devaluation became almost prohibitive to British tourists. But it should not be forgotten that too many British tourists, when visiting Switzerland, used to patronise expensive and luxurious hotels, and that Switzerland can still offer in her less renowned places and more modest hotels and pensions excellent and not too expensive holidays; but even for the Swiss people—especially for those holidaying in the more

luxurious spas and hotels—their country seems too dear, for they are flocking into Austria on an increased scale. One can have board and lodging for as little as 35 or 45 Austrian-schillings (from 10s. to 12s. 6d.) if one knows the ropes ; and for smarter places on the Tyrol the price is about 75 Austrian schillings, which is just about £1. The tourist rate of exchange (73 Austrian schillings to the pound) is a favourable one ; but although the Austrian currency seems to be rather stable and there is a general desire to dispose of the existing system of three rates of exchange (regarded by the authorities as a transitory measure) it is believed that this is not going to happen before 1952. The system of the three rates of exchange makes possible the importation of essential foodstuffs at the preferential rate of 14.40 Austrian schillings to the dollar. Official sources are of the opinion that the transition to the single rate of exchange would be best carried out in a period when the deficit of the Austrian balance of payments is still covered by foreign aid. They stress the fact that Austria must switch over to the single rate of exchange in order to stimulate her foreign trade. But whether this policy can be achieved in the short period left is highly doubtful. Austria unreservedly supports the idea of European payments union. She sets great hopes by European co-operation. But for the time being she is largely dependent on Marshall aid : and in no European country is American help so prominently displayed as in Austria. Hundreds of posters show the rate of recovery and point to American aid ; and there is no doubt whatsoever that Austria has made enormous strides on the road of economic recovery.

Industrial production has increased from 61 per cent. in 1947 to 94 per cent. in 1948 and in the first half of 1949 reached already 112 per cent. of the 1937 output. The investment goods index has exceeded pre-war level, but the consumer goods index is only 70-80 per cent. of the pre-war level. Agriculture has not yet recovered from the many wounds and devastations inflicted by war : this year it should reach 80 per cent. of pre-war productivity (it was only 58 per cent. in 1947-48 and about 68 per cent. in 1948-49). Foreign trade is still lagging behind the targets set : in 1947 it achieved 26 per cent. of the pre-war level, in 1948, 51 per cent. There is full employment in Austria, new factories are being put up, new buildings are being erected ; there is an air of bustling activity in the Tyrol, around Salzburg, in Linz, in Carinthia and in Graz. Foreign capital is still badly lacking ; confidence in Austria's own currency and economic possibilities has not yet been restored and the tourist trade is still not bringing Austria those rich dividends which the country expects from it. But the rate of rebuilding the country and of raising houses, buildings and factories from ruins is really amazing. Again, life's capacity for regeneration shows itself as truly miraculous. But though material damage is being made good, the moral and psychological outlook is by no means satisfactory.

The country has on the whole reconciled itself to the occupation, that is, Western occupation, which is invisible in some regions of the country. This applies particularly to the French zone of occupation : during my travels across that zone I met only a few *chasseurs alpins* in their picturesque mantles. The French are relying on a policy of cultural penetration, and it must be admitted that this policy seems to be extremely successful. French has become the second language in some parts of Austria, and this French veneer is to be welcomed. French books, newspapers, wines and spirits are to be found everywhere and Frenchmen are coming *en masse* to Austria to spend their holidays

there. They are allowed to take 50,000 French francs with them ; and some of them frankly admitted to me that winter sports in Austria are about 50 per cent. cheaper than in their own country. But not only French tourists are flooding the charming countryside ; English, Dutch, Danish, Swedish and Belgian people are coming to Austria on an increasing scale, and already many of the Austrian winter sports resorts have a much more international character than some of the Swiss places. The atmosphere is friendly and gay and all the ingredients that go into any sort of amusements—spirits, afternoon teas, etc.—are definitely cheaper than across the western border, in Switzerland. Of course, winter sports in Austria are not made so easy as they are in Switzerland ; there are not so many ski-lifts, though the existing ski-lifts are cheaper, and there is more chance in Austria of making great tours and tasting what the French call *la grande solitude* than in Switzerland. For skiers who do not swear by *pistes*, Austria is a delightful place. Everybody in Austria was expecting an enormous influx of British tourists this summer and all the places in the Tyrol, as well as around the lovely Austrian lakes, were preparing to meet the British invasion. There is no doubt that British tourists who choose Austria for their pleasure ground will be richly rewarded, especially if they display a bit of inventiveness and don't make a bee-line for the well-known spas and hydros.

Austria, although regaining her confidence slowly, and getting used to Western occupation as well as to the division of the country (the Soviet occupation being still bitterly resented, although people do admit that the behaviour of the Russian soldiers is now almost correct after the first outburst of truly barbarian outrages), has not yet found its political place in Europe. The Nazi poison has not been cleansed out of the Austrian organism ; too many people still look towards Germany as towards " the big brother " who will help Austria one day. Too many people do not see sufficient *raison d'être* for the small Austria to exist and to prosper : and when told that Austria may become another Switzerland by an effort of will and by an act of faith, they repeat the old adage that " Switzerland was lucky in avoiding wars and that Austria will inevitably be dragged into any new conflagration." Nevertheless, war-talk and the war-psychosis seem to be decidedly on the decline ; and many people express the hope that some understanding between Russia and the West is bound to come after all the tensions of the cold war. Recently, Dr. Figl, the Austrian Chancellor, extended an invitation to the Great Powers to use the " historic soil of Vienna for a peace conference." This invitation has been declined, but optimistic Austrians have stubbornly believed until the end of June that it will eventually be accepted.

These hopes have been brutally dashed by the Korean events ; and while in the last two years we have been witnessing in Austria—in common with other Continental countries—a steady rise of optimism and a slow but sizeable retreat of war alarms, the Korean conflict brought into sharp relief the tension between East and West and caused a sharp revival of the alarmist tide. Austria, being a frontier country of Europe across which the lines of division meet, has been struck more than any other European country (except Germany) with the renewed war-psychosis. This does not mean that the zeal of the Austrians to rebuild their country and to integrate her into a larger European framework has been diminished ; but the slower flow of foreign tourists this summer and the emigration of some timid souls from Vienna have made

themselves already felt on the communal mind of the country, which is quick to sense any alarm. One cannot underrate the negative and deplorable influence of the Korean events on the psychological situation on the Continent, where a new optimism, backed by a will to live, to work and to recover, have been strikingly noticeable until quite recently.

Austria has a very small Communist Party ; but even its infinitesimal influence is receding, and there is very little sabotage and interference coming from those quarters. But there is still another danger : that of the ex-Nazis or of the neo-Nazis, some Austrian born and bred and some imported from Germany. To anybody acquainted with the human type called *homo hitleriensis* it becomes clear after a short stay in Austria that there are thousands of crypto-Nazis there, either of the original Austrian breed or smuggled more or less recently across the border. There are obviously many Germans who fled their country after the defeat or who were clever enough to buy property in Austria during the war and to settle down there. There are also recently imported types whom one can recognise quite easily by their arrogant look and their still more arrogant behaviour. They try to ingratiate themselves with foreigners and to expunge all the unpleasant traces of their past. One is inclined to think that many of those imported Nazis or neo-Nazis are in touch with Austrian Pan-Germans, and that among the Austrian youth attempts are being fostered to revive the old Hitler faith with or without the effigy of the *Fuehrer*. This danger of a rabid Pan-German nationalism, with anti-Semitism and Jew-baiting all complete, is to be reckoned with and should be closely watched. Many old, genuine Austrian qualities have already reappeared after the scrubbing off of the new layer of paint ; but many Pan-German and Nazi ideas have been left in Austria, and the moral regeneration of that country will take years.

AXEL HEYST.

COMMUNIST TRIALS.

WE have grown accustomed to regard as mysterious, mystifying and even mythical almost all aspects of Communist reality. The liquidation trials in Eastern Europe are no exception to this general belief. The Communists are reported to have discovered a deadly new drug which destroys all power of resistance, mental and moral, of their victims. Communist prosecutors are believed to possess supernatural hypnotic powers. Communist police interrogators are said to use " new " and " scientific " methods of torture to obtain the much publicised full confessions which are supposed to accompany every Communist trial. This atmosphere of mystery has to a great extent blurred the true shape and form of these Communist trials. But it should be noted that—contrary to what is generally believed in the West—the great majority of the Communist victims have *not* confessed and have *not* pleaded guilty.

Since the end of the war there have been in the whole of Eastern Europe some 3,000 trials followed by executions. Most of these executions have been reported in the Western Press. But the Eastern European papers have reported at least 25,000 more executions (for all Eastern European countries, including Yugoslavia). In other words, only about 10 per cent. of the official executions take place after

" trials." And 90 per cent. of the victims have not been granted public trials largely because they have not signed any confessions. For this reason they have been liquidated " administratively," to use a Communist expression. Even greater is the number of those who have been liquidated unofficially. These people are known to have " disappeared without trace." No announcement of their trial or execution, or even of their arrest, has been published anywhere. The total number of such cases (for the whole of Eastern Europe) exceeds 250,000. One could trace fairly accurately the number, as well as the full names, addresses, professions, family status, etc., of this enormous army of dead in the Eastern European Press, usually in the official State gazettes or the local municipality papers. The relatives or heirs of the missing person, after waiting a year or two, register publicly the act of disappearance for purely legal reasons (inheritance, marriage, property, change of name, etc.). On an average there are thirty such registrations every day in each Eastern European country. In other words only about 10 per cent. of the liquidations are officially reported as such and only 1 per cent. pass through the rigmarole of an open trial. But even if we consider only these cases, we see that most of the victims have not confessed and have not pleaded guilty. The liquidations with trials can be divided into five groups: trials of Social-Democrats, of National leaders (army officers, Resistance leaders, journalists, intellectuals, translators in Western legations, business men, etc.), trials of Agrarians, trials of Religious leaders and, lastly, trials of Communists.

The first well-known trial of prominent Socialists goes back as far as 1941—the case of the leaders of the Jewish Socialist Party in Poland (the Bund), Henrich Erlich and Victor Alter. Arrested by the Soviet authorities in September 1939, neither Erlich nor Alter confessed to anything, despite many months of constant interrogation, mostly at night. Alter went on five hunger strikes in prison. Erlich made a passionate speech in his defence before a military tribunal consisting of five Soviet officers. Both men were sentenced to death and executed in December 1941.

The veteran leader of the Bulgarian Socialist Party, Krastyu Pastuhov, was put in the dock in June 1946, in Sofia. Seventy-four years old and in poor health, Pastuhov defended himself with energy, courage and biting sarcasm. He made a three-hour speech in denunciation of Communism in theory and practice, concluding with the following words: " I declare to you: our nation wants political freedom, our nation wants free election. As far as we in the opposition are concerned we are ready for sacrifice. I am willing to be the sacrificial lamb. You may take my body, anyone can take my body, but my spirit will remain because it is the expression of the very soul of the Bulgarian people."

He was given a long prison sentence and died in his solitary cell in August 1949. In November 1948, his deputy and successor, seventy-five years old Kosta Lulchev, was also tried, also pleaded not guilty, and defended himself with vigour and courage.

The most amazing Socialist case is that of Kasimiers Puzhak, Secretary-General of the Polish Socialist Party, who has just been reported to have died in prison in Poland. He was tried by two Communist courts; first in Moscow in June 1945, together with a dozen Polish cabinet ministers and Resistance leaders, and for the second time in Warsaw, in November 1948. He embarrassed the prosecutors with his defiant attitude. At the Warsaw trial Puzhak refused to speak

in court. He had refused to say one word during the investigation, despite the fact that he had been in prison for nearly three years. When asked to make his "last plea" he spoke only for a few seconds: "It would be unthinkable that I should change or betray my political convictions now, standing as I do at the end of my life before my open grave."

In the second (National) group, the number of those who have refused to confess is even more impressive. The best known is General Drazha Mihailovic—shot in Belgrade in July 1946—whose last words were: "I wanted much, I tried to accomplish much, but the gale of the world carried me and my work away." The Polish Resistance leaders, tried in Moscow in June 1945, the Bulgarian army officers, tried in October 1947, the Hungarian pro-Allied generals, tried in February 1947, all the military conspiracies in Rumania, the execution of three Czech generals and nearly fifty high-ranking officers in 1949, all of these are "no confessions" cases.

The trials of all prominent Agrarian leaders were "no confessions" trials, too. Dragoljub Jovanovic, leader of the Serbian Peasant Party, arrested in Belgrade in May 1947, confessed to nothing at his trial and calmly explained to his Communist judges why he thought it was his duty to oppose Tito's totalitarian régime.

Bella Kovacs, Secretary-General of the Hungarian Smallholders (Agrarian) Party, was arrested by the Soviet authorities in Budapest in February 1947. During the months that followed, though he was kept completely *incommunicado*, he did not sign any confession. In September 1947 Kovacs was "unofficially" liquidated in prison, without making any confessions. Nikola Petkov, the leader of the Bulgarian Agrarian Party, arrested in June 1947, pleaded not guilty at his trial the following August. His courageous defence won the admiration of public opinion throughout the whole free world. When the presiding judge read his death sentence Petkov interrupted him with the words: "You are sending me to death on orders of your foreign masters in the Kremlin." He refused to send a plea for mercy, and he was hanged one month later.

In the Religious group the confession trials are more generally known. Cardinal Mindszenty and the Bulgarian Protestant pastors were tried in February 1949. Yet even the Cardinal's confession is only a "partial confession," which, as it will be explained, cannot be considered as a full confession. But besides the Mindszenty trial in Hungary and the pastors' trial in Bulgaria, several thousand liquidations of priests, clergymen and church officials took place, all of them without any confessions, indeed without any trials.

In the Communist group there were three major trials in 1949: Kochi Xoxe, former Albanian Interior (Police) Minister and party Secretary, executed in June; Lazslo Rajk, former Hungarian Interior and Foreign Minister, executed in November; and Traycho Kostov, former Bulgarian deputy Prime Minister and Secretary-General of the Bulgarian Communist Party, executed in December. Of the three only Rajk pleaded guilty and confessed fully. Xoxe defended himself with skill, denied that he had been a Tito agent and gave a good account of himself. Kostov repeated his "not guilty" plea several times during his trial, much to the embarrassment of his "defence" counsel.

Most of the confusion that exists about the trials and the confessions is only natural. The trials are so numerous and occur so frequently that they no longer make any deep impression on the mind of the general

public. The headlines tell that "most of the prisoners" have pleaded guilty, and we wonder how the Communists manage to make people confess like that. But the Communists—who are less stupid about propaganda in the West than we believe them to be—are careful to include in every trial a group of prisoners who do plead guilty, besides those who do not. The confessions of the "guilty" hit the headlines and obscure the fact that the chief accused have not pleaded guilty. The phrase "most of the accused pleaded guilty" thus becomes meaningless, because the trial itself is not directed against "most of the accused" but against the ones who have not pleaded guilty. Nearly always those who plead guilty are "professional prisoners" who appear at many trials to tell the same tale. Two of the "co-defendants" at Petkov's trial were young colonels who had been arrested by the Communists a year earlier and had appeared at five different trials to accuse, with their "confessions," their "co-defendants." There were five "accused" at the Petkov trial. Four of them had "confessed" and pleaded guilty. It is therefore correct to say that "most of the accused" at the trial pleaded guilty. But it is misleading, as the "guilty" were not defendants; they were only brought by the prosecutor as his witnesses, in the guise of "co-defendants."

To come to the so-called "partial confessions," and the accused who plead to be partially guilty. Every Communist trial has a group of such prisoners, and mistakenly their pleas have been considered by Western observers as pleas of guilty. During the trial of the Polish Cabinet Ministers and Resistance leaders in Moscow, in 1945, most of the accused pleaded "partially guilty." But that trial has since been considered as a "confessions trial." Yet a careful analysis of the proceedings reveals that the accused pleaded guilty and confessed only to the "crime" of being the leaders of the Polish Underground. They all denied having been German agents or having organised conspiracies against the Soviet Union in agreement with the Nazis, which were the main charges against them. Many democratic leaders in Eastern Europe have "confessed" to have organised anti-Communist activities, but this in most cases means nothing but the expression of anti-Communist views in private conversations.

The trial of Iuliu Maniu (October 1947), the leader of the Rumanian Peasant Party, provides the best illustration of this. Maniu was tried on four major counts: conspiracy, espionage, sabotage and "treacherous attempt to leave the country." He was guilty on the last count, which, incidentally, is no crime in any civilised country. He "confessed" during the investigation of his case in prison, and he admitted in court that he had tried to leave Rumania and go to Paris. He denied he had ever indulged in any espionage or sabotage activities or in any conspiracies. Yet his plea was reported as "partially guilty," and nine out of ten observers of Balkan affairs in the West believe that Maniu had "confessed" at his trial.

Western public opinion is still further confused by the "posthumous confessions." These are confessions which the Communist propaganda services publish after the death of the victims. The best known confession of this kind was that of Nikola Petkov, published three weeks after his hanging. A most revolting piece of falsification, it was given great prominence in the American and British Press, mainly because it was part of a sensational interview given by the Bulgarian Prime Minister, George Dimitrov, to the United Press. A few weeks later the Communists themselves became embarrassed by this fantastic document

and solved the matter in a typical Communist way : they arrested and liquidated the chief of the Communist secret police who had been responsible for the somewhat clumsy fake. But more plausible post-humous confessions have been produced in every Eastern European country, and, on the whole, they have served Communist propaganda very well. As months and years roll by and the trials in Eastern Europe increase in number, even careful and scrupulous observers of European affairs forget that the confessions were published days or even weeks after the execution of the people who are supposed to have made them. Moreover, in reference books, political dictionaries, documentary archives and encyclopædias the trials are usually reported in brief with only one date mentioned, in most cases the day of execution.

Finally, the " they-all-confess " complex is due, to a large extent, to our way of reporting the news coming out of Cominformia. The Communists understand well the value to them of the Western Press and radio services. They are careful to be the first to release the news they want published or broadcast in the West. Next, they see to it that their news is sufficiently important or sensational to be placed on the first pages of practically every newspaper in the non-Communist world. One can publish ten denials after that—they will be of use only to the political analyst and the historian. Mr. Brown reads the headlines in the popular Press and, on the average, thinks that " there is no smoke without fire." When faced with two contradictory statements we all tend to assume that " the truth lies somewhere between the two." But if one of these two statements is a Communist statement, this way of thinking can make us swallow a lot of the propaganda distortions, as we shall be giving some credence to 100 per cent. lies. There is no fire under Communist smoke ; there is only a smoke producing machine. To sum up. Only a tiny fraction—one per cent.—of the people liquidated in Eastern Europe are brought to public trials. At these trials the majority of the victims do not confess and do not plead guilty. The impression to the contrary which exists in the West is due partly to the subtle way in which the Communist propaganda services present these trials to the public, and partly to our own peculiar method of reporting Communist news.

MICHAEL PADEV.

TRIESTE, PAST AND PRESENT.

I HAD flown from Villach in Austrian Carinthia over that broad sweep of mountains to Udine, the plane taking good care not to trespass over Yugoslav territory. From Udine I motored to Trieste and the change of scenery became complete as one enters the desolate barren rocky region of the Karst foothills, land as stony as that which God gave Cain. Suddenly a huge sign bids " Alt, Frontiera." Here Italy properly ends, and the *Stato del Territorio Libro de Trieste* begins. What makes this State rightaway sympathetic to the traveller is that it does not demand a visa from a citizen of any country which, like itself, belongs to the O.E.E.C. or Marshall aid group. Soon after having passed this artificial " Border " the road swings along to just above the Adriatic coast. This coast road all the way to Trieste City is fabulous not only as a feat of engineering but equally for its panorama. It needs d'Annunzio's pen to translate the incredible beauty of the

Adriatic into words; it was that day "as green as an Alpine meadow, in spring," to borrow one of his similes. Over it the Southern sun dipped a pool of millions of diamonds to far away where the hilly peninsulas of the jagged coastline put their slender violet contours between the two infinities of blue sky and green water.

Two famous castles have been built to enjoy this view. The feudal family of Thurn and Taxis owned that of Duino over which now flies the Union Jack, for it is the residence of General Airey, *de facto* head of the "State" of which the most important part is under combined Anglo-American occupation. Airey is very English, from temperament to pipe and dogs, and quite popular in the territory for his honesty and democratic ways; a professional soldier with three decades of Middle East experience and high up in Intelligence in the last war. The next landmark is the square baronial tower of that white marble summer palace of which the name has been borrowed for hotels, villas and bungalows the world over: Miramar. The Archduke Maximilian of Hapsburg had it built for himself: only an imperial exchequer could have stood the strain of transforming the barren mountain strip at its rear into a semi-tropical plantation, the very earth had to be brought from far away. From Miramar he sailed as Emperor to Mexico, to face a firing squad as the end of a short reign. From the tower now flutters a pennant in Stars and Stripes, it is the residence of elderly, leathery, General Bill Hoge, a native of matter-of-fact Boonville, Missouri, and the engineer who built in 1942 that little known but in itself incredible world war feat, the Alaska Highway, fifteen hundred miles of a broad military road from British Columbia right through the Yukon to Alaska. To-day he is the Deputy Chief of the Anglo-American Zone of Trieste, where Allied Military Government is completely integrated between Americans and Britons, after the pattern first set by General Eisenhower in North Africa.

One has to start deep down in history to explain how the Triestine problem came about. All this part of the world is the old province of Venezia Giulia, thus named since it came to Rome in the time of Julius Cæsar. The Slavs, now causing all the trouble, did not enter into the local picture until the Republic of Venice invited them—then "Displaced Persons" fleeing from Turkish terror—to settle here. "That comes from playing the Good Samaritan," as one Triestine succinctly put it. In 1915 Italy joined the Allies with no other purpose than to regain her old Adriatic provinces. In World War II Italy was on the wrong side. Heaven and history know (though the Italians occasionally argue as if they have conveniently forgotten it) that the Allies tried hard enough to prevent Mussolini from throwing in his country's future with Hitler's mad gambles. But he did, and nations, like individuals, have to pay for their folly. The Paris Peace Conference of 1947 awarded vast territories to Yugoslavia. Even the Italians admit that the interior is in majority Slav, but impartial outsiders agree wholly with them that the coastline is entirely Italian in character and population.

Trieste was not handed over to Yugoslavia, although Tito had occupied it during a month of stark terror. That would be carrying a wrong too far, besides Trieste is as strategic for South-East Europe as Hamburg for the North-West. It was decided that it should become a Free Territory to be ruled by a Governor under the Security Council of U.N.O. That may have seemed feasible at the time (though wise men, remembering Danzig, shook their heads), but the monumental

mistake had already been made. Here was a territory hotly contested by Italians and Slavs, pending the statute under U.N.O. it was divided into two zones. Zone A to be administered by the Anglo-Americans, but Zone B entrusted to one of the contesting parties, the Yugoslavs!

Zone A encompasses less than a third of the total territory but is by far the most important, with a population of 330,000, of which 270,000 are in Trieste City alone. Zone B is twice as large but has a much smaller population, estimated as 73,000, of which at least two-thirds are Italians. Article 21 of the 1947 Peace Treaty proclaims unequivocally that Italian sovereignty over the Free Territory would only end when the new U.N.O. statute is enacted. Since the Russians vetoed any candidate for the Governorship proposed by the West, the United States, Great Britain and France took the only logical step, and in March 1948 (just in time to produce a salutary effect on the pending General Elections in Italy) they proposed that the entire territory be returned to Italy. Russia ignored the proposition.

Meanwhile Tito has been running Zone B not as Trustee, as the Anglo-Americans run Zone A, but as if he had already annexed it to Yugoslav territory. Matters came to a boil with this year's "elections." From what I observed on that "historic Sunday" they were a proper trick: up to late in the afternoon it was quite obvious from the general apathy that the population ignored the "elections." Only after the foreign Press had been shooed away by threats and violence did the Tito police start clubbing the unwilling voters out of their houses to the polling booths and, to make doubly sure, truckloads of "voters" were brought in from far outside the territory. Belgrade promptly announced a magnificent electoral victory, but we know well by now that words have ceased to have identical meanings in East and West. Tito has undoubtedly violated the peace treaty with Italy, and Italy, now an Atlantic Pact member, has every right to complain that, in a stretch of territory which is still legally hers, democracy is being wiped out.

Until Tito's excommunication by the Cominform the Italian Communists in Trieste were pro-Tito, and their leader Vittorio Vidali was his close personal friend, as befits a comrade from Moscow days. All that time the Kremlin's policy was that the whole territory should go to Yugoslavia. Now the Kremlin wants the U.N.O. statute (which it has sabotaged before) enacted and refuses, until this is done, to allow a peace treaty with Austria. The removal of all troops which would result from that enactment would mean that not only the 5,000 British and 5,000 American troops but that also the 5,000 Yugoslav troops would have to leave Trieste territory. The Kremlin loves nothing so dearly as the vacuum in which such withdrawal would result on such a strategic point. Vittorio Vidali is here its top henchman. A big, fat man, a native of Trieste who all his life has only been a professional Communist, shrewd and capable, he was the Moscow agent entrusted with the "liquidation" of Trotzky in his Mexico exile. He lost a thumb in the Spanish civil war, and he now runs the Triestine Communists from the big modern concrete bastion near the port over which flies the red Hammer and Sickle flag of the Communist trade union, their name proclaimed in both Italian and Slovene.

There is obviously no comparison of the Allied Trieste occupation with that of Germany and Austria. Relations between the Allied Military Government and the Triestines are excellent. A.M.G. replaces in the territory the control which the Rome Government

would normally exercise and follows entirely the Italian pattern of laws and usage. From the façade of the former "Casa del Fascio," a somewhat pompously modern, typical Mussolinian era building in the heart of the city, the Trieste flag—a white halberd on a red shield—flies between the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack. Right opposite lies the beautiful old Roman amphitheatre, the two thousand years' old rose-red bricks of its spacious tiers of seats garlanded afresh with the young green of yet another spring. The Italian administration of the city is concentrated on the impressive Piazza del' Unita, one side open to the bay. In the "Palazzo del Governo" the Zone President, appointed by A.M.G., administers as the Prefect would have done under direct Italian rule. Dr. Gino Palutan, a public figure for years, is a much respected citizen, a Christian Democrat and a good middle-of-the-road man. A Doctor of Law, he was high in the councils of the greatest Italian insurance company, which originated in Trieste. The main wing of the great square, gay with brightly coloured café chairs on sidewalks and centre (Trieste averages 248 sunny days a year) is taken up by the City Hall. There I was received by Mayor Bartoli, whose position carries all the more weight since he is the first "First Magistrate" to be elected in Trieste for twenty-one years. He looks like the Italian Premier and is hence locally nicknamed "Gasperino" ("little de Gasperi"), the diminutive not indicative of physical build but of their difference in political status. Bartoli is a big, well-proportioned man with a fine head, greying hair, smartly dressed and an eminently representative personality. Born in the now Yugoslav zone he graduated as a mechanical engineer, and was manager of the Trieste Telephone Company until politics claimed him.

In last year's first General Elections, the first since the advent of Fascism, participation was very keen; close on 95 per cent. of the electorate went to the poll, which was scrupulously conducted. Out of 60 seats 40 went to the Italian "block," 25 of them to the Christian Democrats, the other 15 being divided among the five other Italian non-Communist parties. This 40 out of 60 does not mean that the remaining 20 seats form a Slav block. On the contrary, of those 20 the Titoists only won one seat, one other seat went to a Slav Democrat, five are held by Independents who favour a Free "buffer" State between Italy and Yugoslavia, and of the 13 Cominform Communist seats the great majority are from Italian voters. They are now for a Free Territory, but only because Moscow dictates it in its present anti-Tito mood.

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As the nominated Prefect and the elected mayor only date from last year, I had enquired who had been Trieste's mouthpiece, so to say, during the four earlier years of Allied occupation. Everybody mentioned at once the name of Bishop Santin. Monsignor Antonio Santin, Bishop of Trieste and Capadistrio, is by birth and career wedded to all this territory. He was born in Rovigo, the son of poor people; workers in a cigar factory. At an early age he was elevated from parish priest of Pola to the bishopric of Fiume and translated from there to the double See which he now occupies. This man risen from the people made a striking contrast to the surroundings of his handsome ecclesiastical palace with its quietly elegant Biedermeier furniture, long muslin curtains shading the hot outside glare from the brocade-tapestried study. As his bishopric covers the See of Capadistrio, now in Zone B, as well as that of Trieste, he experienced at first hand the

conditions prevailing in the Tito-administered part of the territory. "You foreign journalists who visited the Tito Zone and had to turn back because of organised rowdyism, you have now an inkling of the treatment I have suffered myself. I was stoned and when the local people spontaneously came to my rescue, the police threw a cordon round my car, not to protect me but to prevent the population protecting me from the demonstrators imported to molest me. If I started to tell you all I know, I would need a week. The West has no idea either of the Tito-terror or of the heroic loyalty of the terrorised people. Tito may not be a Stalinist any longer, but in his Church policy he remains the zealous Communist. As regards Yugoslavia, U.N.O. could plead that it cannot interfere in domestic policy; Zone B of the Trieste territory is not Yugoslav territory, but is under the protection of the United Nations. It is a scandal that U.N.O. is unable to guarantee, in a territory for which it is responsible by the Peace Treaty, respect for boundaries and for the most elementary human freedoms. That is all we claim from U.N.O. What it allows Yugoslavia to do now in defiance of the treaties in its Trieste Zone will in the end prove as fatal for U.N.O.'s future as what the League of Nations allowed Japan to get away with in Manchuria, for that's where the rot started in the League. The régime in Zone B is so uncivilised, so inhuman that no decent man can have a conception of what it really means." As I looked through the files, saw the photos and skimmed the eye-witness accounts and reports, I got at least some conception of the endless nightmare of terror.

I mentioned earlier that the Allies have made a series of mistakes in Trieste, but in all fairness it should be pointed out that the initial mistake was probably inevitable, human nature being what it is. They arrived as the enemies of Italy and the friends of Yugoslavia—whereas, of course, the great issue should have been between democracy and totalitarian dictatorship. One of the first Allied personalities to recognise the true position was Field-Marshal Lord Alexander (the present Governor-General of Canada) whose talk with Tito in Belgrade made him aware as early as May 1945 that the Allies were here playing on a far from proper card. Italy wants the return of the territory, and certainly the great majority of the local population want it too. All the same the Triestines are somewhat uneasy over the prospect of seeing the Anglo-American troops leave. As one of them put it realistically: "If ten British or American soldiers were killed, there would be hell to pay, but 1,000 Italians massacred would only mean a fruitless protest."

KES VAN HOEK.

GOLUCHOWSKI AND AEHRENTHAL.

THE principle of continuity, so marked in British foreign policy after 1885, is not so evident in the case of the successive policies of many continental powers. There was a sense in which Europe was still in the melting pot; the policies of various powers were liable to constant readjustment and to considerations of momentary expediency. It is in their history that one can find examples of sudden changes and speedy manœuvres, based often on the idiosyncrasies and sometimes on the foresight of particular ministers, men who mostly had far greater independence of decision than that ever accorded to a British Foreign Minister. Next to the Ottoman Empire, the problem State of

Europe at the end of the nineteenth century was Austria-Hungary; and her diplomacy in the twenty years before 1914 illustrates, on the one hand, her crucial attempt to achieve adjustments made necessary by the recent political developments over which she had had little control, and, on the other, the vital influence which the personality and personal viewpoint of a foreign minister could exercise on the theory and practice of her policy. The contrast between Goluchowski and Aehrenthal is, from this standpoint, most illuminating.

In many diplomatic studies of pre-war Europe, even in some detailed ones, Goluchowski is simply vaguely noted. Where a real comment is attempted, he is portrayed as the epitome of negation, as a minister who qualified *par excellence* to claim the phrase *quieta non movere* as his professional motto. This is a caricature. It indicates little appreciation of his viewpoint and a distinct disregard of the political facts which faced him and of the circumstances within which he was forced to work. The controlling factors in the history of Austria-Hungary which he had to take into account were evident. Primarily, she had formed the barrier against Ottoman expansion, and, partly as a consequence, had assumed the leadership of central Europe. By the end of the nineteenth century these two factors had ceased to operate. The Turks were no longer a military danger. Their power had declined, and indeed where they had managed to maintain their administration it was ineffectual. The rise of Prussia and the German unification under Bismarck had removed the second factor. As the German Chancellor expressed it: "In 1866 Austria gave up her German position and had to shift her centre of gravity into the totality of races which compose her." The removal of these factors posed a problem more intricate and severe than any which faced a modern Great Power. Austria-Hungary had developed as a composite State, supra-national, including within her boundaries diverse races, some, such as the Czechs, with past histories of which they were justly proud. The problem was how to hold them together and to persuade them to recognise a common stake and a mutual allegiance, a co-operative diversity. The political fashion of the nineteenth century was to work to establish and develop the uniform national State. It was a process in which the steamroller of nationalism pressed out all divergencies. *Per se*, such a course was impossible for the lands of the Hapsburgs, and it was a tragedy that neither within nor outside the Empire was it sufficiently recognised that the case of Austria-Hungary was exceptional and required a new formula. To state, as some historians have done, that her salvation could have been found in the creation of an "Austrian Patriotism," or, as some contemporary leaders did, Aehrenthal among them, that her hope lay in the maintenance of her German character, is to think exclusively in political terms. The problem had other aspects, equally important, and success in these might have obviated the necessity for a rigid political definition.

The nationalist germ had an insidious effect not only on the internal problem, which, if it could have been isolated, might have been solved, but also on the relation of the Empire to other Powers. While she had lost, through inferior strategy, the leadership of the German world, geography dictated that she should maintain the closest alliance with her supplanter, the new Germany. This relationship could, however, be tolerable only if she could recoup her lost status in another direction, and the only path open was south-eastward, to the Balkans. Still, mere physical expansion was not a complete solution. In this respect the

utmost step had been taken by Andrassy in 1878 when Bosnia-Herzegovina were occupied. And as time went by evidence multiplied that the addition of new elements to this conglomerated empire would aggravate rather than ease her problem. There was also the anterior factor that in the Balkan racial admixture the Slav element was vocally preponderant, and in its Orthodox Christian character exercised a gravitational pull on the sympathy of brother Slavs inside the Empire, and yet acted as a barrier against any attempt by Catholic Austria-Hungary to embrace it.

From a study of modern political development one can deduce it almost as an axiom that small national groups have achieved independence primarily as a by-product of Great Power politics. While many individual leaders believed sincerely in the ideal and principle of self-determination, the settlement of 1919 was essentially the reflection of the practical aims of victorious governments. The new "democracies" as "successor States" were each endowed with a vested interest to maintain and safeguard the new pattern of which they formed a part, and were justified on the ground that their existence would at least mitigate the future play of Great Power politics. Ideally, they could possibly produce a plausible alternative as well. Engendered by a political belief and occasioned by a military achievement, the "New Europe" on the diplomatic drawing-board of 1919 seemed like a jigsaw puzzle strenuously re-assembled. It persisted for only a short time, partly because the military balance underlying it was not fully maintained, but more basically because in the prevailing conception of national development the shadow was mistaken for the substance.

Anyone stating such generalisations to-day may not altogether deny the advantage of "hindsight." However, it is particularly arresting that identical considerations were bluntly emphasised in a much earlier context by Goluchowski in his assertion of the fundamentals of Austro-Russian relations in the Balkans. The problem in the peninsula contained in a concentrated form the essence of the issues which faced the continent as a whole. It was a region in which, in the main, two Great Powers, Russia and Austria-Hungary, fought on the highest level for hegemony, on the lowest, for the successful projection towards and acceptance by the smaller groups of their respective "Mission" and *Staatsidee*. In this case Russia had undoubtedly a greater freedom of action than her adversary, being able, without irreparable damage to her ultimate chances of success, to pivot on it, according to her convenience and circumstances, either a part or the whole of her attention. For Austria, penned on the outskirts of Europe, it became a virtual obsession. A further difference in the attitude of the contending empires is illustrated by the fact that from the end of the eighteenth century it was Russia alone that directly attacked the Ottoman Empire. For her part, Austria, while never concealing her readiness in the last resort to fight in defence of her stakes in the Balkans, refrained from any direct military step to assert them. Realising the inevitable clash with Russia, Austrian statesmen eventually developed into a tradition the view that the removal of Turkish rule from Europe should be postponed to as distant a date as possible, and that meanwhile what was important was to ensure with the Russians a mutual recognition of respective interests and to obtain from other countries an acknowledgment of these. With regard to this viewpoint also the contrast between Goluchowski and Aehrenthal is most striking.

... Goluchowski's achievement at the Ballplatz was the Austro-Russian

Balkan agreement of 1897. Some historians have written disparagingly of it, characterising it as an illustration of the negativism which they attribute to the Austrian minister. Others have criticised it and have seen in it evidence of dishonesty. It has been stated that Goluchowski, through the agreement, committed "a moral violation of the Triple Alliance." Recently, at the Staatsarchiv in Vienna I examined closely the unpublished documents on the subject and, as a result, feel impelled to reject both contentions. Although the agreement was for the maintenance of the *status quo*, Goluchowski certainly regarded this as a positive aim. While it was negotiated privately with Russia, the viewpoint maintained by the minister regarding the future pattern of the Balkans violated no obligation undertaken by Austria as a member of the Triple Alliance. The reference to the desire for an eventual independent Albania did not run counter to what the Italians already knew to be the Austrian view, and the communication made to Rome after the visit to St. Petersburg attempted neither to deceive nor to conceal. Indeed Rudini did not and could not make any objection, and in accepting the Austrian communication the Italian Prime Minister expressed his approval of the terms of the agreement. This Italian approval was confirmed later in the same year by the Foreign Minister, Visconti Venosta, when he discussed Balkan questions with Goluchowski at Monza. An understanding was reached there that in the event of the collapse of European Turkey, Austria and Italy would co-operate to promote Albanian autonomy.

The question how to resolve the Austro-Russian clash in the Balkans had been, for a century and a half, the one perennially discussed in Vienna. Prince Eugene in his victory at Peterwardein (1716) had staked Austria's claims in the peninsula, and by penetrating as far as Sarajevo had pointed to future generations the line of expansion. This was a legacy that eventually turned into a problem. Owing to their western entanglements, the Hapsburgs failed to consolidate their position in the east, and the growing intervention of Russia under Catherine made the task more difficult in subsequent decades, and indeed crystallised the Balkan contest between the two empires. Kaunitz, Metternich, Andrassy, Kalnoky, and ultimately Goluchowski, each in turn grappled with it, each endeavoured to secure for Austria and to deny to Russia a platform in the Balkans from which the surrounding countries and their peoples could be observed and controlled. Throughout this long period one can perceive the gradual change of attitude, from a willingness to cut the Gordian knot and agree on a settlement by partition, to an ultimate feeling, at worst of fear, at best of uncertainty about the consequences of such a settlement both in the Balkans and inside the Empire. This really reflected the wider changes in the European political firmament and was a concomitant of the passage from the eighteenth to the nineteenth centuries. The decision of 1897 was the culminating point of a process covering more than 100 years in which Austrian policy had tended more and more towards the defensive. That it did not become essentially negative is proved by the occupation of the two provinces. Later, their possession, *debito justitiæ*, was a cardinal point in the conditions which Goluchowski carried to St. Petersburg, and in the whole tenor of his approach he was faithful to the viewpoints which had guided his predecessors. In this he had to face pronounced contrary ideas, particularly from Calice, at Constantinople the most senior of ambassadors, and from Aehrenthal, the most junior, both maintaining that the way of partition into

Austrian and Russian spheres of influence was the expedient solution of the Balkan problem.

The decisive factor which made a direct agreement with Russia necessary was England's refusal, in spite of Austria's repeated requests during the years 1894-7, to renew the *Accord à Trois* of 1887 in such a way that the independence of Constantinople would be guaranteed in any circumstances. In February 1896 Salisbury explained quite bluntly to the Austrian ambassador his belief that a Russian occupation of Armenia ("a very elastic term") was a distinct possibility and that then there could be no defence of Constantinople. In any case, Vienna was made to understand clearly that England would not bind herself to go to war with Russia, who was now allied to France, over such a matter. It was a bitter blow to Goluchowski. When addressing the Delegations in Vienna a few months later he gave a caustic reply to a Czech deputy who had innocently suggested that the Austrian Government should mediate between England and the other Powers in their differences over the disturbances in South Africa: "Austria has no reason whatsoever to do anything for England, since the latter is not to be relied upon in matters of foreign policy." Indeed this was no exaggeration, as Vienna had come to assume that in the defence of an independent Constantinople it shared a vital interest with London. The new British pronouncement inevitably weakened Austria's position, and Goluchowski, fearing that Russia might feel encouraged to take action in the Balkans, sought to nullify it by a direct agreement. The first steps were taken in August 1896 in conversations with Kapnist, the Russian ambassador in Vienna. The agreement concluded nine months later at St. Petersburg was on the Austrian minister's own terms. These could be summed up in the phrase "mutual denial." In view of the acuteness of the domestic problems of the Empire, Goluchowski preferred a stalemate to a solution in the Balkans. That was the immediate necessity. For the future the agreement contained a useful political definition. Meanwhile, it was a case of: "*Faites-moi de la bonne politique intérieure et je vous ferai de la bonne diplomatie.*"

There were two crucial differences in the viewpoints held by Goluchowski and Aehrenthal concerning the solution of the Balkan Question, and these were elaborated in letters which they exchanged before the latter assumed his appointment as ambassador at St. Petersburg. Aehrenthal affirmed his belief that co-operation with Russia was possible but only if Austria were prepared to give as well as to receive. He noted the reservations which the Russians had expressed subsequent to the agreement, and thought that eventually a more precise and detailed bargain would have to be made. In this connection he looked upon the question of the control of Constantinople and the Dardanelles, not as one in which it was vital to deny Russia but as one in which Russian aims could be accommodated. Established there the Russian colossus would be stretched to the utmost and would have many vulnerable points. Certainly such a concession would in no way endanger Austria and could be used as the greatest possible compensation for Russian recognition of Austria's preponderance in the western and south-western areas of the Balkans. The area of most vital importance for Austria was Bosnia and the neighbouring Serbian territory, "*situés dans notre géographie,*" and, explained Aehrenthal, it was their development that would be decisive for the position of the Monarchy in the twentieth century. In the Berlin treaty Andrassy had aimed to prevent two eventualities, namely, an independent union of Serbian

lands and the establishment of a great Slav State in the Balkans. With regard to the latter, even Russia no longer favoured it. As for the first, it was important for Austria to continue to oppose it, as ultimately their incorporation into the Empire would be essential if it were to persist as a Great Power.

Goluchowski's reply was emphatic. Russian encroachment on the Balkans held the greatest danger for the very survival of the Empire. Its greatest defence lay in maintaining the provisions of the Treaty of Paris. Control of the Golden Horn could never be conceded, as possession of the Hagia Sophia would mean a magnet in Russian hands whose influence on some elements in the Empire would be disastrous. What consolation would it be that Constantinople became for Russia a "heel of Achilles" if at the same time it led, through its influence as the focal point of Pan-Orthodoxy, to the break-up of Austria-Hungary? In the ensuing conflict with Russia the Empire would suffer mortal wounds and would, in the end, succumb. It was true that at St. Petersburg he, Goluchowski, had insisted on the unalterable right of Austria to Bosnia and Herzegovina, but the real importance of the occupied provinces was that they secured the southern frontier. They were not the base for an eventual Austrian push to Salonika. The economic advantages of such a development were more than doubtful, and in any case to achieve it Serbia would have to be seized on the way. No responsible Austrian statesman could entertain such a purely adventurous policy. The Serbs, the Bulgarians and the Greeks would unite to oppose it, and Austria's hands would be tied if not completely paralysed.

Aehrenthal had also written of the Bohemian Question. He saw in the demands of the Czechs merely the first example of the desire of the various racial groups for autonomy. He believed that this tendency should be firmly suppressed. If such desires were conceded he feared interference from Germany and Russia, the one inimical to an autonomous Bohemia, the other fearing that autonomy for Galicia would mean a new phase of the Polish Question. Aehrenthal pointed to two touchstones. First: "Hitherto, Austria has had a German character. She will be mighty in the future also if she takes care to retain this." And secondly: "From the standpoint of foreign policy the dual system within the Empire is alone justified." The pattern for a successful future lay in maintaining the Empire as a conjoint-State, in achieving a glorious imperial policy, making it master in the south-east and of supreme importance in Europe, and thereby dazzling its lesser breeds to accept their allotted status.

While Goluchowski was at the helm such ideas were rigorously controlled. Austria's relations with the Balkan States, and indeed with the European Powers generally, were conducted on the basis of hard facts rather than of fanciful aspirations. Faced by many cross-currents, he refused to be confused or to deviate from principles which he believed would, at least, hold the Empire intact. While fully accepting the alliance with Germany and its implications, he firmly understood the danger to Austria-Hungary herself of any general European clash, and when occasion demanded he undertook the thankless task of mediator. He realised fully that it was the imponderables that counted in the end, and his caution arose from the conviction that no line of policy should be followed unless one felt sure of being able to exercise a reasonable degree of control over its consequences. In his negotiations Goluchowski may have brought the problems of the Balkans very little nearer to solution. At least he served European peace by insulating that most

inflammable of areas, and certainly, later developments fully justified his prognostications. He was forced from office in the autumn of 1906 by the opposition of the Hungarians, and Aehrenthal succeeded him. In his retirement, and before his death in 1921, he had witnessed what he had long feared, a general European conflagration arising from the Balkan problem and a consequent dissolution of the Empire. He was spared the sight of the successful penetration of the Balkans, *pari passu*, by the Russians.

Aehrenthal owed his appointment, presumably, to his apprenticeship, his undoubted industry, and his reputed knowledge of Russian affairs. His antecedents and his family connections won the approval of the German and Hungarian elements in the Empire, and both assumed that he would initiate a forward policy which would serve to satisfy their aspirations. Faced by the tangle of motives and of manœuvres, Goluchowski had stonewalled on many major issues. The new minister was expected to cut his way out and to provide a sharply defined and, if possible, a definitive solution. It was more than should have been demanded, and certainly more than should have been undertaken by any Foreign Minister, particularly one who had to face problems whose domestic and external aspects seemed so inextricably bound together. Aehrenthal, in his first speech to the Delegations, made the usual protestation that his was "a policy of continuity," but it was evident quite early that in accepting his promotion he had already given hostages to fortune. The change of personalities certainly resulted in more drive and purpose. It is doubtful whether there followed a proportionate improvement in direction. Contemporary observers noted a change in the very atmosphere at the Ballplatz. Ambassadors complained that waters hitherto placid and clear had become a veritable whirlpool.

Using the published documents, many historians have narrated the course of Austria's policy under Aehrenthal. It is important to go further and, by viewing it as a whole, to discern the main characteristics which arose in no small measure from the minister's personality and personal viewpoints. His six years of office fall naturally into two periods divided inevitably by the Bosnian crisis. It is the first two years that are the most illuminating. In this period the minister acted *à la Lexa*, driven by stubbornly held convictions, showing respect neither for appearances nor for normally accepted conventions. His rash manœuvres followed one another swiftly: the attempt to regroup the European Powers; the obtaining of the Sanjak railway concession; the annexation of the occupied provinces. The first forced the British Government to doubt his integrity, the others destroyed his *bona fides* in every capital except Berlin, and even there his methods were resented. In moving from the embassy at St. Petersburg to the Ballplatz he brought with him certain preconceived notions and resentments. These clearly characterise his policy during this first period. Basically, he held that the ordering of Balkan affairs should be the monopoly of Austria and Russia, with Germany and Italy possibly in the offing. This he maintained rigidly in the tightest corner. Even more than his predecessor, Aehrenthal seemed mesmerised by and unable to look beyond the Near East. This made him fail to appreciate that for Russia the Balkan problem was neither as all-demanding nor as urgent as he felt it to be for Austria-Hungary. It also made him incapable of truly understanding the motives of a British statesman such as Sir Edward Grey. He distrusted Grey's outlook and his concern for the Concert of Europe, and scorned his ethical and humanitarian

considerations. The Austrian minister's suspicion, misinterpretation, and under-estimation of British policy was his gravest miscalculation.

Possibly, as the strongest advocate of an Austro-Russian entente which could form the basis for a *Dreikaiserbund*, Aehrenthal felt keenly that even before leaving St. Petersburg he had had to recognise that Russia was leaning towards the West. Nevertheless, he felt that there was still time to prevent her being irretrievably drawn into British radical paths, and in the spring of 1907 made his proposal to Isvolski. Aehrenthal could not appreciate that Russia's developing rapprochement with England was caused more by her recent set-backs in Asia than by her desire to undertake a radical policy in Europe itself, and that the centre of gravity of the approaching Anglo-Russian agreement was to be in the Middle East rather than in the Balkans. The agreement could have served as an example of the way in which differences with Russia could be overcome. Unfortunately, Aehrenthal feared it as an instrument which could ultimately endanger Austria's position and aims in the Balkans. To forestall this he was driven to two further steps which, although juridically sound, constituted reckless diplomacy. In both the Sanjak railway and the Bosnian moves he aimed at the immediate advantage and seemed to trust to luck with regard to ultimate consequences. His confidence that he could disregard both official and public opinion in Europe was suicidal, and the object-lesson in political realism which he attempted to give turned out to be, in relief, a particular essay in inconsistency, insincerity and even duplicity. His career, including his ambassadorship, had been eminently successful, and no one can question his loyalty in the service of his country. Nevertheless, he did her irreparable damage by forgetting that, as a Foreign Minister, he had obligations also to a whole continent. Nineteen hundred and six was an unfortunate year for Europe. She was given two new foreign ministers who turned out to be the twin-prodigals of diplomacy. It was more than she could either stand or afford.

To Goluchowski the troubles of the Austro-Hungarian Empire pointed to an infirmity against which it was imperative to guard. To Aehrenthal they appeared simply as evidence of an instability which could be set right by a major diplomatic triumph. He looked to Bosnia-Herzegovina as "*La Terre de la Résurrection*." Paradoxically, after their annexation they became an area from which issued not rejuvenation and a new life for the Empire but insurrection and treachery. The question whether, if he had lived, Aehrenthal could have prevented the hostilities with Russia in 1914 cannot be answered. What can be said is that in breaking away from the line of his predecessor he encouraged those who succeeded him to prefer, in a very short time, the taste of the fire to the smell of the tomb.

EUROF WALTERS.

AN UNCROWNED QUEEN.

THE life of Jeanne, Marquise de Pompadour, constituted a series of stepping stones. From a loveless marriage of convenience she became the mistress of a king, and from being *dame de palais* of the Queen she attained to the apex of her career as arbiter and director of France's destinies at home and abroad. Daughter of M. Poisson, a food controller at the Invalides, whose alleged malversations caused his trial and a capital sentence, subsequently quashed through high influence, Jeanne was educated at the expense of her mother's

lover, Lenormand de Tournhem, whose nephew Charles Guillaume Lenormand d'Étioles she married in 1741. In the list of pensions granted by the Marquise de Pompadour occurs an item of 600 *livres* to a Mme Lebon for having predicted to Jeanne Poisson, then aged nine, that she would become mistress of a king. With this end in view she employed all the resources at her command as the wife of a rich landed proprietor, for Tournhem had transferred half his wealth to his nephew, with a contingent reversion of the remainder.

At this time she was at the height of her beauty, with her striking complexion, her eyes in whose depths sparkled the mingled attraction of blue and black, and her magnificent bright chestnut hair. To these personal charms were added the accomplishments of a good singer, a perfect dancer and a practised musician, whilst she was a capable horsewoman. Louis XV had never found sufficient attraction in his Polish wife, Maria Leczinka, and in this he resembled Charles II, whose Queen, Catherine of Braganza, could also only find in her religion a solace for a husband's infidelities. Madame d'Étioles lost no time in pursuing the objective she had at heart, and attired in her most attractive costumes, at one time of blue driving in a pink phaeton, at another time driving in a pink equipage attired in blue, she frequented the meets of the Royal Hunt in the forest of Senant, passing and re-passing through the crowd around the King, and it was not long before she attracted his notice.

It was at a masked ball that she first met the King personally, who proved an easy conquest, and the return of Louis from campaigning in Flanders saw her installed in the apartments at Versailles lately vacated by her predecessor, the Duchesse de Chateauroux. Her advent was bitterly resented in all quarters, most naturally by the Queen and the Dauphin, whilst the Church saw in the friend of Voltaire a woman who might conceivably seek to undermine the King's faith, whilst the nobility objected strongly to a commoner's occupying the place of the Duchesse de Chateauroux. In his last letter from the front Louis enclosed her brevet of Marchioness, to be added to later by all the appendages of a Duchess, and her formal presentation to the Court took place at Versailles on September 14th, 1745. The family of Pompadour, an ancient house of the Limousin, had become extinct on the death of its last representative, an Abbé who was in the habit of delegating the duty of daily reading from the Breviary to his lackey. The storm of protest at her installation which had reached from Versailles to Paris found expression in lampoons known as *Poissonades*, the most glaring of which after attacks on her personality ended with the statement that everyone thought the King must be mad to have taken up the little *bourgeoise*. This last poetical effusion Madame de Pompadour attributed to Maurepas, a poet and epigrammist as well as trusted Minister of Louis XV, and the Marquise, who ever managed to sweep out of her path all who opposed her, took the earliest opportunity of obtaining his dismissal.

In Madame de Pompadour's case passion, if it ever existed on her side, was a purely secondary affair, for her main objective was to preserve her ascendancy over the King, who suffered from perpetual boredom. It became her duty to divert him in every possible way by affording him distraction, and remembering her private theatre at Etioles she organised theatrical performances, in which the performers were drawn from the nobility, taking herself the leading rôle. During the annual visit of the Court to Fontainebleau these performances

took place in a movable theatre, constructed at the base of the marble staircase of the palace, and the performances were only interrupted by the King's hunting absences. It was not long before she addressed Ministers in semi-royal style and appointed to offices in the King's name, whilst her style of living may be gauged by the fact that her household numbered no less than fifty-eight persons whose emoluments mounted to the annual sum of 40,893 *livres*, while she expended enormous amounts in purchasing landed estates which, with the additional cost of enlarging, rebuilding and beautifying, cost over 23 million *livres*. Like Napoleon, she desired that her relatives should share in her grandeur, and obtained ennoblement for her father and a marquisate for her brother with appropriate lands to support their new dignities. The brother, a different type to his father, very good-looking and with perfect manners, but of unassuming character and by no means appreciative of the dignities thrust upon him, was appointed director-general of buildings, gardens, arts and manufactures, in which multifarious offices he acquitted himself more than creditably. Nominated Secretary of the Order of the Saint Esprit, he obtained the right to wear the *cordons bleu*, an honour previously mooted but dropped on account of a Court *bon mot* that "*le poisson n'était pas assez gros pour le mettre au bleu*"—a play on his family name. It was only a question of time for the Marquise de Pompadour to attain to supreme power in France and to become an international figure.

Yet although she had an apparently unassailable position she was destined to find enemies determined to effect her downfall, and the Comte d'Argenson, who had replaced Maurepas as the most trusted of the King's Ministers and who aspired to the position of Prime Minister, became head of a clique pledged to effect a separation between her and Louis. Not only was she threatened by enemies without but not without misgivings within, for she felt that her physical hold on the King was tottering towards a possible replacement, and it was all-important that a successor should be one who would not challenge her position. It was through her instrumentality that the King became acquainted with a young girl of Irish extraction, sister of the principal model at the Academy of Painting, and Madame de Pompadour is said to have arranged for her inclusion in a painting of the Holy Family intended for the Queen's oratory, when Louis demanded to know the identity of the model. Madame de Pompadour attempted to justify her collusion in this and other instances of similar nature, confessing to an intimate that it was the King's heart she craved for, and these young girls would fail to succeed in taking that from her, a possible allusion to the fact that for the past four or five years her relations with Louis had become merely platonic. This induced her to seek a reconciliation with the Church, and with this in view she approached the Père Saey, of noble family and a member of the Company of Jesus, whilst she told people that since the untimely death of her daughter by her husband, at the age of nine, she had changed her outlook on life and now desired to become a practising Christian.

It probably astonished the Jesuit that an almost lifelong disciple of Voltaire who had led for years an irregular life should so suddenly seek Catholic rehabilitation, and he did not at once concur in her desire for sacramental absolution and advised a period of waiting. But this hesitation of the good Father did not commend itself to Mme de Pompadour, and quite possibly intensified her enmity towards the Company which later was exiled from France. But realising that the

Church would inevitably demand some tangible proof of her conversion of heart, she addressed a letter to her husband, M. d'Etioles, asking to return to him, but M. d'Etioles had not the least desire to take back his errant spouse, and moreover had with her connivance been at the same time warned that it would not please the King.

The appointment of the Marquise de Pompadour to be *dame de palais* to Maria Leczinka pleased neither the Queen nor the nobility, the former declaring to Louis that she had a King in Heaven to give her strength to bear her ills and a King on earth whom she would always obey, whilst the nobility complained that such a high dignity had been conferred on Mademoiselle Poisson, daughter of a lackey condemned to be hanged. Madame de Pompadour desired above all things that her name should be handed down to posterity, and the establishment of the world-famous china factory at Sèvres, which was entirely due to her conception and initiative, and which was and is a glory of France, immortalises her name in the celebrated rose de Pompadour. Another absorbing interest was the free military college that Louis had founded for boys of noble family whose fathers had fallen in action, or whose health had been ruined in service, and in this scheme she was much concerned, contributing large sums towards it from her revenues. The Marquise de Pompadour has been held responsible for the inception of that Seven Years' War which bled France white, and there is no doubt about her anti-Prussian bias following the remark of the King of Prussia that he eschewed all contact with a Demoiselle Poisson, a person so arrogant and so failing in respect for crowned heads.

Far different was the approach of the Empress Maria Theresa through her Ambassador the Count de Kaunitz, whose letters on behalf of his sovereign were couched in those terms of laudatory respect which satisfied the recipient's ambition and heightened her enthusiasm for the Austrian treaty of alliance. As a mark of appreciation for those efforts which brought the Treaty of Versailles to a successful conclusion, the Empress caused to be sent to the Marquise a magnificent lacquer *écritoire* containing inset the Austrian sovereign's portrait surrounded by diamonds. What ultimately became of this imperial gift estimated to have cost 77,000 *livres* must remain a mystery, and it does not figure in the sale catalogue following the death of her brother and residuary legatee.

On December 13th, 1756, Louis XV, whilst entering his coach, was slightly wounded in the arm by a man called Damiens, and the King, who had a presentiment that he would suffer the fate of Henri IV, handed over his powers to the Dauphin and shut himself up in the hands of the Church and the physicians after sending declarations of repentance to his Queen. Meanwhile, Madame de Pompadour remained with alternate attacks of weeping and fainting shut up in her apartments, ignorant of what fate might be in store for her with the King invalided and the Dauphin in power; but she was not left long in doubt, for a visit from Machault, Keeper of the Seals, whom she regarded as a trusted friend, determined her to leave Versailles. Her trunks stood ready packed, and her carriages were ordered, when the Maréchale de Mirepoix was announced and to her the Marquise imparted the purport of M. Machault's visit which was to inform her that the King ordered her departure. The Maréchale reassured her friend, declaring that it was a scheme of Machault to get rid of her, and Madame de Pompadour cancelled her carriage. Later, an interview with Louis, in which tears were interspersed with smiles, settled the fate of Machault,

and, following the exile of d'Argenson, Madame de Pompadour remained supreme until her death.

The initial successes in the field of the French army were succeeded by reverses, and even her old friend the Abbé de Bernis, an ecclesiastic in minor orders who had lately received the Red Hat, differed from her on the wisdom of the Austrian alliance, which involved a continuance of the war which he considered to be a fatal mistake. This attitude resulted in the Cardinal's exile to one of his abbeys, whilst his place as Prime Minister was given to the Duc de Choiseul, a whole-hearted supporter of Madame de Pompadour and her policy.

She was a voluminous correspondent, especially with two of her intimate friends (like Queen Elizabeth, she was fond of giving them nicknames) Madame de Lutzelbourg (*grand' femme*) and the Duc d'Aiguillon (m. Cavendish). There was nothing too large or too small for her to concern herself with, and her letters to the Countess often contain requests to obtain for her some household necessary. The Marquise was an omnivorous reader, and an extensive library was her school and arsenal, which besides works on government, law and history, included romances of chivalry and love in various languages. She left many specimens of her work as an engraver, but they are more notable as showing her ardour than for any outstanding merit. Her health, never robust (she had a habit of spitting blood from early youth), at last began to give way. When staying at Choisy she had to take to her bed, and busied herself in going through her will, which, after certain personal bequests, the principal of which was the bequest of her Paris house to the King, and providing handsomely for her dependants, left the bulk of her estate to her brother. Actually, despite her extensive landed property, she was pressed for money at the time of her death and her *écritoire* contained only thirty-seven louis d'or. A brief rally enabled her to return to Versailles where she passed away literally in harness, for she was dictating to her secretary four hours before she expired on Palm Sunday, April 18th, 1764, in the forty-third year of her age, a quarter of a century before the fall of the Bastille sounded the knell of the French monarchy. Her last words addressed to the Curé of the Madeleine, who was waiting to speed her restless soul on its last journey, were characteristic. *Un moment Monsieur le Curé, nous nous en irons ensemble.*

JOSCELYNÉ LECHMERE.

LIBERAL INTERNATIONAL.

THE Liberal International was founded at Wadham College, Oxford, in 1947. After intervening conferences and meetings at Zürich, London, Brussels and Deauville, the ambitious scale of its highly successful Congress at Stuttgart (August 24th to 28th, 1950) is the measure of its growth and advancing power. The Liberal International is infinitely more than a post-war prototype of the inter-war Entente des Partis Radicaux. Whilst maintaining liaison with national party organisations, it also embraces liberally minded thinkers who own allegiance to no party organisation. In the war of ideas and ideologies, as well as in its economic milieu, many of us believe the Liberal International to be the short answer and the long-term positive, constructive and constitutional alternative, at home and overseas, to Soviet Communism. The mounting influence exercised by its representatives on the Western European scene is testimony

to the wide acceptance of this conviction. From within the junior category of elder statesmen its President, Don Salvador de Madariaga, devoted one of several stirring speeches at Stuttgart to the salutary reminder and characteristic theme that a fact does not become a deed unless and until it is conceived as an idea in the hearts and wills of men and women. The Grand Old Men of Liberalism, M. Edouard Herriot and Viscount Samuel, are enthusiastic supporters of the Liberal International. Of the leaders who conferred at Oxford three years ago, Professor Theodor Heuss is the first President of Federal Western Germany. A second, M. René Pleven, a member of the French Rassemblement des Gauches, of which the Radical Party is the spearhead, is now Prime Minister of the Fourth Republic. A third, M. Paul Devinat, was Secretary of State in the famous Queuille Ministry, which in its year of life gave France economic stability. Again, Signor Einaudi, correspondent to *The Economist* in the days of Mr. Francis Hirst's editorship, who was prevented at the last moment from attending the Oxford Conference, is now President of the Italian Republic. In Sweden, Professor Bertil Ohlin's spirited leadership raised the Liberals from fourth to second place among the parties within only three years.

It was, therefore, in a spirit of robust optimism, tempered, naturally enough, by an inevitable preoccupation (as with the Council of the Assembly of Europe at Strasbourg) with European military defence and the Reynaud-Churchill figures on the availability of trained divisions, that some five hundred delegates from twenty-five countries met in August at the spa of Bad Cannstatt in the beautiful 1,000-year-old capital of Württemberg-Baden, amid its lovely hills, its vineyards, and Stuttgart's own million fruit trees, amid, too, grievous air-raid damage, now being remedied with Swabian resolution and persistency. Three days were given to the political, cultural and economic aspects of European Union; a variegated programme of social activities, as well as private conversations "in the wings," yielded an equally rich and abundant harvest. Turkey, where the Democratic Party's sensational victory has struck an irreparable blow against *étatisme*, sent Mr. A. E. Yalman, editor of *Vatan*, Miss Sureyya Agaoglu, a charming personality and the first woman practising lawyer, and three Members of Parliament. The seventy United Kingdom delegates were led by Sir Andrew McFadyean, President of the Liberal Party, and the veteran crusader Sir Percy Harris, accompanied by Miss Nancy Seear, Lecturer in Social Science at the London School of Economics, Mr. John MacCallum Scott, the indefatigable Secretary-General, Lord Layton and Mrs. Doreen Gorsky, President of the Women's Liberal Federation, whose terse exposition of the tasks before the U.N.O. Status of Women Commission made an indelible impression on the Congress. M. Roger Motz, President of the Belgian Liberal Party and leader of an impressive delegation, made, as always, a notable contribution, and M. Edouard Bonnefous, Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the French Assembly, accompanied M. Devinat. Herr Franz Blücher, Federal German Vice-Chancellor and Minister for the Marshall Plan, headed a strong German delegation, which included Dr. Hermann Schäffer, Vice-President of the Bundesdag, Dr. Dehler, Minister of Justice, and Dr. Reinhold Maier, Minister-President of Württemberg-Baden, who, both in appearance and personality, is somewhat reminiscent of the beloved Ramsay Muir.

The question of outstanding significance, which we may usefully ask ourselves, is: In the light of the Stuttgart Congress, what, in terms of philosophic outlook and practical programme, is the common denominator shared by European Liberal and Radical Parties? It is, of course, true enough that a Congress comprising, among others, representatives from national parties amounts to something like a federal association rather than an integral unit. A similar comment applies even to national parties. In France, the *Liberal Rassemblement des Gauches*, which anticipates substantial gains at the next General Election, constitutes a federation of parties. In Britain, no one could pretend that the Conservative Party is the streamlined unit which propagandists would have us believe. (For example, seven different trading policies are advocated from within the ranks of the Conservative Party and each of them is associated with the name of an individual leader.)

A common devotion to the cause of civil liberty and the rule of law characterises all Liberal parties. Viscount Samuel's Bill to Preserve the Rights and Liberties of the Subject might well furnish a model for comparable legislation in other European chambers. Admittedly, there is a school of thought, both at home and abroad, which holds that fundamental liberties require no written exposition. There is, again, a comparable school of thought, which, although it would not deny the inevitable connection between civil liberty and the rule of law, contends that liberty cannot be established by legislation. Yet, as a matter of historical process, Magna Carta, the Petition of Right, the Grand Remonstrance and the Bill of Rights, all the great English Libertarian constitutional documents, involved legislation. It was, and is, the typically English method to solve all problems within the basic premise and framework of liberty. It is also the typically English method to introduce Petitions or Remonstrances to state specific grievances and Statutes to prescribe specific remedies. Such is the function of Lord Samuel's Bill. There are few Western Liberals to whom the procedure will not commend itself. Every Western Liberal will, moreover, subscribe to the doctrine enunciated by John Stuart Mill in the last sentence of his immortal *On Liberty*: "The worth of a State, in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it; and a State which postpones the interest of *their* mental expansion and elevation to a little more of administrative skill, or of the semblance of it which practice gives, in the details of business; a State which dwarfs its men, in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands even for beneficial purposes—will find that with small men no great thing can really be accomplished; and that the perfection of machinery to which it has sacrificed everything will in the end avail it nothing, for want of the vital power which, in order that the machine might work more smoothly, it has preferred to banish."

Free Trade, too, constitutes part of the common denominator. All European Liberal Parties, with varying degrees of shade and emphasis, believe in the economic freedoms, full employment and Free Trade. An exception is usually made of agriculture, especially in Norway. But in the case of agriculture, the argument for special treatment, even in an otherwise all-round Free Trade economy, is a *sociological* rather than an economic argument. How, it may be asked, can there be an economic case for State privileges and favoured treatment for one specific producer-group in apparent defiance of consumer interests?

The debate on European economic unity elicited a fine statement by Sir Andrew McFadyean of the British Liberal Free Trade case and an eagerly accepted assurance that, as contradistinguished from the Socialist Government and the Conservative Opposition, the British Liberal Party has consistently fought the doctrine of Imperial Preference and the Ottawa Agreements Act, and likewise adamantly opposes the invocation by Right and Left of Empire Preference as a weapon to injure Western Economic Union. The view was also advanced that the modest machinery of the Benelux Convention (machinery pleasingly free of any element of top-heavy bureaucracy) might well be adapted to the needs of a Free Trade Western Europe, and that a campaign by individual delegates to repeal the quota regulations, protective tariff legislation, and exchange controls of their individual Governments would form the most solid contribution to economic union. In particular, the case for Free Trade in books, which is, admittedly, an easy case to argue, was the subject of an inspiring plea by Don Salvador de Madariaga, who made a thoroughly well-earned appreciative reference to Sir Stanley Unwin's tireless work and, more especially, to his *How Governments Treat Books*. (See also "Free Trade in Books," by Cecil Palmer, *THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, September 1946.) Don Salvador won unanimous support from the Congress for his uncompromising action to free what Lord Keynes called "the noblest of man's works" from the fiscal depredations of Governments.

Faith in Europe; faith and pride in the common patrimony of European civilisation, with the Hellenic, Judaic, Roman, Christian and French Revolutionary ingredients, are also common to the European Liberal mind. Yet there is much philosophic Millism of a modern setting, conscious or unconscious, prevalent in Continental Liberal movements. In confronting problems of European union, this fundamental philosophy of life makes not for unity in sameness but for harmony in diversity. National institutions as such, Liberals believe, must take their part in the pattern of the European mosaic. As Sir Andrew McFadyean said on August 27th, "We reject as fundamentally and intolerably illiberal, the theory, to which at least half of the split mind of the Labour Party constantly returns, that European unity can only be achieved when all European nations enjoy the blessing of Socialist Governments. It would be Conservatism at its worst to say that a thing cannot happen because it has not happened." President Heuss, too, underlined this lesson, in a different way, in an eloquent message to Stuttgart: "At Oxford, three years ago, we drafted the Manifesto in which we formulated our common concept of a practical, social and spiritual order for human society and objectives and standards founded in the belief in the inalienable dignity of man. In attaining this order, we have to face a great many different and even contradictory facts. For however close the resemblance, in this democratic, parliamentary age, between their juridical and constitutional forms, the present life of nations has its roots in a complex and variegated history and in a widely differing intellectual and emotional tradition. No nation wishes to discard the organic pattern of its long development, nor could it. But it must become aware of its membership of the community of nations. Once this is the case, a very important end has been achieved: the nations break the bonds of their national self-sufficiency, an inevitable stage, perhaps, in the history of political democracy, and are ready to learn from

each other through the free exchange of ideas and experience. No nation can proclaim itself perfect ; all need complementing ; and each may and will contribute its share, which, if freely offered, will be accepted with gratitude."

DERYCK ABEL.

AMERICAN METAPHYSICAL POETRY.

" *An Orient Word that will not be erased.*"

IN his book *American Literature* (1931) Professor Russell Blankenship distinguishes four dominant influences on his country's thought: cosmopolitanism, New England Puritanism, the Frontier element, and last, rather surprisingly, mysticism. He uses the term broadly to comprise both the depths of Roger Williams, Jonathan Edwards* and John Woolman, and the metaphysics of the Transcendentalists, Emerson, Whittier, Thoreau, and of Whitman. Commenting on modern writers he indicates that the strain persists, the Orient Word of the poet Edwin Arlington Robinson* (1869-1935) refusing of its own self-sufficing life to be erased. A recent example confirms this belief. In 1948 a book called *The Seven Storey Mountain* ran into eight editions in the U.S.A., and in 1949, under the title *Elected Silence*, was sold out in Britain on the day of publication. It is the story of the author's approach to the contemplative life. Thomas Merton makes no claim to mysticism but his Augustinian lineage is clear, several of the paragraphs of the epilogue recalling W. Sheed's translation of the *Confessions*. This aspect of American thought is little known in England and its course is well worth tracing.

As we should expect, the mystical overtones in the work of the earlier writers chime with our own. When Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island State (1644) objects that the Church is no "dead stones and timber," but "a light alone, even light from the bright shining Sun of Righteousness; which is able in the souls and consciences of men to dispel and scatter such fogs and darkness," we know that we could match his words from early Quaker writings. When suddenly forgetting the lawyer and the theologian he reveals the poet and visionary we see him with the mystics. "But as the lily is amongst the thorns so is Christ's love among the daughters ; and as the apple tree among the trees of the forest so is his beloved among the sons"—it might be the voice of Ramon Lull, or of Richard Rolle. Again, when of the persecuted he writes, "they are as God's Venison; most sweet when most hunted ; God's stars shining brightest in the darkest night," it is the mood of Vaughan the Silurist.

These sudden springs or freshets of mystical poetry that occur in Williams's *Bloudy Tenent of Persecution* flow in a broad stream in the works of Jonathan Edwards (1703-58). In his prose the surges of Jeremy Taylor reverberate as in "The refulgence shines upon and into the creature, and is reflected back to the luminary. The beams of Glory come from God, are something of God, and are refunded back to their original. So that the whole is of God, and in God, and to God ; and he is the beginning, and the middle, and the end." The works of John Woolman (1720-72) prove him another of the same mystical family.

A re-reading of the group of mid-nineteenth-century writers called Transcendentalists makes one wonder whether they were in any true

* The subject of a volume of the forthcoming *American Men of Letters* series (Methuen).

sense mystics. A revival of Emerson's* doctrine of the ultimate value of the individual is overdue. He based it on the mystical belief that man's intuitions were the voice of God, but too often his God wears the garb of New England. Whittier brooding over the Syrian Sea, and the seamless robe, recalls phrases of John Woolman, but lacks his strength. A case might be argued for Hawthorne* but it is in Thoreau* alone that the metaphysical note is clear. "Man flows at once to God when the channel of purity is open," he wrote, and in a Wordsworthian mood amidst pine needles in the rain, "I was so distinctly made aware of the presence of something kindred to me . . . I thought no place could ever be strange to me again." Joy such as characterised many true mystics was his. In his delight in "the continuous sense of being alive in a continuously beautiful world," he recalls Jonathan Edwards's definition: "Joy—is the exulting of the heart in God's glory." It is conceivable that this emphasis on joy, faintly reflected in the phrase the "pursuit of happiness," of the Founding Fathers may be the most definite contribution of America to mystical thought. Certainly it appears to be so in the leaping verse of Walt Whitman (1819-92), whose mystical quality though diffused is undoubted. He was the first purely *American* mystical poet: his justification lies in the future. "Poets to come," he cried, "a new brood, athletic, continental, greater than known before. Arouse! for you must justify me."

No one American poet appears yet to respond. The first third of the twentieth century in its many minor poets of the metaphysical type resembles the early seventeenth century in England. Three main groups may be distinguished, one deriving directly from Whitman, a second, dry, terse, ironic as if in opposition, and a third, kin to the Negro Spirituals and the songs of the people that Carl Sandburg collected in his *American Songbag* (1927). We shall deal with this latter group first, and trace the progress to mature poetry.

A "Spiritual" in the *Songbag* begins,

Lord, he thought he'd make a man,
Dese bones gwine to rise again;
Made him out of mud and a little bit of sand

The poet J. W. Johnson gathering together the traditions of his race in *God's Trombones* (1927) begins "The Creation" from the side of the lonely God who

kneeled down in the dust
Toiling over a lump of clay
Till he shaped it in his own image,

a God who smiled,

And the rainbow appeared
And curled itself round his shoulder.

Elinor Wylie (1928) in the "Hymn to Earth" displays the end of the process, the absorption of the simple cry into the art of the poet. In it the sea cast man forth,

Leaving him, for the universal years,
A little sea-water to make his tears.

Equally fruitful is the use of ballad traditions, as in "A Ballet Song of Mary," in thirteen verses, using Kentuckian archaisms, by E. M. Roberts (1928). Mary sits combing her yellow hair, and

Her smock was of the holland fine
Skinkled with colours three;
Her shawl was of the velvet blue,
The Queen of Galilee.

What will be born of her—

Will give men drink from the horn of the wind,
And give men meat from the song of the bird.

The lines recall Yeats's, "And God stands winding his lonely horn," but the ending is pure ballad in the tradition of "This Æ Night,"

When they come to the Brig o' Dread.

"The Ballad of the Goodly Fere," by Ezra Pound, is in a more robust tradition. St. Peter speaks of Christ as "mate of the wind and the sea," amidst good companions, all bluff and bluster. "I ha' seen him cow a thousand men," and then at the end comes the wondering couplet,

I ha' seen him eat of the honey-comb
Sin' they nailed him to the tree.

St. Peter is a favourite with Americans, Peter the fisherman, and Christ as the carpenter, a people expressing itself in action, perhaps.

Peter was bred
In the salty cold
His hair was red
And his eyes were gold.
(*"Peter and John,"* by Elinor Wylie.)

Who art thou, Carpenter,
of the bowed head;
And what buildest thou?
"Heaven," he said.

(Willard Wattles, b. 1888.)

This group merges with the Walt Whitman group in the work of Vachel Lindsay. In his work the tumult of Whitman meets the sudden epithet of the Spiritual, and the intimacy of the Spiritual finds its fulfilment above all perhaps in the poem, "General Booth enters into Heaven" (1913).

And he knelt a-weeping in that holy place,
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

The middle group, whose writing is characterised by compression, irony, and something of the profundity of Blake, is best represented by Emily Dickinson (1830-86), although it finds its culmination in the work of T. S. Eliot. Miss Dickinson is as American as Lindsay and Sandburg, but like Robert Frost, S. O. Jewett and E. St. Vincent Millay, she belongs to New England's metaphysical flowering of the earlier Puritanism. Her observation on the gentian might be made of them all, "The frosts were her condition." Tart and astringent where Emily Brontë is awed and stoic, she comments on

the day
I first surmised the horses' heads
Were toward Eternity.

—that day when Death "Kindly stopped" for her and

The carriage held but just ourselves
And Immortality.

She can brood with the English Emily on "the colossal substance, of immortality," and then add, with the assurance of a heavenly gamin,

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in Heaven,
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if a chart were given.

The creaking of the tentéd sky
The ticking of Eternity,

I burned my life that I might find
A passion wholly of the mind . . .
With mounting beat the utter fire
Charred existence and desire . . .
I had found ever mysterious flesh
. . . still
Passionate beyond the will.

Yet these poets are hardly the progeny desired by Whitman. When Americans reconcile New England where "Conscience always has the rocking chair" (E. A. Robinson), with the West, "Bragging and laughing, that under his wrist is the pulse, and under his ribs the heart of the people" (C. Sandburg on Chicago), great poetry may ensue. E. A. Robinson from the New England side, Carl Sandburg, Hart Crane,* with Robinson Jeffers, on the other, show some signs of synthesis. Sandburg and Hart Crane, writing of America of the skyscrapers, of Brooklyn Bridge, the America of Thomas Wolfe and of Theodore Dreiser, in their overtones are in the tradition of the metaphysical poets. Hart Crane, in the wake of Francis Thompson, writes:

Again the traffic lights that skim thy swift
Unfractioned idiom, immaculate sigh of stars
Beading thy path—condense eternity :
And we have seen night lifted in thine arms.

... Let me be the great nail holding a skyscraper through blue nights into white stars.

Greater than either, hindered somewhat by his bleak theory of diction so like Wordsworth's (and equally tending to slip into "A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman") but unsurpassed in his handling of the language on occasion, is Edwin Arlington Robinson. His great Cowleyan Ode, "The Man against the Sky" (1916), is modern, American, and universal. The Man moves

Like one of those eternal remote things
That range across a man's imaginings
When a sure music fills him and he knows
What he may say hereafter to few men.

In the volume of the *American Men of Letters* series by Emery Neff (1949), the writer tells how moved the poet was by his discovery of the first verses of St. John's Gospel, the probable source of his concern with the "Orient Word."

But this we know if we know anything
 That we may laugh and fight and sing
 And of our transience here make offering
 To an Orient Word that will not be erased,
 Or, save in incommunicable gleams
 Too permanent for dreams
 Be found or known

It is a long way from the certainty of Williams and Edwards. Even so it was advanced for the scientific rationalism of the years when Robinson was struggling for acceptance. Hart Crane in 1930 for all his rhetoric is more secure in his

Sound of waters bending astride the sky
 Unceasing with some word that will not die.

And now in the 1940s, drawing from that other source, Catholic and universal rather than Puritan and New England, a source that in Britain produced Francis Thompson, Hilaire Belloc, Gerard Manley Hopkins, there is the new poet Thomas Merton, whose father was a cosmopolitan artist, his mother an American and a Quaker. Wearing the white robes of the Cistercian Order he writes in the universal language of the mystics

For now, O my God, it is to You alone I can talk, because nobody else will understand. I cannot bring any other man on the earth into the cloud where I dwell in Your light, that is Your darkness where I am lost.

And for variety there remains his vivid, American, concrete quality: "You have told me, 'Leave all things and follow Me,' and then you have tied half of New York to my foot like a ball and chain."

GRACE A. WOOD.

PREHISTORIC ARCHÆOLOGY IN PENWITH.

THE Land's End peninsula forms a district known as Penwith.

Bounded on the north-west by the Atlantic, on the south by the English Channel, and formerly cut off from eastern Cornwall by the ancient road between Hayle and Marazion, it offers to the archæologist a wide field of exploration. From the wealth of Bronze and Iron Age sites which excavation has brought to light, as well as those known to exist, but as yet unexplored, and admitting that perhaps an even greater number remain to be discovered, it is evident that this extreme western corner of the Duchy was densely populated in prehistoric times. Much still awaits the researches of antiquaries both professional and amateur. The names of Borlase and Bonsor are remembered in Cornish and Scillonian archæology, and the late Mr. Gibson, and Lt.-Col. F. C. Hirst, Messrs. Hencken, O'Neill and Crawford, have carried on the tradition. But much remains to be done, not only in exploratory field work, but in revision also, relating modern knowledge to what is already known regarding many of the monuments. Also the rediscovery, as it were, of such settlements as the Iron Age village of Carn Euny, which since its excavation has been allowed to revert to a state of neglect.

To those archæologists who have visited Brittany it is evident that the megalithic tombs both in Cornwall and Scilly owe their inspiration to the builders across the Channel. The graves show indisputable evidence of a common culture in regard to the burial of the dead,

although in Scilly they are smaller than those in Cornwall. But the megalithic structures upon Penwith moors, such as Lanyon Quoit, bear comparison with many of the greater graves in Brittany. This consists of a huge capstone supported by three upright pillars, the whole surrounded by a barrow. Before its fall in 1815, Borlase described the stones of the tomb as high enough for a man on horseback to sit beneath. After its re-erection it was, Hencken tells us, much reduced in height, but he yet calls it "the most famous of the Cornish megalithic monuments." The stones which remain form a tripod dolmen, while the rest of the construction, consisting of walls and passages, was built of smaller stones, the whole covered by a tumulus. Owing to the depredations of treasure seekers and others, the material was gradually removed, until nothing remained but the capstone and three uprights of which the structure is now composed. Comparison with the graves at Carnac, in all stages of dilapidation, "shows that the remains in Cornwall are not complete monuments but skeletons."

But whereas Lanyon Quoit is a *covered gallery*, Chûn Quoit, lying below the Iron Age settlement of that name, of which we shall speak presently, is a completely *closed chamber*, built of great stones in closer proximity than those of Lanyon, but similarly supporting a flat capstone of enormous proportions, forming a cist-like structure in a round barrow. Graves of a similar type, though smaller, are also found in Scilly: on Porthellick Down, St. Mary's, and on Tresco.

At Trethevy Quoit in East Cornwall (which I have not visited) the chamber is divided in two by a great block of pierced granite, thus forming a porthole opening, the significance of which is unknown. The Mên-an-Tol, or *holed stone*, in Madron parish, lying near the prehistoric trackway known as the old St. Ives road, is the sole survivor of one of these bi-chambered graves. Superstition has clung to this relic. Children were passed through the opening; crossed pins were placed near it, and if in position when revisited were thought to indicate the fortunes of the believer. A similar monument is to be found in Constantine parish, but the grave to which it originally belonged has disappeared. Near Paris also are a series of "long galleries" of Bronze Age date, some of which are divided by pierced stones.

Interesting as are the graves, they present fewer problems than the circles of the same period. Some archæologists, as, for instance, Sir Norman Lockyer, attribute their purpose to astronomical usage. They may be divided into three categories: (1) those which consist of stones placed at regular intervals; (2) those with a standing stone, larger than the rest, in the centre; and (3), this more unusual, those with a stone, evidently related to the others, placed beyond the circumference. Hencken tells us that the western circles usually consist of about 20 upright stones, forming a monument of some 70 to 80 ft. in diameter. One of the most remarkable of these is that of the Nine Maidens at Boscawen-ûn, in Buryan parish, the name bearing no relation to the number of the stones. Some significance must surely attach to this name, as it is frequently applied to such circles, and to as many as three in Penwith alone. In the centre of that at Boscawen-ûn is a single and taller monolith. Many burials have been found in the neighbourhood; according to Hencken the circle lies within a Bronze Age cemetery. When visiting it in 1948 a friend and I made an observation of some interest. The church of St. Buryan acts as a landmark for miles across the moor. Itself of great antiquity, its position suggests the site of a Celtic monastery, which may in turn have stood on still earlier, even

pagan, precincts. We noted that the central and a peripheral stone of the circle were in line with the church, acting as a "pointer." Is it possible, therefore, to assume that the circle and its "pointer" bore direct relation to the church, in connection with some form of primitive, perhaps religious, cult? The church is known to have been founded by King Athelstan and the town or village was evidently of importance, as it is still the junction of five roads. The circle being one of the most ancient of religious symbols, that of eternity, it seems not improbable that it was used by megalithic builders for some, now obscure, religious purpose.

Professor Macalister in his *Archæology of Ireland*, discussing the circles of that country, presents a theory as to the significance of those having a central stone larger than the others, or one placed beyond the circumference. He quotes a legend of St. Patrick in the *Lives of the Saints*, telling how the saint came to Magh Slecht, where was the chief idol of Ireland, surrounded by twelve other subordinate idols. Macalister goes on to say that, in his opinion, the legend is a "guide to the interpretation of that class of monument." Primitive peoples cannot differentiate between an idea and the symbol of which it is the embodiment. Monoliths, besides marking graves, may have been regarded by the bereaved as actually impersonating their departed friends. And not only to those connected with them, but the stones may have represented to other worshippers the very persons of gods, kings and priests, whose personalities still persisted in those images. Probably this is the idea behind the legend of St. Patrick, and may indicate the line of its interpretation. The theory is substantiated by anthropologists, and is widespread in regard to primitive religious beliefs. No finds have come to light within the circle at Boscawen-ûn, but cremated bones, pots and several pieces of bronze were found in an adjacent barrow. There are standing stones at no great distance, by some of which pottery was found. We may be justified, therefore, in relating those other Bronze Age relics to the circle round which they stand, perhaps even in regarding the circle itself as playing a part in a ritual connected with the dead, or by its presence (remembering the Irish legend) hallowing the site of burial.

The late Lt.-Col. F. C. Hirst stated that he knew of at least six neighbouring villages of the period of Porthmeor, which he was then excavating. Among the best known of similar sites is that of Chysauster, which has been partially explored, although much yet awaits discovery. For a detailed description of Porthmeor the reader is referred to the *Journal of the Royal Institution of Cornwall*, volume xxiv, part 4, 1936. I visited the settlement in the autumn of 1949. It is known on the Ordnance Survey as Dinnis (Dynas=fortified), the significance of the name first drawing attention to the site. Quoting from the report: "About an acre of ground (is) surrounded by a roughly circular single wall fortification. The enclosed area from west to east is divided into four more or less level terraces on which stand courtyard houses as well as hut circles, the latter being of common although not of universal occurrence in Courtyard House Sites in this area. There are two entrances, both on the south, through the fortification wall; and inside it, besides the items already mentioned, there are certain paved areas." Drains and hearths have been found inside the houses as at Chysauster, which is similar in regard to its courtyard houses and paved areas. In both villages the houses are placed round, or along, a paved courtyard, and are oval or square in plan, built of

dry walling, the roofs of the smaller ones probably consisting of a false dome of over-lapping stones, now destroyed; the larger ones covered by skins or thatch supported by posts set in hollowed footing stones, which in some instances remain. In the Land's End district the buildings suggest that civilisation there was in advance of that of the rest of Cornwall, where many of the inhabitants at that time lived in small round huts. At Chysauster is a *fogou*, or retreat, outside the settlement. Lt.-Col. Hirst also mentions and describes what he terms a *fogou* at Porthmeor, but his evidence is unconvincing. We shall later refer to the subject when dealing with the *fogous* of the western area.

Chûn Castle, another settlement, in the nature of a citadel rather than a village, lies on the high ground overlooking Land's End, above the Quoit of that name; near the old St. Ives road. It is surmounted by a double wall of dry masonry, the outer one having an inward batter, the whole apparently once surrounded by a moat. Remains of a ring of small buildings within suggest occupation, as does also the presence of a furnace-room and a finely constructed well. The circular enclosure sheltering the little dwellings invites comparison with the *brochs* of Shetland, where the main structure is sometimes surrounded, as at Clickhimin, with smaller ones enclosed by an outer wall. Both it and Chûn Castle were approached by a causeway, the one over a loch, the other crossing the moat. At Chûn Castle I found no evidence of a *fogou*.

The Cornish *fogou* presents a problem of great perplexity. To quote again from Hencken: "When the *fogous* were to be built, wide trenches were dug in the shape that the structures were to take, and the passages of dry masonry walling were then built in them and roofed over with large slabs. The walls of the large passages were corbelled inward as much as possible so that the passage should be narrower at the top than at the bottom, a skilful device employed to curtail the length of the roof slabs but unnecessary in the small passages, concealing the trenches below under a low mound." By comparison the Irish *fogous* were real *souterrains*, or, as the word implies, *underground* structures, showing their whereabouts solely by the vegetation above, as the mound alone indicates the position of the Cornish *fogous*.

Occasionally, as at Pendean Vau, which I have recently visited, a portion of the *fogou* is hollowed out of the stiff boulder clay. A sloping entrance leads to a small room, from which one crawls on hands and knees through another opening into a short, blind passage with clay walls. In the village of Carn Euny the *fogou* opens directly into the enclosure; others are placed farther from the fort or village, as at Chysauster; some have one, some two entrances, within and without the settlement. At Carn Euny the *fogou* is approached by a sloping stone-lined passage, which admits to another of similar construction, leading to a circular chamber, with one or two smaller subsidiary passages from the main approach. That of Treloarwarren has a stumbling-trap in its long passage.

As has been said, the Cornish *fogou* is built in a trench, surmounted by a tumulus. In comparison, the structure at Porthmeor, designated by Lt.-Col. Hirst as a *fogou*, is wholly above ground, and consists of a curved passage with walls some 4-6 feet in height. He does not explain how a curved structure can be orientated, as he asserts this to be, nor on what grounds he calls it a *fogou* when it is *wholly* unlike any building in Cornwall to which that name is usually applied.

What was the purpose of these structures? Finds suggesting occupation have come to light. At Carn Euny the walls show signs of fire, and on the floor were found remains of charcoal, and bones of birds and animals; a saddle quern, a La Tène iron billhook, pieces of Iron Age ware resembling those of Glastonbury Lake Village, and fragments of iron and flint. Pots and bones of animals were discovered at Trelowarren. These finds may be incidental to the filling sometimes used by farmers when closing a *fogou*, or they may indicate its use as a dwelling.

Other purposes such as retreats or hiding places in case of enemy attack have been suggested. The fact that in Cornwall the site of a *fogou* is always visible above ground suggests that it must have been strangely conspicuous for such a purpose. Admitted that stumbling-traps as at Trelowarren are found, and that parts of some of the shelters, as at Carn Euny, are partially subterranean, they are usually so obvious that their function as hiding places presupposes a strange lack of intelligence in both the besieged and those who attacked. A double entrance only tended to increase the danger. Their use as winter quarters (and the finds which have come to light favour this suggestion) seems more probable and more convincing. But even so, their obvious position puzzles and intrigues. What of the stumbling-trap and the mysterious passage often leading to a cul-de-sac? Is it possible that the *fogou* may have undergone an evolutionary development of function, constructed at first for protection, later turned into winter quarters, perhaps used as store-house, as was, possibly, the Irish *souterrains*, still later, as a place of worship? Of this last usage there is no evidence in Cornwall, but it is a strange fact that; apparently unique among the prehistoric inhabitants of the British Isles, the Iron Age people have left no trace of any structure diagnostic of religious observance. Artificial caves for Mithraic worship, such as that at Housesteads, on the Roman Wall, were not uncommon. It is noteworthy that Hencken has discovered that no fewer than seven Cornish *fogous* are orientated. The Mohammedan, in his prayers, turns towards Mecca. In Mesopotamia, Egypt and in Central America orientation was common in primitive times from an early date. Features of particular importance were designed to point towards the rising sun. It may be that *fogous* in which this feature is to be noted were used for some kind of religious practice. Although orientation is observed in Christian churches in several European countries, it is known to be related to a far earlier tradition. Lacking conclusive evidence, it is nevertheless of interest to suggest such a usage for the Iron Age *fogou*, though incapable of proof. Macalister states that ogham stones, and stones engraved with the cross, have been found in the Irish *souterrains*. The cross, though a pre-Christian symbol is yet a religious one, and suggests that at least in one instance the Irish *souterrains* was devoted to purposes other than secular. Perhaps we may apply the analogy to Cornwall, as only there and in Ireland are *fogous* found in any number. No engraved stones have come to light in the Cornish *fogou*, yet it may well be that the problem of both it and the stone circle can only be solved by comparison with similar objects elsewhere. Within the small area of western Cornwall which we have been discussing are concentrated antiquities of an interest deeper even than archæological, that most absorbing of all problems, the beliefs and practices of primitive man.

EVELYN V. CLARK.

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

BY school examinations I mean, not the minor examinations held within a school, but those which are taken when the pupils find it necessary, or very desirable, to show the quality of their work by some external test. This necessity is a feature of our present education and civilisation. Many occasions arise when there is competition, as for example for entry into the Civil Service, or for scholarships to the universities. Opportunities are limited, and some means must be discovered to select from a considerable number of applicants the few who can be chosen. Up to the present time no other method has been devised which will give equality of opportunity. We have the choice between giving these prizes by favour and patronage, and awarding them by competitive examination. Whatever may be the objection to competitive examinations, and it is possible to formulate many, few will deny that selection by competitive examination is the lesser of the two evils. It remains to be considered, therefore, how and when these tests must be applied to school children, and whether it is possible to modify the disadvantages that undoubtedly exist.

The first occasion occurs at the very beginning of the secondary school course—at the unnaturally early age of eleven plus. This is due to the peculiarities of our educational system, and is a relic of the past. We have a somewhat arbitrary division which separates primary from secondary education at the age of eleven plus, or a little later. On the other hand the legal school-leaving age is fifteen. It therefore follows that all children have some sort of what is known as secondary education. Yes, but what sort? Here is the difficulty. There are two classes of schools known as secondary, called respectively grammar and modern schools. It has long been recognised that the first stage of what used to be known as secondary education ended at about the age of sixteen, after which those who remained longer entered “advanced” courses. Pupils who go to the grammar schools must therefore remain until sixteen. It would not do to have a considerable section leaving earlier. Even if all were willing to remain until sixteen, there are still not nearly enough grammar schools to accommodate the population. So, at the age of eleven plus, the decision has to be made whether the child shall go to the grammar school or to the so-called modern school. From this follows the regrettable necessity of a competitive examination at this early age. The choice, as always, is between selection by influence, as for example the opinion of the primary school teachers, or that of the secondary school teachers by interview, and the competitive examination. Most will agree that it must be by examination. We need to understand how important this examination is. Those who will go on to the universities, or into the professions, or into the higher ranks of clerical labour, such as banks, are chosen from the pupils at the grammar schools. It may be said without exaggeration that the whole future of the primary school child is determined by this crucial examination.*

It will be obvious to all that this arrangement is not satisfactory, even though unavoidable in present conditions. The age of eleven plus is much too young to determine the future of the child. There is, so far as I can see, only one remedy, which remedy is provided by the 1944 Education Act, but is not immediately available. That remedy is secondary education for all. The school-leaving age contemplated by

* There are a few exceptions to this rule, the most important of which is a provision by means of which a bright pupil at the modern school may be transferred to the grammar school at the age of thirteen, but we have no space to discuss the exceptions.

the Act is sixteen. It is in the power of the Minister of Education to bring that provision into force by Order in Council at any time he thinks it possible and desirable. Needless to say, considering the present condition of the country, it will be some considerable time before this can be done. But it is the most essential part of the Act passed by a Parliament in which the Conservatives had a considerable majority. We can therefore regard it as generally agreed—in principle—though there may be differences of opinion how soon it is practicable to bring it into force. If and when this can be done, and we have secondary education for all up to the age of sixteen, it will enable us to solve our difficulty. It will then be possible to postpone the decision whether or no the child is to proceed to higher education until that age. This completion of the Act may also enable us to abolish the artificial distinction between grammar and modern schools, and to send the children without selection to the available secondary schools at the appropriate age. Much will need to be done in the meantime, in particular the modern schools must be staffed and equipped properly, and made into real secondary schools, so far as is possible with the present school-leaving age. For the present, it will be well for all to remember that the present distinction between grammar and modern schools is artificial, peculiar to this country, and is needed only because of our present stage of transition between a school-leaving age of fourteen and secondary education for all.

The other important competitive examination occurs at the end of the secondary school course, and is only for the few. Places at the universities are limited in number, and there is now considerable competition for them, even with those whose parents can afford the cost. Consequently the standard of the entrants has risen in recent years. Thus the entrance examinations for the university, though not formally competitive, are more so than they were. Also, as time goes on, a still larger proportion of the entrants go to the universities by scholarships. There are now not only the old open scholarships, and the few closed scholarships offered by the wealthier public schools, but a considerable number given by the State and by the local education authorities. These are at present given on the results of the Higher Schools Examination to applicants from the State supported schools. Before the war, the State scholarships to the universities numbered only 300, now there are 900, and it is hoped and expected to increase them still further. In addition there are a considerable number, estimated at about 1,500, provided by the local authorities. Here is a difficulty, because the L.E.A.s do not provide scholarships in proportion to population, and so it is an advantage to live in some areas. These unevennesses and anomalies will take time to even out, but I think in the near future it will be possible to say that no adolescent who shows outstanding ability will be denied the benefit of a university education.

We will now consider the external examination about which most has been heard. It has in recent years been taken for granted that all secondary school pupils, if their work is of a reasonably good standard, will enter for what is known as the General Schools. This was regarded as the usual leaving-school examination, and, if the pupil did well enough, he or she could be granted a matriculation certificate. Employers expected the general schools, and welcomed the matriculation. We may mention in passing that this stress on matriculation is now disliked in university circles. Matriculation is theoretically an entrance

examination to the university, and it is not desired that it should be hawked about, like the Hindoos' failed B.A., for any other purpose. Steps have been taken to remedy this, but even then the question still remains whether the bulk of the pupils who leave the grammar schools at the age of sixteen, or those who leave the modern schools at the age of fifteen, ought to be able by an external test to show whether they have made good use of their time. No competitive examination is needed here, but do we want a qualifying examination? Should the pupil, the teacher, the employer, be able to know by an external test that the pupil has reached some sort of recognised standard? Or do you dislike the idea of examinations so much that you will only consent to their being used when there is some definite material object to be gained? These questions are necessary because, although it is not known by the general public, nor even properly known among the teachers themselves, it is at present intended to abolish the school-leaving examination, and to make the only paper qualification a pupil can show for his work a school report a little more elaborate than is now customary. Personally I am strongly opposed to this change, but what is more important than any personal opinion is that the public should be informed, and should be able to express an opinion. As it is, the change is being brought about quietly and gradually—so much so that very few people clearly understand what is happening.

That this change is definitely contemplated can be seen if we carefully examine a recent Board of Education circular.* The expressed intention of this circular is to amalgamate the general schools and the higher schools. Up to the present the general schools has been taken at approximately the age of sixteen, sometimes a little earlier, sometimes a little later, and has generally been regarded as the normal leaving-school examination. A pass in this was necessary before proceeding to the higher schools. It is now proposed to amalgamate the two examinations, and to allow the pupils to enter for any subject at any level. This has considerable advantages for those few who are going on to the university, but what is not sufficiently realised is that what used to be called the general schools is being put altogether out of the reach of the ordinary school leaver.

This can be seen from the circular itself. This year the minimum age of entry has been raised to sixteen. It is also suggested that later on the minimum age shall be seventeen. Moreover the standard is being raised. In the old general schools there were two standards, known respectively as pass and credit. The pass enabled the ordinary candidate to show that he or she had attained a reasonable standard. The credit, if the requisite number were obtained, qualified for matriculation. It is now proposed to abolish the pass, and insist on what used to be known as the credit standard if any certificate is to be granted. Eventually no doubt the standard will be raised still further, and what is called the "ordinary" level will be explicitly, what in the circular is implicit, the level of a subsidiary subject for an entrant to the university.

The next year or two will be an awkward stage of transition, when it is still customary to enter the ordinary pupil for the examination, but when it will not be possible to do this properly. This is shown by the following paragraph in the circular already referred to: (The Minister) "does not wish that schools shall feel any obligation to enter whole forms." Whether this means for separate subjects or for the examination as a whole is not clear. If it is for separate subjects, then pupils

* Circular 168. (April 23rd, 1948.)

who are competent in one subject will not be competent in another, and what use will it be to the pupil to be entered, or to obtain credits, in one or two subjects only? It is hardly necessary to point out how confusing, and detrimental to sound work, it will be if a form is being prepared for an examination, and is being entered in this irregular way. I think it can be said without hesitation that if it is intended to abolish the ordinary school-leaving examination, it is being done very badly. We might well have been spared this troublesome stage of transition. I think most will agree that if it is intended to abolish the ordinary school-leaving examination it should be done in a simple and clear-cut way, so that everyone interested can be quite clear about what is happening. But do we wish to abolish the external test for the ordinary school-leaver? How otherwise can employers and others have evidence of a reasonable standard of education? The alternative commonly suggested is an elaborate school report. But how is anyone to know how the standard of one school compares with that of another? There is much to be said against competitive examinations, but most of the objections do not apply to a qualifying examination. Surely a qualifying examination can be devised to indicate a reasonable and ordinary standard of knowledge.

I therefore venture to suggest that the authorities are taking a wrong turning. Generally speaking a pupil who has remained at school until the age of sixteen, or even until fifteen, likes to be able to obtain some recognised hall-mark. The teachers and parents also appreciate an external test. It is very convenient for employers to have some simple way of knowing that the candidate leaving school has not wasted his or her time. I think some suitable school-leaving examination, carried out by some recognised body outside the particular school, is very desirable.

It is also relevant to point out that the authorities seem to have forgotten the original intention of the general schools. When this examination has been abolished, we may well expect a revival of the multitude of entrance examinations, for this purpose or for that, which have in recent years been abolished for all practical purposes, if not in all cases formally. Also, when the official organisation fails to supply a recognised need, private bodies arise to try to satisfy it. This has taken place even now to some extent for the benefit of those who, because of weakness in some necessary subject, have not been entered for the general schools. When the general schools is abolished, we may expect more of them. We shall thus in all probability not abolish examinations, but increase their number.

I think therefore our conclusion must be that an official external examination is needed for the ordinary pupil who leaves school at sixteen, and even for the brighter pupil who leaves at fifteen. As matriculation is to be provided for in what we may call the revised higher schools, the examination can be adapted to the single purpose of testing the attainments of the ordinary school leaver. The mixing of this with the qualifying for matriculation has always been a difficulty, and so the experiment of having a suitable school-leaving examination has never been properly tried. We cannot here enter into details of the improvements that are desirable, but I think that a proper school-leaving examination is definitely needed. At least the ordinary school-leaving examination should not be abolished until those interested have had an opportunity to express their views.* H. S. SHELTON.

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*I am afraid that this has now been done so effectively that it is hopeless to attempt to reverse the process. The only practical remedy is now to use some other examination for this purpose. H. S. S.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

REVOLUTION AND THE UPSHOT.

THE fear, frustration and bewilderment now afflicting innocent people (more or less innocent) throughout the world boils down to one question: namely, is there going to be another war? By "another war" is meant the type of formal all-out world conflict of which we have already had two examples during the present century. To argue that the question ignores the realities of a situation in which virtual war has been in progress uninterruptedly since 1939, the change-over from one phase to the next having taken place with hardly an interval in 1945, makes little impression on people in, say, Great Britain, whose idea of "war" is to have bombs falling around them and British armed forces engaged up to the hilt overseas. When fear is the motive facts have little weight. This general vague fear of "another war" is intensified by the outward manifestations of concern and preparation for Western European defence against the contingency of a communist invasion in that quarter. To the minds of such observers as have intelligently studied the pattern of events during the past half-century, that particular contingency seems remote, though not to be ruled out as impossible: for there seems to be no limit to the crazy humour that has encompassed the world.

Whatever may be in store in the immediate future, however, it is clearly worth while to take stock in a level-headed spirit and with an exclusive concern for facts, exclusive, that is, of unnecessary and imaginative fears. In such an inquiry it will become possible to detect a tendency and a pattern in the mind of the Krēmlin, to assess the danger inherent in it, and thus to rid one's mind at any rate of such unreasoning fear as that of "another world war."

In one word, what is now happening, as the result of the two world wars, is world revolution, directed in detail from the Kremlin, taking the form of organised discontent on a maximum scale and making use of every available instrument of distress and destruction, whether it be industrial strikes and agitation in the West or armed aggression in Korea, Malaya and elsewhere. The first objective of Kremlin strategy is to destroy the foundations of existing society and civilisation. A subsidiary motive of nationalist imperialist aggrandisement cannot be denied, but it is subsidiary, and is in effect a contributory means to the other. World revolution is the main motive. The calculation made by Kremlin mentality, which has not changed in the past thirty years, is that unless the world at large become communist, Russian communism itself is doomed. During those thirty years the essential object of the plotters has not varied nor wavered. Their method has been, and is, opportunist, but with an overriding consistency and, from their own point of view, logic. Both democratic and religious traditions must first be uprooted, the peoples of the world must then be bemused by materialist philosophy until they are well in the trap.

So crude, so single an object has been pursued and is still pursued without let or hindrance from abstract considerations of right or wrong, truth or untruth. The calculations are exclusively materialist. Spiritual influences, for instance, though marked down for essential and total liquidation, may be exploited in the meantime to Moscow's purpose. Moscow strategy does not refuse to make deceitful and cynical use of such influences if, in the opinion of the strategists, an object essential

to the strategy may thereby be achieved. Hence it is that an agent of the Kremlin is ostentatiously enthroned in Moscow as Patriarch of the Russian Church, with the particular role of bamboozling Christian innocents abroad, the while in Russia and under the said Patriarch's very direction, all traces of the former Orthodox Church are steadily and relentlessly uprooted; or at least the attempt is made to uproot them.

In conformity with such a tactic the said bogus Patriarch on August 23rd last sent a protest in the joint name of the Russian Orthodox Church and of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. to the Security Council of the United Nations demanding "in the name of Christ the Saviour" that Korea should be saved from the inhuman horror of war—by, of course, the withdrawal of all "foreign" troops, the Kremlin tacticians thereby imagining that the Christian conscience abroad might be warped into giving the anti-Christ a free field in Korea. It is no doubt too late in the day for such cynicism and blasphemy to achieve any result except the fanning of indignation against the Russian instigator of the fighting in Korea: but the attempt at the other result is none the less launched by the Kremlin. Of course in the long run—which by now has become a short run—these men of the Kremlin, having cut themselves off from the supernatural source of all human intelligence, will find that their brains, the instrument upon which they exclusively rely, have ceased to function with accuracy, because accuracy derives from intelligence, intelligence derives from God, and these men have cut themselves off from God. It may well be that this attempted tactic of using a bogus Russian "Church" to present a bogus "Christian" plea to the United Nations is a symptom of already decaying brains in the Kremlin: for nothing could be more calculated to defeat the purpose of the Kremlin's own propaganda and to strengthen opposition to its plans. The fact that the Kremlin strategists seem not to be aware of this particular danger to themselves, though it is obvious to all intelligent people, is one of the interesting developments in the general situation.

It is important to remember that the still prevailing phase of Kremlin strategy is negative and destructive, and is therefore easy work for the Kremlin, and will remain so until the time comes, as it is bound to come, when they start blundering on the big scale. After two world wars, the main effect of which was to reduce the peoples of the greater part of the world to a state of moral, mental and material collapse, the opportunities for rodent aggression of the revolutionary communist type are open wide. Not a day passes in these evil-ridden times but news of sinister import assails our ears: the incidental product of unrest in almost every walk of life, of interminable, unnecessary and stupid conflict between "classes" in the domain of national economy, harmful to all alike, of mutually harmful spite between nations, whose common need is for co-operation, of the deliberate fanning of the disturbance by agents who are commissioned from the Kremlin, and who lack the sense necessary to warn them against an activity which is ultimately harmful to all parties impartially, including themselves.

It is, however, firmly to be believed that these present evils will pass, and out of them will be born a new and a better future. But in the meantime the storm has to be endured; and the question persists: is there to be "another world war"? It seems fairly to be

assumed that the answer can be given only by Moscow. No other capital in the world can be held responsible at this time for the danger of general war. What then—this is the kernel of the question—is the intention of the Kremlin? It is taken for granted by close students of this present century's affairs that Kremlin policy is as precisely determined as it is tightly concealed. No hint of plans or intentions is allowed to escape the walls of the bolshevik citadel. While the democracies publish details of their plans for defence, of their targets in men and equipment, of their exact present progress towards the targets, of the number of men and the precise regiments being sent to Korea (the information complete with the port from which they sail, and when, the route to be taken, etc.) not a word comes from Moscow about plans, dispositions or intentions.

Yet the facts on which intelligent surmise must be based cannot be concealed. It must be clear to the bolshevik mind—unless that mind be already atrophied by the deprivation aforesaid—that full formal war with the combined Great Powers of the world, especially when one of them holds in readiness nearly all the atomic bombs so far manufactured, would involve serious disadvantage, and no advantage, for Russia. The Russian game of fomenting a maximum of sabotage, subversion, wasted energy and money, of destructive propaganda among the masses of ignorant people abroad, develops apace in the existing circumstance of undeclared cold war. Russia's ambassadors are stationed under diplomatic immunity in the enemy's lands, directing the sabotage, in touch with their dupes, spreading their poison in the full measure. Her delegates are stationed in Lake Success with free entry into the council rooms of the United Nations (with even periodic presidency for her delegates, or with free abstention according to the dictates of her strategy), frustrating the work of the United Nations, propagating their war under a label of "peace," being given a maximum of publicity in all the newspapers of the world, spying, obstructing, destroying the foundations of social, industrial and civilised life, in short prosecuting, and being given every facility for prosecuting, their full purpose in this, the negative and destructive phase of their campaign. The campaign is helped by sundry scattered and carefully calculated outbreaks of active armed aggression on the part of their puppets, causing material loss and human casualty to the enemy, but not to the true instigators of the aggression, the Russians themselves, who at the same time, in a technique of which they are masters, propagate the aggression as "civil war," and stigmatise the help given by the United Nations to the victim as "aggression."

Meanwhile they themselves are regaled, amused and gratified by solemn British invitations to "use their influence" to dissuade the "North Koreans" from further action—the said action being their own action, conducted at second hand through their dupes. In this sort of cold war, interspersed with episodes of open aggression, they enjoy the military initiative common to all aggressors, for they choose their point of attack, and are gratuitously presented as well with the diplomatic initiative by those very Western nations whom it is their purpose to destroy. Alternatively, in the event of formal world war, they would lose all those advantages. There are reckless people in the West who ask desperately some such question as this: Why wait upon Russia's pleasure; why wait till she has manufactured a full supply of atomic bombs; why not at once drop some of America's atomic bombs on Moscow and have done with it? Such people,

blinded by their exasperation, do not see the peril they would invite. No human imagination can appraise the potentiality of what would be started if once that atomic bomb were unloosed. The glib phrase "the destruction of civilisation" might in sober truth become a reality; and imagination itself would be stunned.

Something else, however, more readily realisable, would result if general war broke out, even without the use of atomic bombs. Experience itself gives the warning. Before 1914 communism was a negligible dream of a few cranks. It was general war that changed, and quickly changed, its status. By 1917, as the direct result of the devastation, it came about that the despair and bewilderment inflicted upon the Russian masses had enabled the communists to capture Russia: and that upshot was to be the fount and origin of the historic evil that has befallen us in our time. After that first world war Russia was communist. After the second, half the world was communist. After the third, if there be a third, the whole world (or so it would seem logical to expect) will be communist, and the evil will have run full circle. These modern wars, waged literally in the homes of all peoples, strike at the mundane fundamentals of human life. The nervous mechanism of the ordinary man and woman cannot survive such an experience as that of being bombed. Mental unbalance in one degree or another is a feature of the post-war world. Communism is the short word for the product of modern war. It is the practical expression of despair. When people have suffered the inhuman, devilish visitations of modern war, they tend to lose faith, hope and charity alike. They revolt uncritically against all their former circumstance. They fall victim to the wiles of communist agents who offer them a new world (as indeed they do) without pausing to reflect upon the nature of that new world. Too late (for once the trap door is closed upon them they are powerless to escape) they discover that the new world to which they have succumbed is the crystallisation and perpetuation of their own despair: the cold hell of slavery and materialism in which their natural faith in God, when it returns and revives, as return and revive it must, is denied expression, exercise and practice. But God cannot thus be mocked by the jailer behind an iron curtain. Despair after all is not the abiding lot of mankind. Something happens to deliver them, as history proves. In advance no one can tell what will be the process of release, for God's love and mercy move in mysterious ways. Who shall know if the very cleverness of these devil's agents shall not "o'erleap itself" and bring about its own undoing? This present experience is not essentially new in the history of mankind, though in some ways it be more harrowing, as the result of man's expanded technique in the production and use of the instruments of his own destruction. Who shall know if the Kremlin's own device of setting up a bogus Church is not destined to become the Trojan horse of its own destruction, that the bogus priests may not, against their own original intention, be converted into God's agents of redress? There is nothing that is impossible or ruled out from the scope of God's omnipotence. What after all does the word omnipotence mean?

On the human level and in the meantime the incidental question prompts itself: If these communists are as clever as the hypothesis makes them out to be, and if they themselves recognise that the first world war had the effect of giving them their first opportunity, and the second war enthroned them over half the world, why should they

not of deliberate calculation, being in a position to do so, plunge the world for a third time into general war and thus complete their conquest of the world? The first and obvious part of the answer is that they have in fact not yet done so; perhaps because in their own calculation they had better bide their time, and because as Mr. Churchill is always reminding us, the Americans as yet hold the advantage in atomic weapons. The second part of the answer, equally obvious if one gives it a moment's thought, is that the momentum given by the last world war to communist aggression in its first strategic purpose, that of undermining the foundations of civilisation and society, has not yet spent itself, and the said foundations are visibly crumbling before bolshevik eyes. The third part of the answer is that these same bolsheviks are not necessarily or automatically right in their calculations, even in their own point of view. Indeed the more reasonable assumption is that they are bound to prove almost automatically wrong, because human beings are not in the long run contained within the will of a devil at large, no matter what be the momentum of that devil's initial advantage.

There is something essentially weak in an aggressor's calculations, made weaker by his very successes in the first instance of achievement. When Hitler broke out in all directions, with overwhelming superiority in men and equipment, disposing of the military initiative, every triumphant step he took made him, not stronger, but weaker, incorporating more and more foreign and hostile elements within his domain, imposing more and more strain upon his lines of communication, needing more and more petrol, a wasting asset, and in general performing the antics of a swollen frog. Physical expansion is not necessarily the same thing as expanding strength. It may be, and in the case of military aggression always is, the opposite. Hitler was strongest and most dangerous when his resources were concentrated within the confines of his Deutschland. When they spread, they were diluted, and the counter-strength was not only provoked and galvanised but given gratuitous and expanding opportunity for action, the two processes being interdependent and mutually active. The wider the scope of any human and material—as distinct from spiritual and superhuman—action, the wider the scope for miscalculation, muddle and unexpected snag. When Stalin conquers China and thinks by vicarious means, that is, by the sacrifice of dupes and puppets, to complete the conquest through the incorporation of that last bit of Korea, he does not know what sort of trouble his appetite makes him swallow. He excites and galvanises a widening opposition, as did Hitler in the corresponding case before him. These clever men, clever as they may be and in some immediate ways are, do not seem to number among their qualifications the ability to learn from the blunders of their forerunners, no matter how startling (to other minds) be the fate in which those forerunners, the Napoleons and the Hitlers, so quickly and finally enmeshed themselves.

And there is one important difference between the methods of Hitler on the one hand and of Stalin on the other that deserves to be kept in mind. Hitler was so impregnated with the belief in the superiority of the German superman, the Herrenvolk, that he despised non-German help. He refused Italian help, until events forced it upon him. Stalin by contrast, deliberately, and so far almost exclusively, uses the puppet. In Korea, though the organisation and equipment be Russian, the cannon-fodder are Korean. In Eastern Europe the

political tyrants, though directed and trained in Moscow, are Bulgarian, Rumanian, Czechoslovak, Polish and so on. That is dangerous, from his point of view. Czechs, Poles and even the smaller Lithuanians are proved in the consistent tale of history, including modern times, to be unconquerable in the nationalist sense; and "partisans" have a remarkable record in the recent past. Does Stalin really think that he can ignore the lessons of oft-established fact, or has he stopped thinking at all, and is merely drifting on the treacherous tide of apparent success?

For a whole generation—ever since that first plunge into world war was made in 1914, world war being a new thing in human experience—we have been passing through no less a thing than world revolution. Before 1914 there was such a thing as personal freedom: freedom, that is, from political tyranny. But the notion of freedom in the abstract is apt too glibly to be taken for granted, without adequate consideration of its implications. It is obvious in the circumstance of human life, where the material welfare of the greatest number can be assured only if the individual subordinate his interests to the interests of the whole, that the only practical rule is that of unselfishness, which implies a voluntary sacrifice of freedom in the strict sense. Moreover, outside the material scope, it happens to be the case that human life is a mystery, which no man can understand, although by revelation and faith he is given to know that his duty is to love and serve his God. In short, we are endowed with free will, of "freedom," with the paradoxical implication that we should sacrifice it and give it back to the God who gave it to us, thus to encompass our true welfare by allowing God to guide us in the way of peace and happiness. That truth gives the clue to an understanding of what has taken place in this past half-century. It happened that the world was suddenly opened up, by developments of a mainly scientific order, to a greatly expanded potentiality of human amenity and prosperity. Perhaps it was natural, but it was destined to prove disastrous, that in the first flush of the resultant abundance of the "perishable things of this world," as they have been called, man's spiritual strength failed before the temptation to selfish enjoyment. A minority of men, more gifted (by God) with qualities of initiative and intellect, and entrusted (by God) with the responsibilities of using them for the general good, chose to use them instead to gratify their selfish greed. There were exceptions, as there normally are in all the human vagaries, but in a general sense so sweeping a reflection is justified. There resulted grievances, competitive struggles for the spoils, a general descent into bad temper, and a bad morality. The first world war, an international struggle on the grand scale for the raw materials on which commercial enterprise depended, let loose a flood of incidental struggles for sectional advantages or for the redress of sectional grievances, well-grounded as some of them were. The fault was in the motives of men, as fault always is.

The fault in one word was that of selfishness. In the struggles the directing power veered more and more, and was ultimately concentrated in, the political agency. Wars having become, as it were, the cockpit of the general disturbance, governments were invested with more and more dominant competence, including the competence to conscript life and property for the fight. A second world war was merely incidental to the downward plunge. The fields of human welfare were by now so universally devastated—selfishness having

produced its only possible result, the defeat of its own object—that the foundations of human society and civilisation were imperilled. The bolsheviks rode the storm, thinking to exploit the opportunity for their own capture of the spoils by the mobilisation of discontent in their support. In effect their appeal was something like this: private enterprise and private capitalism, buttressed by a superstition which bade the submerged derive their comfort from an expectation of redress and reward from a source outside the palpable circumstance of the world we live in, were responsible for the misery of the suffering majority of human beings. Therefore, ran the appeal, the thing to do is to knock down the whole edifice of civilisation as we have known it, including the “superstition,” and to put into the hands of the bolsheviks the power to divide the spoils of the world fairly among all people with no concern or ambition beyond the enjoyment of the material things. Misery blinded judgment and sense. The bolsheviks, whose own ambition was the subjection of the world to a slavery worse than that from which they promised release, were in effect “the third party gloating.” They succeeded in exploiting the misery resulting from no other cause than the partial revolt of man against God, and for their own purpose staged the full revolt against God. It may be that the horror of the bolshevik purpose, now appreciated throughout the world and experienced in a large part of the world, was made use of in the divine order to administer the shock necessary to drive mankind back to the God who had been so disastrously ignored.

September 11th, 1950.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

THE STRANGE WORLD OF NATURE.*

In the latter part of the nineteenth century, in what one may call the post-Darwinian age, there was an immense enthusiasm for the study of what was then always called “natural history.” It was the period of the founding of many local “Natural History and Philosophical Societies”: note the “philosophical.” The enthusiasts of that age were not content only to observe. They must also work out a philosophy of man and Nature. It was the age, too, of books with such titles as *Homes Without Hands*, *Wild Nature Won by Kindness*, and that classic of late Victorian childhood, *Eyes and No Eyes*.

The succeeding fifty years have seen a different kind of Nature book, reflecting a different kind of interest. Specialisation has been the characteristic of this last half-century. Bird-watching clubs, entomological clubs, ecological societies—these have become the fashion. The enthusiasm for observation has grown all the time. It would hardly be fair to say that the modern field-naturalist observes “more and more about less and less,” and yet perhaps the tendency has been in that direction. The concentration that thinks nothing of spending a whole summer, or at least every possible hour of leisure during several months, in noting, let us say, the exact volume of song to be heard from one species of bird, possibly even one individual, might have seemed rather fantastic, perhaps even “unphilosophical” to the Victorian naturalist, but it has its reward. Careful, prolonged and intelligent observation of one minute corner of the world of Nature can sometimes lead to the complete revision of our ideas about biology, and illuminate whole new continents for further exploration.

It is the peculiar gift of Mr. Gooch that on the one hand he fully recognises the need for scrupulous care and checking of hasty assumptions in all obser-

The Strange World of Nature. By Bernard Gooch. Lutterworth Press. 10s. 6d.

vations of nature, but at the same time he is amazingly catholic in his interests. In his latest book you may jump from starfish to guillemots on one page, from earth-worms to frogs or field-voles on another, and in every case, though he makes full use of the latest published observations, he is writing out of the authority of first-hand experience. Mr. Gooch carries his knowledge with an almost deceptive lightness. His book might so easily have been weighted down with ponderous learning. But as you follow him lightly from one natural marvel to another it gradually dawns on you that this pleasant table-talk about the world of worms and seagulls is the talk of a very extraordinary man. Did you know that slugs suspend themselves in the air on a thread of slime, self-produced, to mate with one another? Did you know that a snail carries a little dart with it, which it shoots at its destined mate—a singular place to find Cupid's dart? Did you know that wasps sometimes use a small stone as a tool for hammering the earth? Perhaps your reply will be, "No; and what is more, I don't believe it." Well, I can only say, in that case, you must certainly read Mr. Gooch's book, and decide for yourself. I think you will be convinced not only that these amazing things do happen but that the man who can detect them, and who has not only the patience but the vision to see them, is a very remarkable man.

But Mr. Gooch does not only see these extraordinary things. In the true spirit of the Victorians, he also discusses what he rightly describes as "Difficulties of Interpretation." His chapter called "The Need for Proof" should be pondered by all students of wild life. It is very easy to jump to hasty and ill-considered conclusions, largely because of our inability to shed our own human ways of looking at things. In the very next chapter he suggests that Mr. Edmund Selous, most careful and self-critical of naturalists, was probably mistaken in his discussion of the amazingly rapid movements of great flocks of birds, that rush from one point to another in the air, and then all together suddenly turn and change their course. Mr. Selous wrote: "the facts . . . do not allow ordinary sense action unless we suppose a speed . . . so great as to make the real sequences invisible to the eye." But Mr. Gooch suggests, in the light of observation, that that is exactly what we may and even must suppose. The human eye is, in fact, a very slow tool. The fact that it cannot see things that happen very fast does not mean that they cannot happen very fast. A bird's reactions to the behaviour of its neighbours in a flock can be as much faster than yours or mine could be as the skilled typist's work is faster than the slow labour I am indulging in at this moment. It is true that I quite often get two letters jammed together, far oftener, indeed, than the skilled typist. But she would laugh at my clumsy slowness. So, too, if the bird in a flock could explain itself, it might say, almost incredulously: "But where is the difficulty? Of course, it is perfectly easy to turn and twist and change one's course six times in a second. Why not?" To which, I think, the only answer is: "Yes, it may be easy if you happen to be a bird and not a man."

It is Mr. Gooch's supreme merit that he helps us to see not only what the animals are doing but also, in some degree, what is the nature of the world in which they are living. He is also so magnificently neo-Victorian that he dares to point one or two morals. His final moral is certainly worth pondering. The remarkable things he has recorded about various animals are, he points out, instances of extraordinary adaptation to special circumstances. But there is a grave danger in such nice adaptation, namely that if and when circumstances change the animal cannot adapt itself. The animals that really do best are those that are adaptable to many types of environment. As to man, he has learnt supremely well how to adapt himself, through the use of his intelligence. Has he, thereby, come to put such exclusive reliance on his mind that he has forgotten the importance of other parts of his being? Has he become the supreme example of over-specialisation? Mr. Gooch believes that mankind was given a "yardstick" by which to avoid such over-specialisation some two thousand years ago. Will he use it?

HORACE ALEXANDER.

QUAKER SOCIAL HISTORY.*

By the end of the eighteenth century, but not earlier, the Quakers had officially adopted the name "The Religious Society of Friends" for their religious group. The internal organisation of the body which before that date had been referred to by such a description as "The People of God in scorn called Quakers" really came into being during the period covered by this book. The growth of the Society's form of organisation and how far it depended on the "ecclesiastical legislation" of George Fox or how far it was the pragmatic outcome of the "common sense" and experience of younger and lesser leaders is the theme of this fully documented study. "Quaker Discipline and Church Government," therefore, would have been a more accurate, though less attractive, title than *Social History*.

Nevertheless this most pleasantly produced volume, with over a dozen good reproductions of contemporary documents, will appeal to others besides Church historians. Few, if any, other religious bodies have produced books and documents comparable to the modern Quaker "Advices" and "Queries" and to its three volumes of *Christian Discipline*. These stem directly from the *Christian and Brotherly Advices* collected and circulated in manuscript in 1738. Their scope and also their social significance are shown by the table of contents, which began with Appeals, Arbitrations, Books, and passed by way of Mourning, Negroes and Oaths, to Tombstones, Trading and Yearly Meeting.

In such "Advices," material concerning manners and customs figures as well as paragraphs of spiritual admonition. By 1738 a narrowness regarding personal behaviour had sometimes begun to creep in, such as Margaret Fell, that wise "Mother of Quakerism," had opposed nearly half a century earlier when she wrote: "Christ Jesus . . . bids us consider the lilies and how they grow in more royalty than Solomon. But contrary to this we must look at no colours, nor make anything of changeable colours as the hills are, nor sell, nor wear them; but we must be all of one dress and one colour. This is a silly, poor Gospel." (Dr. Lloyd has unfortunately omitted the word "poor" in his quotation.)

The chapters on the status of women in the Society and on the Quaker Press—Friends flouted the State censorship of books for many years, yet set up a censorship of their own—are perhaps those with the widest interests, but from the point of view of the author's purpose the material regarding the relationship of the Quaker movement to the State and to the established Church is the most important.

Dr. Lloyd contends that the system of Church government worked out in the Quaker community owed less to Fox than it did to the "Meeting for Sufferings" which was "a by-product of the Quaker fight for legal protection against persecution." The "Meeting for Sufferings," which became, and remains, the Society's Executive Meeting, was originally a committee for legal defence, convened by the weekly gathering in London of itinerant Quaker preachers called the Morning Meeting. But the latter's supervision became nominal, and Meeting for Sufferings, "originally an *ad hoc* committee, became the controlling influence in the Society."

"By 1682," writes Dr. Lloyd, "the leading Quakers had discovered that the system which had been devised to answer the queries of country Quakers about legal redress was equally serviceable for putting to them queries about the practice of Quakerism in most of the concerns of daily life. Wisely used, the new system might have been the means of strengthening the religious life of the Society, but this was not its original purpose and in fact it did not maintain either a warm fellowship or a vigorous ministry. It proved instead an admirable device for maintaining Christian behaviour at a uniformly high standard."

The author's contentions are interesting, but are also arguable.

HUBERT W. PEET

* *Quaker Social History, 1669-1738*, By Arnold Lloyd, Ph.D. Introduction by Herbert G. Wood, M.A., D.D. Longmans. 21s.

THE MEANING OF BEAUTY.*

Mr. Eric Newton is an unusual critic because of his selective judgments, his deep sympathy with a variety of artistic movements, and the sincerity and unconventional outlook which are his. By giving us a book on "The Meaning of Beauty," he has not added another abstract treatise of a philosophical nature, but has endeavoured to deepen the appreciation of the common man who knows what he likes although he is unable to grasp the deeper significance of the arts. Some of his statements are surprising, such as his estimation of Piero della Francesca or Picasso. The book ignores the artistic implications of social change, which help to explain phenomena of the Giotto type and throw light on taste and fashion. It is to be regretted that no room has been found for the discussion of the ugly in art, its place in engendering emotion, and the fusing of apparently discordant elements in a work giving aesthetic satisfaction. The particular merit of the book may be found in the careful analysis of the artistic and human qualities of a number of artists, especially of Paolo Veronese, whose "Mystical Marriage of St. Catherine" he submits to a profound and sensitive description. Such analyses with regard to creations of a slightly lower than the highest quality are rare, although their educational value is unique. They help not only towards the appreciation of the individual work, but also afford standards of comparison by which the greatest achievements may be judged. One word should be added about the impeccable production of the book and the well-selected illustrations, but it is regrettable that an index and a select bibliography have been omitted.

HELEN ROSENAU.

MODERN EUROPE.†

Any help which can be given to the general public, and particularly to its younger members, in the attempt to analyse and to appreciate recent events in a true perspective is of vital importance. This service devolves on the historian, and in this sense this survey is most welcome. The task was a heavy one, even with the greatest ability to condense. The authors have achieved much in writing a history of the past eight decades which will serve the general reader and the student "setting out to work on this crowded period *ab initio*." The narrative has a blessed straightforwardness and, as a chronicle of the events in international relations from Bismarck to the present, it forms a reliable and digestible guide. The sections on the two world wars are admirable concise accounts of their main features.

In the further aim of writing a survey which could be used by students at university level as a textbook the authors have not been so successful. In their sincere desire to avoid writing either an incomplete or an unbalanced record, they have ventured, at appropriate intervals, on brief summaries of the operative factors which fashioned the national life and relations of each individual country. As a result there is sometimes provided either a sketchy background or one in which some factors are placed out of focus. The specialist reader will happen upon generalisation which does not entirely accord with the conclusions of certain recent research studies, and upon comment which nibbles rather than dissects. For example, to state that the Balkan agreement between Austria and Russia "began in 1897 as an understanding that British intervention in Macedonian massacres must be thwarted in both their interests" is completely misleading. A real study of the relevant documents will show that the attempt to thwart and, indeed, even to oust Britain from Balkan affairs occurred when Aehrenthal rather than Goluchowski was at the Ballplatz. Again, to state that in the first years of the twentieth century Britain was "consistently anti-Turkish" is quite unacceptable. This gravely misinterprets the standpoint of both Lansdowne and Grey and repeats a contemporary German criticism long abandoned and invalid. Actually, the details and the implications of British policy in the Macedonian question are sorely neglected. It must be added that to characterise the Young Turk leaders of 1908 as "a foretaste of the Fascists"

* *The Meaning of Beauty*. By Eric Newton. Longmans. 15s.

† *The European World, 1870-1945*. By T. K. Derry and T. L. Jarman. Bell. 20s.

lowers the generally objective standard of comment maintained in the book.

Germany and France are the two countries best treated. In the separate chapters on Russia since 1917 the authors have been single-minded and have given an orthodox outline of developments. They give little indication how far the new Russia of the Communists is, as a Great Power, a continuation of the old Russia of the Tsars. In dealing with Austria-Hungary, they appear to be positively unhappy. A serious omission from the list of official printed documents noted in the preface is the material from the Austrian Foreign Office: *Oesterreich-Ungarns Aussenpolitik, 1908-1914*. Recently in Vienna a group of students asked: "Where can we find, devoid of ideology and polemic, an account of European events of the last hundred years?" Notwithstanding all criticism, one could recommend this survey to them on the basis of its narrative and as a convenient substitute for the *Annual Register* and the *Geschichtskalender* to which, at the moment, they can refer only with difficulty.

EUROF WALTERS.

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In his recent book, *Church and State in England*,* the Archbishop of York argues for readjustment in the relations between the Church of England and the State. It is in effect a plea for Church freedom, unfettered by existing or potential State interference, while retaining the privileges and responsibilities of Establishment.

Dr. Garbett regards this old and much debated problem as one of particular urgency. He sees the State "steadily moving in the direction of totalitarianism," and maintains the duty of the Church to oppose this tendency. Under the existing law a totalitarian Government could not only repress Church opposition, but through its powers of appointment could use the Church as an instrument of propaganda. This analogy with Czechoslovakia and other Russian satellite States may be unconvincing, but certainly the relations between the Church and the Government and Parliament are most unsatisfactory.

Dr. Garbett includes, as the main and insupportable elements of State control, the appointment of all Bishops and Deans, Parliamentary control over doctrine and public worship, Ecclesiastical Appeal Courts staffed by laymen, who interpret dogma, and State control over Church property. As to the appointment of Bishops, Dr. Garbett urges that while appointment should remain with the Prime Minister, the Church should at least have the right of objection. With regard to Parliamentary control over faith and worship, Dr. Garbett admits that while Establishment continues, "the State has the right to require that any changes the Church makes are not inconsistent with the historic position." He argues that Parliament should accept without debate revisions agreed by the overwhelming majority of the Church, upon certification by the two Archbishops that the measure does not depart from the fundamental doctrine of the Church.

The Archbishop regards disestablishment as a last resort "if it became plain that the State would never relax its present control." His main objections are fourfold. The Church would become rigid through a statutory constitution and definition. Disestablishment would be regarded abroad as a national repudiation of religion. The Church would cease to have the same national responsibility for spiritual welfare. Finally, there would be the probability of disendowment. This is certainly a controversial but constructive and learned work, which, with the author's great authority, should rouse an indifferent general public.

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I Spied for Stalin, by Nora Murray (Odhams Press, 9s. 6d.), is the story of a Russian girl who experienced the full horror of the Communist régime and is now, as the wife of an Englishman, free to tell what she has seen and heard. Like Freda Uteley's *Lost Illusions*, recently noticed in these columns, she was converted from her Communist faith by a series of adventures enough to shatter a less resilient nature. When her father, a high official

* *Church and State in England*. By Dr. Cyril Garbett, Archbishop of York. Hodder & Stoughton. 15s.

of unimpeachable Marxist orthodoxy, had been arrested for some unknown reason and disappeared for ever, her life became a fierce struggle to survive. Caught in the toils of the Secret Police she was forced to spy on foreigners, one of whom was to become her rescuer and her husband. As General Mason-Macfarlane, head of the British Military Mission to Moscow 1941-2, remarks in his foreword, the book should be widely read, "especially by those whose interest in and support of Communist doctrine is based only on what the Kremlin wants them to know." What strikes one most in this poignant narrative is the atmosphere of suspicion, the universal fear, the callous cruelty of the ruling clique, the general loathing of the régime among the decent, kindly folk who constitute the vast majority of the community. Much of the machinery of oppression is inherited from Tsarist days, but it is now being worked with an energy and on a scale unknown before the revolution of 1917. Assuming the complete *bona fides* of the author, as we surely may, we must congratulate her on her courage and resourcefulness while she was fighting for her life against the tools of a diabolical régime.

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Five Jewish Lawyers of the Common Law (Oxford University Press, 5s.) contains, in a greatly expanded form, with notes, the substance of the Lucien Wolf Memorial Lecture for 1927 delivered by Professor A. L. Goodhart, under the auspices of the Jewish Historical Society of England. As the author remarks, it is only during the last century that Jews have been called to the Bar in England and the Empire; and during that period they have contributed greatly to the growth of the Common Law. In this short volume Professor Goodhart sketches the careers and evaluates the achievements of five of the most outstanding Jewish lawyers in this country and America. There is the great Judah Benjamin, the American lawyer and Confederate statesman who after the Civil War escaped to England and built up here a brilliant career at the English Bar. His textbook on *The Law of Sale* has remained a leading authority throughout America and the Commonwealth. Sir George Jessel, the great Equity judge in the tradition of Hardwicke and Cairns, was another obvious choice. With less reason Professor Goodhart includes Lord Reading who, while clearly a "great legal fencer," was not a pre-eminent Chief Justice. The remaining two are Louis Brandeis and Benjamin Cardozo. The former was the first Jew to be appointed to the American Supreme Court, and with strong liberal views was most frequently in a dissenting minority with Mr. Justice Holmes. Cardozo was probably the most outstanding of all Jewish Common Lawyers. He also was appointed to the American Supreme Court, but it is largely upon his judgments in the New York Court of Appeals and his writings that his fame rests as one of the greatest expounders of the Common Law. Professor Goodhart concludes by emphasising the qualities common to each of the five, namely fundamental liberalism, clarity of thought, devotion to scholarship and intellectual courage. This book can be read with equal pleasure and understanding by lawyer and layman alike as an introduction to the lives and work of these men.

A. DE M.

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I Understand the Risks, by Dr. Norman Bentwich (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.), tells the thrilling story of the "enemy aliens" in the second world war who proved themselves to be so little our enemies that many of them were eager to risk their lives in the struggle against Hitler's diabolical régime and some paid the final penalty. How fear and distrust gradually changed into liking and confidence is told with deep sympathy and admiration by Dr. Bentwich. Whether in the Pioneer Corps or in the fighting Services thousands of refugees from Nazi tyranny expressed their gratitude in a practical form for the welcome and help they had received. The story of official suspicion and imaginative harshness is less attractive, but the excellent record of the refugees, helped by their English friends, gradually broke down resistance and prejudices. Once again common convictions and ideals proved stronger than differences of race and language.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

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INTER-PARLIAMENTARY UNION : THE DUBLIN CONFERENCE.

THE thirty-ninth conference of the Inter-Parliamentary Union was held immediately after the rising of Parliament at Leinster House, Dublin. It is not necessary to refer to the historic origins of this organisation, which is perhaps the oldest surviving society of its kind. It might be well, however, to remind my readers that it stems from a strong movement, mostly of a working-class character, for international peace and arbitration, which found in the Victorian age such supporters as Victor Hugo, John Bright, Gladstone and William Jennings Bryan. Primarily it was not a Parliamentary organisation, but an International League working for peace and arbitration. It was only in 1889 that it assumed a definite Parliamentary form. The reason for this appears to have been that those engaged in these activities were, in fact, themselves Members of Parliament, who recognised that the weight and influence of their organisation would be much increased if its membership were so defined and limited. Alongside of the plea for arbitration went a parallel movement of lawyers—such distinguished names as Richard Webster, Lord Herschell and others—endeavouring to establish an International Court of Law. The two movements came into conjunction at the conference of the Inter-Parliamentary Union at Budapest in 1896, when resolutions were passed which, later, brought to the notice of the Czar, formed one of the foundations of the Rescript of 1898. At that same conference Count Apponyi moved for the admission of representatives of States which had no Parliament, and this resolution was carried with few dissentients. It may have been intended in the first place to induce the St. Petersburg Government to send a delegate, but if so, it failed, as the Czar regarded such a popular assembly as dangerous to public order.

This Apponyi resolution does, however, establish the historic fact that the Inter-Parliamentary Union is in origin and essence a peace organisation and not a school for Parliamentarians as such. The Parliamentary aspect of the association, however, became more marked of late years, and in the first Article of its Statutes the improvement of the working of Parliamentary institutions is defined as one of the objects of the Union. This, however, is very far from saying that the British model is to be adopted. It refers in general to machinery of a Parliamentary type.

This object is the special purpose of the Autonomous Section which was inaugurated by my predecessor, Count Henri Carton de Wiart. This is an organisation of Clerks of Parliaments for the specific purpose of the study of Parliamentary Government. This Section had the great advantage of being set up under the auspices of Sir Gilbert Campion (now Lord Campion), Clerk of the House of Commons, and although he remains the President of Honour of the Section, the elected President at the moment is M. Blamont, the Clerk of the

French National Assembly. A word on the work of this Section at Dublin may here be appropriate. Twelve countries were represented. They included Western European and Scandinavian countries and, farther East, Egypt, Israel and India. It must be very gratifying to all those who have worked for the independence of India to observe the close study that the Indian Legislative Assembly gives to Erskine May and our Parliamentary methods, and what is true of India no doubt goes, or will go, for the other new Asian States. In the case of Israel, the copy is close to the point of compliment. I received from the President of the Assembly a copy of their Parliamentary Report, which, except, of course, that it reads from right to left and is written in the Hebrew tongue, is indistinguishable in format from our own *Hansard*. It is called literally "The Words of the Knesset." It is often said that technical interests may bridge the gulf in economic beliefs which at present separates the world, and this appeared for some time to be true in the Autonomous Section. The Czechs and Hungarians were quite active members of the Section, and Poland and Roumania also belonged. When I was in Bucharest a year or two ago the interest in our methods of Parliamentary Government and voting was quite marked. Now, alas, in this respect the general division has afflicted the Autonomous Section, and, for the time being our Eastern members are taking no active part.

The matters discussed by the Autonomous Section were of much interest to Members of Parliament. They included, first, the receipt and examination of foreign documents. This is at the present day of particular importance, in view of the growing concern of us all with the affairs of the world. The discussion was fathered by M. Blamont, who was in a strong position because the French Assembly has a service of foreign documentation and translation, which, I suppose, is second to none. Methods of voting were also examined in a preliminary way, and the third topic was one of great moment to Members of Parliament, namely delays in the replies to Written Parliamentary Questions. This is a very old issue in the House of Commons, largely overcome by means of the "starred question," which demands an answer by a given date. In the matter of Written Questions in the Lords and Commons, one would think there is room for improvement. The Autonomous Section publishes an International Handbook of Procedure, an encyclopædia for students of Parliamentary Government, and also a quarterly publication called "Parliamentary and Constitutional Information." It can be said, therefore, that so far as the Statute enjoins the development of Parliamentary institutions the Inter-Parliamentary Union more than fulfils its duty.

The chief public interest, however, in the Union lies undoubtedly in the Council and Annual Conference. As will be remembered, every member-State has the right to equal representation on the Council, which is the governing body, and to the appointment of a delegation to the conference, voting at which is determined on a scale mainly based upon population. The most striking thing which has emerged in the course of the last two or three years has been the emphasis on the responsible character of the delegates and on the universality of the Union. Despite the heavy claims of Lake Success, Strasbourg and many other international gatherings, the Union continues to attract men of standing. For example, there were at Dublin five Senators and five Deputies from America; four Senators from the

Argentina; the President of the Senate and an ex-Prime Minister from Belgium; the Vice-President of the Chilean Chamber; Mme Hansen, who is the President of the Landsting in Denmark; the ex-President of the Senate from Egypt, with a Vice-President of the Chamber; the President of the Foreign Affairs Commission in both Houses from Ecuador; the President of the Foreign Affairs Commission in France; the Deputy Speaker of the House of Commons; the President of the Indian National Assembly; the Foreign Minister from Ireland; four Senators and ten Deputies from Italy; an ex-Prime Minister from Lebanon; the Speaker of the Norwegian Assembly; an ex-Prime Minister from Holland; the Vice-President of the Persian Assembly; the President of the Senate from Thailand and the President of the Grand National Assembly from Yugoslavia. I have picked out these names from many to illustrate the political weight of the representatives. I may make three points here. First, as there is no veto our membership is not artificially restricted, as in the case of the Assembly of U.N.O. Second, the tradition of the Union permits differences to be stated and does not impose uniformity of opinion on any delegation. This appeared, for example, in the differing views of the British group on Irish partition. Third, courtesy and restraint have always marked the debates of the Union.

In all, about thirty-two countries participated. This was remarkable because, for the time being, our members from Eastern Europe were not represented. They remain members of the Union but we have suffered, like so many other organisations, from the increasing international strain. Only in one case, however, has an actual resignation occurred, and that is in the case of Czechoslovakia. This being reported to the Union, a universal regret was expressed at the absence of these members and a hope that they would make an early return. It was pointed out that the Inter-Parliamentary Union, despite its neutral character, made a strong protest against the Munich settlement.

Just a word about the geographical extension of the Union. Whereas in the days when it was founded, practically by two men, Sir William Cremer, M.P., and M. Frederic Passy, it was a merely Western European group with the sympathy of Carnegie and the White House, the end of the second world war saw the beginning of great growth, first in the Middle East and the Arab States, then in Israel, in India and in the new Asian States. At Dublin we welcomed for the first time in our history representatives of the only South-East Asian State which has never been under foreign rule, namely Thailand. The Union clearly has also taken root in South America, as Chile and Argentina and Ecuador all sent active participants.

Now a word about the character of the conference itself. The members were received with the greatest courtesy by the Irish group. The Prime Minister welcomed the conference, Mr. MacBride addressed it, Mr. de Valera was in constant attendance, and the President of the Republic received us in settings of purest beauty at the Government House. For the British, of course, there were many poignant memories. The president of the conference was Mr. Frank Fahy, who had been in charge of the defence of the Four Courts and had narrowly escaped execution. But indeed the echoes of past controversies were very numerous. In the debates in general there was hardly a question of international difference that was not brought forward. The Irish, for example, wishing to explain in advance their attitude towards the Atlantic Pact, made a brief and restrained reference to Partition

through the mouth of Mr. MacBride. The British answer was given with dignity by the Deputy Speaker, Major Milner, and the debate, which was continued by Mr. de Valera and Professor Savory, developed into private discussions, which were an interesting and prominent feature of this conference. Trieste, the occupation of Egypt, the Palestine question, the French possessions in India, and even the commercial dispute between Syria and Lebanon, were mentioned, and the question of food supplies in South-East Asia was brought forward with passion by some of the members in a debate contributed to powerfully by representatives of the United States of America. One of the most impressive speeches on this question of food and the protection of children was made by the Begum Ikramullah of Pakistan.

The conference concluded with a number of resolutions passed in every case unanimously. Ratification of the new Geneva Red Cross Conventions was demanded, attention was drawn to the food situation in Asia, resolutions were passed on unequal treaties, the protection of women and children, the teaching of history, and a general resolution on the basis of peace was adopted on the motion of M. Marius Moutet, the French ex-Minister. The chief resolution dealt with Korea and emphasised these points: first, the significance of joint international action to resist aggression; secondly, praise and admiration for the troops and sympathy for all the innocent victims of this war; thirdly, a plea for the application of the U.N.O. machinery, and lastly, a condemnation in clear and emphatic terms of every form of preventive war.

It may be asked what can be said of the conference and in general of the utility of the Union. Is it just a touristic jaunt or is there more behind it than that? My first reply to that would be to draw attention to the increasing desire for membership, for example, the message from Prime Minister Hatta indicating that Indonesia will form a group, and the desire generally in Asia, of which we have had some indications, to be represented. I attribute this interest in the Union, and this willingness to make financial sacrifices to be represented at its conferences, to a desire of the nations of the world to find a real, free, responsible, international forum in which differences are discussed courteously with knowledge and responsibility, but with freedom from direction, and in particular on their merits and independent of the major issue which at present divides the world. The help which we have had in these discussions from small countries whose material contribution to power politics could never be great is a feature for which the world should be grateful.

STANSFORD.

President of the Council, Inter-Parliamentary Union.

THE COLD WAR IN AUSTRIA.

"**T**HANK God, oh, thank God, Herr Gedye," my Austrian cook greeted me recently, almost collapsing in a very solid mass on my shoulders. "Thank God you are safely back at last—we thought the Russkis had put you in the bag"—which seems a fair translation of her word "*ingeschnappt*." My good Frau Mitzi is by no means an excitable person, nor had I given cause either to her or the Russians to envisage such an occurrence. I had merely got back via the corridor through the Russian zone from a few days in the British zone twelve hours later than Frau Mitzi had expected, and my warning

telegram had gone astray. Austrians, as well as "Western Allies" of course, travel daily from one of the "Western" zones to Vienna through the Russian zone which entirely surrounds it. Ninety-eight times in a hundred there is nothing to it but the formal presentation of papers for casual scrutiny by the Russian control post at the entry into their zone. But every few days an Austrian traveller will vanish at the control post into a Russian prison. He may be released two hours, two days or two months later. Or he may never be heard of again, even the very fact of his arrest being denied by the Russians. But this very minor risk—at least in the case of a national of one of the other occupying Powers—was not enough in itself to account for Frau Mitzi's hysterical outburst. She is just an average Austrian. But the average Austrian's nerves have been on edge since the unpleasantness began in Korea. He feels that anything may happen, any day this autumn; and anything includes war—any day. He is not panicking; he is carrying on with his daily job of rebuilding his country's economy, which has already progressed so far, as though conditions were stable instead of latently volcanic. He keeps his eyes on the West, watching for any slight sign of weakening, of appeasement of the aggressor. Here and there some may attempt a hopeless reinsurance—it is rumoured that several conservative politicians are secretly putting out feelers, "just in case." In general, so long as the West stands firm, so long will the Austrian, but his nerves remain excusably taut.

Here is another example. During the night of August 14th to 15th two N.K.V.D. (Russian secret police) men in uniform, checking identity papers at Wiener Neustadt, in the heart of the Russian zone, and obviously hunting for an important suspect, detained a Russian captain, also in uniform, and ordered him to accompany them to the Kommandatura. On the way the officer drew a revolver in each hand and killed both his captors by shooting them in the back. After forcing various Austrians to assist him in his flight he shot dead an Austrian chauffeur who resisted him, and escaped in the direction of the American zone. In the struggle he lost a satchel containing among other things a Russian-English dictionary—a strange thing indeed for any good Red Army officer to carry. From this, the direction of his flight and the extreme efforts made by the Russians to recapture him, it may safely be assumed that he had information to sell. For two days the Russians allowed no mention of these murders to get into the papers. But during those two days—and long afterwards—travellers found themselves held up every few miles by strong Red Army patrols, or by Austrian gendarmes pressed in their hundreds into this service. Cars were searched, luggage compartments opened and examined, men forced to bare their right arms to see whether they bore certain tattoo marks, all without explanation. A near panic started in Vienna and the countryside, the Austrians saying, "This is it!" Vienna had been formally invested, the Red Army was on the march, gunfire had been heard near the frontiers of the American zone, and so forth. Things got so serious that the Minister of the Interior, Oscar Helmer, was compelled to issue a reassuring official communiqué urging the public to disregard all rumours, since nothing worse than a vigorous search for a dangerous killer was afoot. The alarm subsided, but its sudden emergence shows how the average citizen of Central Europe feels about the prospects of an outbreak of war to-day.

What grounds are there for the prevailing acute tension here? In actual developments locally, very few. Certainly there are symptoms

which, to those with 'five years' experience of the Russian invader, suggest that he is preparing to get on the move again. But they are not conclusive, and could all be given a different interpretation. There was a landing of forty Russian bombers, said to be of a new type, in Lower Austria a fortnight ago, followed by big air manoeuvres. While twenty-one bombers and four fighters were engaged in these over Bruck-an-der-Leitha on August 18th one bomber crashed. With lightning rapidity Soviet troops sealed off the whole area, specialist troops arrived and removed under tarpaulins a great deal of the plane's equipment and smashed the remainder to atoms. A new secret weapon brought up for the coming offensive? Perhaps—but there is not the slightest proof. Then there is the Soviet decision to establish a complete Russian network of telephone and telegraph lines. Austrians under Russian supervision are working at high pressure laying cables which have no connection with the existing Austrian system with which the Russians have been content for five years. This new military network is to cover the whole Russian zone, including Vienna, and is to extend beneath the Iron Curtain into Czechoslovakia and Hungary. This may well be a preparation for military operations, but equally well a symptom of the growing Russian nervousness about "espionage." Last month, too, the Russians have been holding military manoeuvres of which the "general idea" was fairly obvious—to ascertain how quickly Vienna could be completely cut off from the rest of the world by the Red Army. It could have been a perfectly normal exercise such as an army of occupation might go through anywhere, with no specially sinister significance, but for the Austrian authorities it was, in view of the world tension, more than a little disquieting. Other evidence shows that the late Red Army manoeuvres have left behind a legacy which is likely to prove permanent. A close cordon of military posts has been established around the Austrian oilfields which the Russians seized in 1945 on the generally specious excuse that their plant was once "German property," and are working for their own profit. Is this a precaution against sabotage immediately preceding or succeeding an outbreak of hostilities? All that has followed it in point of fact is the great fire which broke out recently in Russian-controlled oilfields in Slovakia, behind the supposedly safe Iron Curtain. Although the blaze illuminated all Vienna, so close was its source, the Czechoslovak Press ignored it—the usual Communist tactic where successful sabotage is suspected, lest anti-Communists generally should take heart. Was this a deliberate demonstration by some of the latter that no Red Army cordon can assure the exploiters of their booty if war begins? It could equally well have been an accidental blaze, save for the mysterious suppression of the story in the Czech Press.

A blaze of a different kind, started from the western side of the Iron Curtain, was the unduly publicised agreement between a committee of Czechoslovak refugees in London headed by the near-Fascist General Prchal and some of the Sudeten-German deportees, agreeing to work together for the liberation of Czechoslovakia and the return of the Sudeten Germans. Everyone knows that this latter objective can only be realised through a new world war, and this stupid agreement benefited only Communist propaganda. I have myself seen the horrors and bestialities committed by Sudeten-German Nazis against decent Czech citizens in 1938. I have also been inside a Czech concentration camp for Sudeten Germans in 1945, and seen the savage cruelty shown by Czech Communists even to the sick, aged and babes in arms among

harmless Sudeten citizens. I have also seen in Prague something of the yield of the elaborate espionage carried on by Czechs among Sudeten refugees in the American zone of Germany, and seen how everything is done to stimulate the fears of a nationally guilty conscience that one day the Sudeteners may return to avenge their wrongs. I have seen the desert and ruins created by the Czecho-Russian mass deportation of three million persons from the once highly prosperous and now almost abandoned Sudeten territory, which the Soviets are reported to be trying to colonise with Mongolian Russians. In this complicated question, with so many wrongs on both sides, it would be madness for the West to espouse such a doubtful cause as the wholesale return of the German population to the Sudeten lands. It is satisfactory that cold water was at once poured on to this blaze by the Czech Socialists and other democrats who are united in the "Council of Free Czechoslovaks" in London, presided over by that sound democrat Peter Zenkl, former Mayor of Prague.

There are those, among them some knowledgeable persons among the Western Allies out here, who are more impressed by negative than by positive indications—the latter are few enough—that the storm may shortly break here. One of these is the sudden affability of the Russians in Austria towards the Western Allies. After August 1945, when the occupation of Vienna, which had been garrisoned exclusively by Russians for four months, became quadrupartite, real efforts were made by the West, particularly by the British, to establish at least outwardly cordial social relations with the Eastern ally. No party to which foreign guests were invited was complete without its quota of Russians. The latter, most hospitable by nature if allowed to be natural, responded lavishly—after an understandable interval, during which the "line" had to be got from Moscow. On the Press level Tass correspondents and Russian information officers were frequent dinner guests at larger parties at the American, British and French Press camps, and we frequently attended cocktail parties at the Tass offices on the Beethoven Platz. This cordiality of course was never more than strictly superficial, everyone realising that any attempt to discuss politics seriously or to attempt friendship with any individual Russian would mean the breaking off of all contacts. In one or two cases where this elementary rule for social conduct between East and West was overlooked for a moment the Russian party to the *faux pas* quickly vanished from Vienna. The Russian guests always arrived and departed in a body, and were always careful never to talk to a Westerner save in the presence of colleagues. Nor was it difficult to spot the inevitable N.K.V.D. observer among the guests. Still, an attempt was made by the West—and not rejected by the East—at superficial sociability.

For the past three years all this has belonged to a dim and almost incredible past. Russians have cut down all social contacts to the delegation of a couple of officers among a dozen invited to attend any social function. These have stood apart stiffly, consumed the permitted couple of drinks, with their eyes on their watches, and at the end of the allotted period have clicked heels and departed. A couple of months back, almost coinciding with the invasion of South Korea, this attitude changed overnight. Obviously following fresh instructions from Moscow every Russian official or officer invited accepted with alacrity, fed and drank freely, showed great joviality (particularly towards Americans, whose most distinguished personalities seemed in constant danger of getting digs between the ribs to emphasise the point of a joke) and some-

times became the life and soul of a party. All this is as it should be between Allies, and extremely pleasant. Only—ask the nasty-minded—why, when all over the world relations with Russia grow every day more tense, should Central Europe suddenly become the shining exception? Possibly those who see in it nothing but a sinister attempt to lull the West into a false sense of security on this sector of the vast cold-war front have caught the disease of over-suspicion from the Russians, with whom they have been living side by side for five years. Perhaps not. Whether or no, the change is obvious—and remarkable. The “false security” school of thought points also to the comparative calm along the Iron Curtain. Frontier incidents between Hungary and Czechoslovakia on the one side and Austria on the other have suddenly become rarer. The demonstrative marching and counter-marching of Cominform forces in Albania, Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary, which was such a well-advertised feature last summer, has ceased. The only reports received recently from these countries speak of few—but those rather furtive—military preparations. Although the spring brought its usual fine crop of frontier incidents where these four countries march with Tito’s Yugoslavia, these also have died down since Korea. One would have to be optimistic indeed to find any reassurance for world peace in what can at best be only stagnation of the forces of aggression in this solitary sector.

Inside Austria there is no stagnation of Russian policy, but growing aggression. In the fields of propaganda, administration and politics a new forward move of “russification” has started. In the province of Lower Austria, for example, the Russian Kommandatura has for the first time demanded that it should be notified in advance of any sitting of the Diet or the local government, to enable a Russian officer to be present throughout the deliberations. This goes much further in the way of interference in Austrian internal affairs than anything attempted even after the entry of the Red Army as victors in 1945. The Austrians have so far ignored the demand for notice to be given and have decided that both the Diet and the Government will break off their deliberations immediately any Russian officer appears. From the Kommandatura of Bruck-an-der-Leitha a similar demand was made applying to political gatherings held by any party. This also has been ignored by all except the Communists. In the Austrian provinces political meetings are always held in the dance halls or concert halls of the larger inns. To ensure that no political discussions shall take place without the presence of a Russian officer the Kommandatura has now notified all innkeepers that if any such meeting is held the inn concerned will be shut up by the local Russian commander. These latest Russian moves have not been made public at the moment of writing, but are likely to raise a storm when Parliament reassembles in the autumn. Equally disquieting (although not indicative of military activity) to Austrians is the Russian demand for more time on the air for Russian propaganda, especially for that directed to young people. The broadcasts are to be increased from two to three hours daily, giving them a total of six or seven broadcasts a day, mostly at peak listening periods, over the Austrian broadcasting network, the “Ravag.” In private conversation with one of their officials a Russian made a truly naïve defence of these demands. “We are at a terrible disadvantage *vis-à-vis* the West in Austria,” he said. “True, we have our Red Army newspaper for Austrians, just as the British and Americans have theirs. Also we have the Austrian Communist newspapers.

But who reads these, or our Red Army paper? Nobody. Yet the Western line is eagerly advocated against us by every other paper in the country. If we can't make Austrians buy the newspapers which give our point of view, we can at least force them to hear it over their own wireless, and we shall."

In some districts workers in factories who decline to sign the bogus Communist "peace" resolution are being called to the local *Kommandatura* and forced to do so. And from all the concerns seized by the Russians on the dubious "German property" claim and now run by their "Usia" administration, the most hated and feared of all Communism's opponents, the Social Democrats, are now being methodically weeded out and shown the door.

On September 26th, the Russians seized the opportunity afforded by the new wage-price agreement announced that day by the Austrian Government to push their Communist stooges into a dress rehearsal for a *putsch*. The moment was well chosen, because there was real uneasiness among all wage-earners whether the ten per cent. increase accepted by the unions would really cover the corresponding rise in prices. The Russians sent the Communist employees of their U.S.I.A. factories on to the streets on strike (deducting, to the men's disgust, one day's pay at the end of the week), and to demonstrate. Railway stations and public buildings were occupied, telephone exchanges seized, police cordons broken through, and the unarmed police beaten up by Communist thugs. The exercise over, the "troops" were recalled. At the end of the week the Communists gave the Government an "ultimatum" to double the wage increases, failing which they would call a general strike and launch demonstrations the following Wednesday. The general strike was a complete failure, 90 per cent. of the workers standing aloof, but the disorder started by the Communist storm troopers under the open protection of the Russians was serious. Factories were besieged, attempts made in the Russian zone to cut off all road and rail communications with Vienna. Everywhere the Russians forbade the Austrian police to restore order, and in many cases ordered them to attack Socialist workers who tried to do so themselves.

Quite suddenly, at midnight on Thursday, October 5th, the Communist "strike" committee issued orders to break off the action—there was no general strike to break off, only the activities of the terror groups and the strike of a few thousand Communists. The disorders were called off following a meeting of Socialist shop stewards, news of which reached the Communists on Thursday afternoon where it was decided to resort to self-help. At dawn on Friday the mass of the workers, ignoring the local police who were too subservient to the Russians to help, were going to attack all factories picketed or occupied by Communists and drive them away. This, coupled with the growing anger of the population at large, was more than the Communists were prepared to face. This time the attack on Austrian independence has been defeated, but nobody doubts that it will be followed by others, probably better organised.

Confronted with this new Russian offensive, Austrians are bewildered at the tactics of the British Foreign Office. Vienna is in fact being largely dropped as a British cultural outpost on the fringe of the Iron Curtain, to the obvious relief of the Russians and annoyance of the Americans. In accordance with a sort of ostrich-policy-in-reverse Downing Street insists on putting into effect a policy decided on long before the world outlook was changed by Korea of seeing a treaty

where no treaty exists. More precisely the line is that as it seems hopeless to reckon with a treaty for Austria one should behave, as far as possible, as though it already existed and there was no occupation. The British information services have closed down almost to the last man, to be replaced by a single Foreign Office information officer in the Legation. The British-run daily, the *Weltpresse*, has been sold to the Austrian Socialist Party, in whose printing works it was produced by the British. Presumably the theory is that if there were a treaty and no occupation Britain would neither print newspapers, broadcast in Austria nor otherwise try to influence public opinion there. True, when these things were started in 1945, the idea was to re-educate Austrians after the long Nazi occupation in democratic principles. In point of fact this has long ceased to be the objective, which has become the support of democratic resistance to the threat of Communist domination.

Certainly the Austrian Socialist Party is the most important Austrian element opposed to Communism. But by selling the *Weltpresse* to it the British have given out of their hands a powerful weapon which, as an Austrian weapon, becomes as much subject to Russian pressure as any other Austrian newspaper. Incidentally the move has aroused the anger of Chancellor Figl and the resentment of what is numerically the strongest Austrian party, the Catholic Volkspartei, who accuse the British of turning their occupation into one by the Labour Party instead of by the British Government. The British radio system established here, the "Alpenland" group, broadcasting from Vienna, Graz and Klagenfurt, and audible all over the Russian-occupied provinces of Lower Austria and the Burgenland, as well as in Hungary, is being given up, and probably also the great 100-kilowatt station at Dobl in the British zone. Built by Goebbels for spreading the gospel of the "new order" throughout the Balkans, it has been relaying B.B.C. foreign language broadcasts to the population behind the Iron Curtain for eight hours a day, the B.B.C. paying for its use. Obviously neither from "Alpenland" or from Dobl can the Austrians dare to give facts to the oppressed populations behind the Iron Curtain against a Russian veto. Nor can they dare to make a voluntary agreement with the British permitting them to do so. Amidst many other features of what most Austrians regard fearfully as an abandonment of a British position in the cold war is the closing down with a polite shrug of diplomatic shoulders of the British Public Relations Section, which still gave—greatly diminished—assistance to British correspondents in their not always easy task of carrying on their work in a largely Russian-controlled city. The loss of facilities will be seriously felt, especially by those British newspapers and agencies which employ persons of non-British nationality as their correspondents. These are losing the privilege of sending out copy through the army post office, and will have to send it through the Russian censor by Austrian civilian mails. If all this is the outcome of confidence in London that normal peace conditions can be one-sidedly established in Austria that confidence, to Austria's relief, is not shared by the Americans, who are maintaining their newspaper and broadcasting, their generous backing of American correspondents, and generally increasing their informative work. They are said to be piqued at the British refusal to consider their request that the *Weltpresse* should be kept on under British auspices, and tend to be sceptical about British assurances that the request came too late.

The Viennese do not believe that any local issues will determine whether they have peace or war this autumn. For them the big ques-

tion is whether Russia will decide that she cannot afford to allow the West three years to get into a state of defence and will strike now. Does Stalin believe that he is greater than Hitler and can not only overrun Europe—which no one here doubts—but also subdue the entire non-Communist and highly industrialised world? If he does not Austrians feel that he will yet hesitate at the brink. Scanning the horizon for war clouds the eyes of Vienna tend to focus on more distant points than the neighbouring satellite States of Russia. They are watching Eastern Germany, with its five fully mobilised Soviet armies. And they are watching above all the Far East. For they know that the battle of Austria's survival must in the first stage be won on the battlefields of Korea.

G. E. R. GEDYE.

Vienna.

INDIA'S FOREIGN POLICY.

NEARLY three years ago when the British withdrew from India it was felt in Whitehall that a new era had dawned in Asia full of promise for world peace and goodwill among the nations. Was not India, strong and self-reliant, destined to provide Asia with leadership and to set up a barrier to Communism and aggression in South-East Asia and the Far East?

India was ready to accept the role of leadership. But all the influence, moral and material, she might be able to exert must, Pandit Nehru told the world, be directed against Western imperialism and colonial activities in Asia. For the rest, she would observe a policy of strict but dynamic neutrality; she would join no power bloc, either anti-Soviet or Soviet. She hoped, indeed, to maintain friendly relations with Russia.

The Press in India, and notably the *National Herald*, supposed to reflect Pandit Nehru's views, proceeded to develop the theme of India's leadership and her desire to stand well with Russia. Britain, the *National Herald* declared, would have to put up with India's opposition to her colonial policy. As to Russia, the same paper derided as nonsense a suggestion by a leading American journalist, Louis Fischer, that India should support an anti-Soviet policy. "Americans should understand that the Soviet policy of racial equality was enough to attract black people everywhere. India had no quarrel with the Soviet; they had not been gun-running into Hyderabad or shown an unfriendly interest in Kashmir."

That the *National Herald* did not misrepresent the Indian Prime Minister was shown by the action he took later on in summoning an Asian conference to Delhi to devise measures for supporting Indonesia in her struggle for independence. In addressing the conference he explained his position in the following terms. "We represent," he said, "the ancient civilisation of the East as well as the dynamic civilisation of the West. Politically we symbolise in particular the spirit of freedom and democracy which is so significant a feature of the new Asia. Asia, under India's leadership, is reclaiming its place in the world's councils, asserting for the first time effectively her right to demand from the West in Asia the standards the West has taught Asia." Indonesia could rely on all the moral support India could make available.

Further light was thrown on Indian foreign policy in an interesting discussion in the Indian Parliament in the spring of 1948, during which

Pandit Nehru admitted that the principle on which that policy was based "had promoted animosity among almost all major nations of the world. India had lost caste with the U.S.A. in consequence." Other speakers thought India's position was no better with the United Nations. Some Right Wing politicians doubted the policy of isolation. As against all this, Left Wing Socialists, led by Jai Prakash Narain, advocated a scheme of forming a third power bloc of the democratic countries of Asia.

A few months later Pandit Nehru's policy had taken on a more practical turn. In a public address he declared that it was no use in the present world context trying to teach non-violence to the nations. "We had to shed blood a few months ago. Britain has shed her imperialism. Even though she has colonies where she is practising colonialism she is not to-day an imperialist country and could not be so." He went on to pay a tribute to British character. "If India had emulated it, they would have made greater progress than they had done."

Foreign policy unless backed by military power is practically lifeless. ✓ India's foreign policy has been reduced to that condition as a result of the strained relations between herself and Pakistan. Even had the Indian Government felt that its interest demanded the use of military force, e.g. in Tibet, the cold war in Kashmir would have made such intervention almost impossible.

Towards the end of last year the position on the Indian frontiers changed for the worse with the threat of an irruption from Communist China or Tibet or of Soviet forces from Sinkiang, while the outbreak of communal strife between East and West Bengal had brought India and Pakistan to the verge of war. Both Governments realised the terrible danger that faced them; both saw clearly that it could only be averted if they stood side by side. It redounds to the credit of both Prime Ministers that they took strong measures to bring about an *entente*. As a result, the communal trouble has died down. Improved relations have led to fresh negotiations for the settlement of other urgent matters, notably the problem of evacuee property. Unfortunately no attempt was made to clear the Kashmir issue.

In June Pandit Nehru gave fresh proof of the interest of India in Indonesia by a goodwill visit to that country. By this time he had found it necessary further to modify his foreign policy. Discussing the subject at a Press conference before he left for Indonesia, he described as utter nonsense all talk of India leading Asia. She had enough problems of her own. Asian countries possessed very little military strength. But apart from this, they, and especially India, had no desire to play power politics.

In his public utterances in Indonesia the Pandit was concerned mainly to impress on the Indonesians that in the dark days ahead they could save themselves only by promoting unity. How far he tried to influence his host, Dr. Soekarno, President of the Indonesian Republic, to reconsider his policy of throwing over the federal scheme adopted at The Hague and forcing the member States to accept the domination of his particular group by means of a unitary government is not clear. Yet this was a matter of primary importance for the peace of South-East Asia. He was non-committal on the subject of recognising the Bao Dai régime in Indo-China; a neutral attitude was preferable. Nevertheless, Dr. Hatta, Prime Minister of the Republic, soon after went out of his way to accord recognition to the Ho Chi

Minh régime. As to the Indonesian claim to Dutch New Guinea, Pandit Nehru was inclined to think that "historically, culturally and geographically it should go to Indonesia," a statement he would find it difficult to justify. "If the Dutch remained there, it would be a continuous irritant. The matter should be decided by the local people" (the handful of head hunters?). Australia was, he was prepared to admit, in a different position; she was part of Asia; the Dutch were not.

On his return journey, the Prime Minister visited Malaya. At Singapore, addressing a Press conference, he expressed the view that South-East Asia was a greater danger in world affairs than any other. The problem of those regions could only be solved by psychological and economic methods. As regards Malaya, he denounced terrorism and conceded that the British should deal with banditry. At the same time, peace would not be restored till the British withdrawal gave hope for the development of nationalism. Only when it came up against nationalism was Communism worsted. Pandit Nehru did not attempt to explain how such incongruous elements as Malay and Chinese could be fused into a common citizenship. He seems to have overlooked the fact that Chinese imperialism claims that every Chinese domiciled abroad, even if born in the country he lives in, does not cease to be a Chinese subject. How Malaya, with its immense importance in world strategy, could stand alone was again a point he did not develop. Would it be a Dominion in the British Commonwealth, or would it be expected to merge itself with India? *bold*!

Back in Delhi, the Pandit was faced with the necessity of deciding whether to accept or not the resolution of the Security Council of the United Nations calling for assistance to South Korea. He had the courage to accept. At the same time, however, a statement was issued from the Ministry of External Affairs in Delhi to the effect that acceptance did not involve any modification of India's policy based on the promotion of world peace and the development of friendly relations with all countries; it remained an independent policy to be determined solely by India's ideals and objectives. In any case, Sir Benegal Rama Rau, India's representative at Lake Success, announced that India would not be able to give any military aid as her forces were organised essentially for home defence. Pakistan, it may be noted, has accepted the resolution and pledged herself to afford any military aid possible. *non sense*

It is all to the good that India is prepared to support the United Nations in Korea. Her attitude, however, as will appear, lacks clear definition. And obviously only if Pakistan and India work in close alliance can either of them make a real contribution to the defeat of Communism in South-East Asia. There can be no such co-operation so long as the cold war over Kashmir goes on.

Pandit Nehru has given out publicly that only by working together closely both in the economic field and in carrying out a joint defence policy can Pakistan and India hope to survive. Does he really mean it? One would have thought that if he did he would not have allowed the recent negotiations over Kashmir to break down and the United Nations mediator, Sir Owen Dixon, to retire discomfited. It follows that India's finest troops, instead of being available to meet an emergency on her frontiers, remain locked up in the mountains of Kashmir, while the cold war saps the economic life of both Dominions. But for the tension between them, each country could easily have contributed a division to the United Nations forces in Korea. *we refuse to do so*

Consciousness of the military weakness of his country doubtless inspired Pandit Nehru's recent efforts to bring about a peaceful settlement of the trouble in Korea. He advocated as an essential preliminary to an approach of the kind that the People's Government of China should be recognised by the United Nations. The proposal was not, however, accepted at Lake Success: as a consequence, the impulse of the Indian Prime Minister has had no concrete results. He has now made an approach to the new Chinese Government itself with a view to establishing friendly relations; an exchange of cultural visits is suggested; efforts to improve trade between the two countries are to be made. In this connection, it may be noted that in political circles in Delhi it is felt that Chinese Communism is not of an aggressive brand and that it might be possible for China and India to work together for the peace and progress of Asia. In any case, it is not proposed to offer opposition to a Communistic thrust into Tibet. India has, however, advised moderation in Peking and it is hoped both in Lhasa and Delhi that Mao Tse-tung will be content with a nominal suzerainty over the threatened country. This seems a little optimistic. One wonders whether Delhi politicians yet realise that Russian imperialism rivals what they describe as the Western type of that phenomenon.

To sum up: India in the context of world events to-day feels no longer able to carry out a policy of neutrality. She has ceased to aspire to the leadership of Asia: her influence will be mainly directed towards establishing peace and well-being in Asia. One hopes that her voice in world politics may soon have the weight her position should command if only a complete understanding over Kashmir could be reached between herself and Pakistan.

W. P. BARTON.

CHURCH AND STATE IN POLAND.

ON April 14th, 1950, an Agreement was concluded in Warsaw between the representatives of the Government and three representatives of the Polish episcopate.* To this Agreement were added four clauses regulating the future of the Catholic welfare organisation *Caritas*, securing funds for the episcopate out of the Church fund created after the expropriation of the Dead Hand, and decreeing ordained priests to be exempt from active military service. The document was signed by the representatives of the State, Minister Wolski, Vice-Minister Ochab, and M. Mazur, M.P.; and of the Church, Bishops Choromanski, Zakrzewski, and Klepacz, who, in the name of the Government and the episcopate respectively, had agreed upon that *modus vivendi*. It must be stressed at once that this was neither an agreement between the head of the Catholic Church and the Republic of Poland, concluded to replace the concordat which had been declared invalid by the unilateral act of the Warsaw Government, nor a mere understanding between individual bishops and some pundits of the régime. It was a pact concluded by the heads of the Polish Church with the rulers of the Polish State.

What was the development which led up to this pact? Since 1946 the Warsaw rulers have made efforts to improve their relations to

* The text appeared in the *Trybuna Ludu* of April 16th, 1950.

the Church. The reason for this was not so much their sympathy with religion, of which the Polish Communists possessed as little as their comrades in other countries. It was rather the fact that the great majority, not only of the ordinary citizens but also of the Socialist and Communist Party members, had remained faithful to the religion of their fathers, and that the Church had proved the only power able to resist the régime. Moreover, immediately after the end of the war, there were among the leaders of the two Marxist parties (P.P.S. and P.P.R., then still separate) a number of politicians who showed understanding and even love for the values of the Polish national tradition, the most important of which was Catholicism. In the years between 1945 and 1947 they—and with them many Poles who absolutely rejected Communism—still cherished the illusion that from the people's democracy there would grow a genuine democracy in the Western sense. They also thought that the friendly relationship to Soviet-Russia could be limited to a mere alliance which would guarantee to the country its newly acquired Western regions and would protect it in a prospective German war of revenge, and, last but not least, against unfriendly tendencies in the Anglo-Saxon countries. But this proved an illusion long ago. Nobody in Poland doubts that the present rulers strive for a complete totalitarianism after the Soviet pattern. So the difficult though not insoluble problem arose, how, in a State governed by faithful adherents of Russian Communism, the Catholic Church could exist alongside a monistic and materialistic doctrine which tries to conquer the whole spiritual life, literature, art, science, and, above all, education. Though this problem seems not less difficult than the squaring of the circle, both State and Church have tried to solve it. Why the political rulers did so I have already explained. I have to add, however, that they had another though not very pure motive, originating not so much from a non-existent honest wish for a lasting harmonious relationship, but from the tactical purpose of binding the clergy by certain equivocal obligations the subsequent breach of which could be laid at the door of the Church.

Though the hierarchy of the Church knew this quite well, they had however, like the Government, urgent reasons for an agreement. Apart from the peaceful intentions of the bishops which made them avoid, if possible, a *Kulturkampf*, apart from consideration for conflicts of conscience among priests and laymen, for material needs of the Church, and, above all, for the religious education of the youth which—although in modest scope—could only be secured by a *modus vivendi* with the State, the bishops had also to reckon with the deep national feelings which inspired the Catholic masses with the will to help in the rebuilding of the country.

The Church could not have it said about her that she hindered the rebuilding or that she was against the régime because it had realised land reform and nationalisation, that she, therefore, supported one-sidedly the interests of *capitalism and conservatism*. In short the non-Catholic, anti-Catholic masters of the country had to reckon with the Catholic feelings of the population, and the heads of the Church had to consider the strong nationalism and wishes of a large majority of the population decidedly in favour of large-scale democratisation and social progress.

Yet the *pourparlers* between the representatives of the Church and those of the State proved very difficult. The direct contact with the Vatican brought no results; two missions, one undertaken by

the Papal Count Pruszyński, who later became Polish ambassador in The Hague and was killed in an accident, another by the leading publicist M. Ketrzyński, who belonged to a group of leftist Catholics, came to nothing. They were followed by conferences between a commission of three representatives of the Church and the representatives of the Government led by Minister Wolski at the beginning of August 1949. A description of the delegates may be of some interest. Bishop Choromanski, subsidiary bishop of Warsaw, is the political brain of the Polish episcopate. He enjoyed the unlimited confidence of the deceased Cardinal Hlond and is rightly considered a first-rate diplomat. Bishop Zakrzewski of Płock was for a long time secretary of the Archbishop of Cracow, Cardinal Prince Sapieha. Thus both wings of the Polish hierarchy, which did not always see eye to eye, were represented at the conferences. Bishop Klepacz of Łódź is the Socialist bishop, head of a workmen's diocese, but his unimpeachable attitude to Rome is shown by the fact that he became the successor of a man who was forced to resign because he was too accommodating towards the régime. Minister Wolski has worked with Gomulka. Risen from the ranks of the workers, he proved an efficient administrator. Within the party he kept more to the moderates, but managed to escape the fate of Gomulka and even became a member of the Cabinet. During the conferences he was given an associate in the person of Ochab, a veteran of the class-struggle, now Vice-Minister for Defence and one of the most influential members of the Politbureau, and, like Mazur, one of the twelve members of the secretariat of the Marxist Unity Party. Wolski disappeared from the scene immediately after the Agreement of April 14th, whilst Ochab and Mazur are still enjoying the best political health.

The negotiations between the bishops and the State delegation underwent a severe crisis in January 1950, when the régime threw a well-prepared bomb which weakened the resistance of the Church. On January 22nd, certain documents appeared in the *Gazeta Robotnicza* and were published by the whole Press. They were to prove that the Catholic welfare organisation *Caritas* had used its funds for the support of its own officers, of "Fascists" and former aristocrats, but not of really destitute people. The attack was indirectly aimed at the bishops whose duty it would have been to prevent such abuse. At first it missed its mark. Cardinal Sapieha and Primate Wyszyński protested in a letter to President Bierut, but the consequences of the *Caritas* affair forced the bishops to yield. The intensive official propaganda through radio and Press, to which no reply was allowed, aroused the indignation of a considerable part of the clergy and the faithful about the record of Catholic welfare organisations. Also the incessant propaganda against the Vatican as the former ally of Hitler and the present ally of American Wall Street capitalism had its effect. Taking further into consideration the pressure applied by the local authorities and party officials on the lower clergy and various orders which were keeping up an active contact with the people, it is not surprising that over a thousand priests came together at a meeting in Warsaw at which they condemned the abuses of *Caritas* and sent a vote of confidence to the Government. An organisation of "patriotic priests" was created which, without openly breaking Church discipline, criticised the bishops for their political attitude. A periodical, *Głos Kapłana* (*Voice of the Priest*), tried to make the propaganda of the Government palatable to the lower clergy, for it was feared that in deeply Catholic Poland

tendencies similar to those in neighbouring Czechoslovakia might awaken. At the end of March the Government made another step to hasten the conclusion of an agreement with the bishops. Up to now all the landed property of the Church had been exempted from the agrarian reform, and this was known to be a weapon in the hands of the Government. Now the episcopate were informed that a bill was to be introduced in the *Sejm* (Parliament) by which all Church property was to be expropriated and a special fund for the subvention of religious institutions and the paying of priests was created. This clever move was made with a view to Polish psychology, for the bishops did not want to give the impression that the loss of property made them enemies of the expropriators. It was at this juncture that the *modus vivendi* was accepted and ratified by both sides. Cardinal Sapieha was to advocate it personally in Rome. On the day of the arrival of that 83-year-old prince of the Church in the Eternal City the signatures of both parties were put to the pact in Warsaw.

The Archbishop of Cracow found it difficult to get the Vatican, if not to approve, yet to recognise the Agreement. In Poland the General Assembly of the bishops in Gniezno approved of the Agreement on April 22nd, at the same time explaining to the faithful the reasons for its acceptance by the Church. It is clear that the bishops, compelled by circumstances, had made essential concessions of a political nature, but that the doctrine and inner discipline of the Church remained untouched. The authority of the Pope in religious matters was expressly recognised also for Poland. Freedom of worship, religious instruction in the schools, the continuance of Catholic educational institutions, and of a university, the religious orders and associations, the welfare activities of the Church and its religious activities in the Army, in hospitals and prisons, were safeguarded. On the other hand, the episcopate expressly disapproved of the underground movement supported from abroad; it adhered to the foreign policy of the Government, the "Polish *raison d'état*," especially with regard to the German claims on Silesia and Pomerania. Most critical of all, however, is Article 9, which was the reason for new attacks against the hierarchy, starting immediately after the conclusion of the Agreement. The Stockholm pronouncement against the atom bomb was—owing to mass propaganda in gigantic style—signed by 18 million out of the 25 million inhabitants. Among the 193,000 who abstained and were cursed as accomplices of the destroyers of peace and mass-murderers were the bishops and the greater part of the clergy. The entire Press used this event for a campaign which spoke of a breach of the April agreement. *Pravda* of June 16th gave the signal for this campaign and with it another, hardly needed, proof of who was the real trouble maker and opponent of the agreement with the Church. Bishop Choromanski tried to ward off the attack by handing, on June 22nd, to the head of the newly created Church board, Bida,* in the name of the episcopate, another declaration in which the atom bomb was condemned and the clergy given permission to sign the Stockholm appeal. Several of the bishops now signed the document and almost all the clergymen followed their example. Even this did not satisfy the anti-clerical zealots. They demanded drastic measures against those who refused to sign, and several priests who openly refused to sign the Stockholm resolution were arrested.

The newspapers reported this as extensively as they reported the

* *Nomen est omen*. Bida means misery, distress, wretchedness.

proceedings against members of the clergy who belonged to the underground movement, and munitions finds in monasteries. The Communists, even the more moderate amongst them, were guided by that distrust and "alertness" (being on guard) of which State President Bierut had spoken in a widely commented-on speech of May 8th. In this respect not much has been changed by the Agreement. It is impossible to expect cordiality and confidence between two so diametrically opposed partners as Communists and bishops. The political climate as a whole is not very propitious for a sincere smoothing out of differences. The nationalised publishing firms bring out volumes upon volumes filled with rabid anti-clerical attacks and violent accusations against the Vatican. The efforts to drive a wedge between the bishops and the lower clergy disturb those celebrations which would otherwise be favourable to a reconciliation between Church and State, as for instance, the pilgrimage of Catholic priests to the concentration camp at Oswiecim, to which the Prime Minister, Cyrankiewicz, sent his warm greetings and during which several of the participants were decorated with Polish orders. The anxious avoidance of all allusions to religious matters, to God and the Church, by which all newspapers and magazines, except the few permitted Catholic ones, are bound, the strict censorship to which Catholic publications are subjected and which forbids them to take sides frankly and sincerely in any political matter, childish annoyances such as the relegation of religious literature to the last but one (the 26th column) of the official list of books in which they formerly took the first place, now occupied by Stalin's and Lenin's books: by all this the Catholics are offended and annoyed. But much more important are fundamental considerations like these: is it at all possible to have confidence in an agreement which is followed, already a few days after its conclusion, by attacks from one partner on the other? What influence can one or two weekly scripture lessons have in schools where the remainder of the time is taken up by instruction in the spirit of atheistic, monistic materialism? Of what use can theoretical respect for the feelings of the Catholic majority be if devoted Catholics are excluded from all higher posts?

And yet we cannot judge this Agreement wholly negatively. The relations between man and man, and also between Government and bishops, Communists and believers, are not so unfriendly and harsh in Poland as they are in many other countries. Respect and consideration have not disappeared on either side. Cardinal Sapieha was granted all possible facilities for his journey to Rome. Primate Wyscynski was not hindered in reading his protests from the pulpits of Warsaw churches and leading the procession on Corpus Christi day through the streets of the capital, with an enormous crowd participating in the event. Freedom of worship was never suppressed in Poland, and the financial affairs of the Church have not been menaced even after the law expropriating its landed property has been promulgated. If left to themselves, Communists and Catholics could, at least for a time, come to live peacefully side by side. Great as the antagonism between the two sides may be, the individual good-neighbourliness of the Poles would smooth out the theoretical differences in daily and public life. *If they were left to themselves!* But menacing shadows are rising from beyond the frontiers and darkening the horizon, in the religious sphere as elsewhere.

CYRYL BOLDIREV.

PROBLEMS OF THE ISRAEL COMMUNES.

OF all the experiments made with communal life on the land, from ancient times to ours, none have so far lasted except those in Palestine-Israel. The Russian kolchoze does not fall within the scope of these remarks, for two important facts divide it sharply from the Israel commune. It is not a voluntarily organised group, and it does not bar private property and ambition. As the first communal villages in Palestine were founded forty years ago and are flourishing and sending out offshoots, we may well regard them as being beyond the experimental stage. It is more or less universally known that these settlements were evolved in practice by groups of idealistic young pioneers who came to Palestine early in this century not only because they wished to build it up and to prepare it for the ingathering of the Jewish exiles, but also because here they hoped to be able to live according to their socialist ideals. They had no cut-and-dried ideas about the practical side of the work; the segregation of the children, for instance, the other forms of social life in the commune, the allocation of work by committee from day to day—all these things that are now part and parcel of kibbutz * life grew up with it—were not matters of principle. On the other hand many rigorous principles insisted on in the first stages have gone by the board—among these are free love, and the ban of three things—industrial work, personal property, hired labour or “exploitation.” This last ban has been reaffirmed, but is not applied in practice.

No visitor to a kibbutz, unless he be entirely hidebound, comes away unimpressed. At the same time, many violently descry two features—the unlovely mass feeding; and the segregation of the children. These are precisely the points of which some members themselves grow tired especially as they grow older. Breakfast is not unpleasant, as it is taken in a leisurely way after several hours of work, and people linger over it a little, forming groups and conversing. It is also a plentiful and appetising meal, with all kinds of greens and fruit standing on the table and being made into salads according to individual preference. The main meal at midday is pure horror. Hands are scrupulously washed in the hall provided for the purpose, but that is all. Members come in their soiled working-clothes. The hurry to get back to work is desperate, the side dishes standing on the table, sometimes even the sweet, are all shovelled helter-skelter on to the plates with the individual serving of meat or fish; and shovelled in with spoon and fork, no knives being provided. Supper is again a pleasanter meal—everybody has had a shower and put on clean clothes, the atmosphere is more restful, people make conversation. But the noise is deafening, and the way of serving and eating is unattractive. All this is a matter of saving working-hours, and as the majority is content to have it so, the minority (who would rather have less to eat, but with more civilised appointments) must submit. These details are told to show that the aversion in which meal-time is held by many otherwise passionate advocates of the kibbutz has its reasons.

The next issue to which exception is often taken is the bringing up of children in separate houses. It is impossible to exaggerate when praising child-care in the commune. No sacrifice is too great for the members to make willingly, so that they insure the best of everything to their

* “Kibbutz” and “kevutzah” are both communal villages. For convenience sake we shall retain the first name, though there are slight differences.

children. The "best" here is not a relative term—it is actually the best attainable in the world as regards physical care, one well-trained woman being employed for every four children; this number including the kitchen and other services, not only nurses and teachers. Child mortality in the Israel kibbutzim is the lowest in the world, 26 per thousand. Sweden and New Zealand come near it with 29 and 31 respectively, England has 49, Jordan and Iraq have 195 and 227 respectively. Every visitor is struck by the sturdiness of the children and by the marvellously appointed nurseries and school-rooms. All kibbutz children go to school until they are sixteen, and those who are gifted are sent on to universities or other places of learning. The schooling, again, is the best obtainable in the country.

The relationship between children and parents has not suffered, on the contrary. Naturally, these relations are different from those outside the kibbutz, the family no longer being the primary social unit. But even the advocates of this segregation acknowledge that for small children the constant group discipline means a certain pressure or tension which is unwholesome. And among children of all ages there are those—a minority, but not so small, as is well known in England where the public school system suffers under the same disadvantage—who react very badly to group discipline, who are not only unhappy under it, but grow up with warped minds. Thus parents often feel dissatisfied with the existing state of things; on other grounds too, as for instance that they have no say in the education of their children. In some kibbutzim a compromise has been arrived at, older children living with their parents except during the time that they are at school and doing their work. Space prevents me from going further into this problem which is sometimes succinctly, if too broadly, expressed in this way: The kibbutz aims at destroying the family, replacing it by the higher unit of the commune.

In most communes the visitor, especially if he has known them in the old days, is amazed at the pretty dresses of the women on the Sabbath, and the tastefully, sometimes luxuriously furnished rooms. An old member, coming on two girls discussing their new frocks with the dressmaker, *Vogue* lying before them, exclaimed indignantly: "I never thought to see the day when a kibbutznik (female member) would have her dress made according to the latest fashion-plate. We considered ourselves lucky if the overall we got from the shelf was not three sizes too large." This concession is certainly not one to be deplored, however, as it is the same for all. A far more serious matter is the tacit understanding that rooms may be furnished with the help of presents from outside. A young friend, daughter of a rich man who daily deplores her craziness in marrying into a commune, has her rooms furnished so exquisitely that it might well be a sitting-room in any well-appointed town-house. The curtains alone cost more than the whole contents of a room furnished by the kibbutz. True, the day when two orange cases served for a wardrobe, and three more for table and chairs, are over for all except the youngest kibbutzim. Nowadays every room is decently and tastefully furnished, with couch covers and matching curtains, a table and two chairs, a wardrobe, a book-case. But no kibbutz has yet had the desire or the money to fix silk curtains or easy chairs or etchings in the members' rooms. This concession leads to jealousy and inequality, as the leaders know very well, and that it is being allowed shows that strong pressure must have been brought to bear on the community.

Hired labour is a most involved problem, with practical needs and difficulties striving desperately against idealistic theory. Only the most obvious points can here be discussed. The socialist commandment, "Thou shalt not exploit Thy neighbour," and the pioneers' demand that no profit shall be distributed but used to integrate new immigrants—these two axioms are the backbone of the Zionist commune. On the other hand, an agricultural village needs additional labour at certain times. Up to recent years the kibbutzim could surmount this difficulty by making use of two sources of labour—youth groups, and new potential members on probation. Every kibbutz has a youth group attached to it—adolescents who work for four hours, and study for the rest of the day. In times of harvest or other emergencies they have to give up their period of study. The same, by and large, applies to new members on trial, who are given time off to study Hebrew, to get acclimatised, to see the country. It is quibbling to say that these people are, so to speak, apprentices. The Jewish Agency pays a certain sum for the keep of the youth groups, and the new potential members may be sent away after a year, or leave of their own free will—and then they have worked only for their keep. Both cases ought to be regarded as exploitation worse than in the case of normal hired labour. However, there are those who do not so regard it, and this matter is usually passed over tacitly. The point is that for a decade or more the flow of new volunteers for the kibbutzim has almost ceased. During the war there was no immigration to speak of, and the masses of new immigrants during the past two years are generally averse from going into kibbutzim. The newcomers of European origin have been so regimented—behind barbed wire—for years that they have a complex about anything communal, their one ideal being "a corner of their own," while the Oriental Jews who make up half of the new immigration are as yet not open to idealistic viewpoints. Most of them dream of a little shop, and even those who go on the land—not so few—are against the commune. The youth groups who fed the kibbutzim are also petering out. They used to consist first of the real pioneers from European countries who brought with them a glowing idealism, and secondly of the children snatched from the burning by the Youth Immigration scheme of Henrietta Szold, to grow up in Palestine in the spirit of dedication that informs the kibbutz movement. Now the second of these sources has run dry, and the first has become a scanty trickle, mostly from English-speaking countries.

One way to alleviate the lack of hands at harvest time was to establish workshops and factories where the members could work in slack times, returning to the fields when needed. But these undertakings outran their aim. When properly established they were so good a source of income that they could not be closed down at the behest of the agricultural sector, and it was found that they themselves needed labour at times which the kibbutz could not spare. Moreover certain strict adherents of the gospel of "redemption through work on the soil" eschew these means and will not have industrial work introduced. Quite lately, conventions held by several groups of communes have firmly re-stated their condemnation of hired labour and their determination to stamp it out. It remains to be seen whether they will succeed.

We have pointed to several straws showing that a new wind blows in the kibbutzim. To change the metaphor, there is water being poured into the wine, not only because the individual members have become

older, tired, and less prone to vigorous upholding of doctrine, but also because the kibbutz in its present form is not attractive to the new type of immigrant who, to put it in a nutshell, is not a pioneer but a refugee. We have already seen that of the three matters most generally objected to in the kibbutz, group education of children and lack of private property are already being modified. Quite lately, in my visits to kibbutzim of old standing and unimpeachable integrity, I have also found some faltering steps taken towards a compromise in the third, communal feeding. Couples have been issued electric teapots for their rooms and are now having tea privately, not only getting the wherewithal for it from the kitchen on their way home from work, but also supper, at least in winter. There are also private radio sets, so that often the communal dining room and recreation room are almost deserted on unpleasant winter nights, which is not what they were built so lovingly for.

Ten years ago a group of farmers, dissatisfied with the kibbutz mainly for the reasons mentioned, found a way out, without sacrificing what to them were sacred principles and without violating minor laws within the community. We must retain the Hebrew name for this experiment (meaning communal farm), because no graphic English name has yet been found for it to distinguish it from the communal village or kibbutz on one hand, and the co-operative settlement or "moshav ovdim" on the other. It stands between the two, but is closer to the kibbutz, for it retains the principle of common property except in household articles and of communal work on the farm. This work is allocated in meeting, as in the kibbutz, and the women share in it, with one significant modification. Only as long as the children are cared for in kindergarten or school, that is from two to five hours daily, does the married woman work for the commune. The rest of her time is her own, and she needs it; for there is no communal dining-hall, and the children are brought up at home. Laundry, bakery, and vegetable garden as well as flower nurseries are communal; only a small ornamental garden near the house is the individual responsibility of the family. The difficulties in allocating the wherewithals for the individual home have been entirely overcome by an ingeniously thought out system whereby the communal income is distributed according to need. Great care is taken to give individual taste the widest scope, as for instance when the produce of the farm is sold directly to members, the housewife has the right to buy so many dairy units per person, and it is up to her whether she takes more butter and less milk, or vice versa.

The family, not the commune, is the main social unit. The children are brought up in the home atmosphere. The family eat what they please, how they please, when they please, and in peace. Within the limits of what the community earns and what is, accordingly, paid out to the individual, every member can spend his money and his free time as he pleases. I know a shepherd who eats sparingly and never buys new clothes—he prefers collecting a library on Arab folklore. Another paints. A third is saving up for a European holiday. Some families eat well, but their table looks like that of peasants the world over, while I know at least one whose dining-room appointments would do credit to an upper middle-class British house. In this case the parents have helped. But the point is that they can eat off good china with silver cutlery if they like, while others prefer a scrubbed board with more to eat on it. The "meshek shitufi" has established communal work together with private living. The example given by Moledeth, as the

first of these villages is called, was often imitated of late, and even a good many of the newest settlements, though not the majority, are established on this pattern. It seems an ideal solution of a vexed problem, and one can only hope it may become the village type of the future.

PAULA ARNOLD.

Benyamina, Israel.

LOCARNO—25 YEARS AFTER.

"THE wonderful week is over. I have lived such days and celebrated such a birthday as it is given to no man to experience twice." These were the opening sentences of the letter in which Sir Austen Chamberlain described the outcome of the Locarno Conference to Sir William Tyrrell, his close collaborator. The American Ambassador, Alanson B. Houghton, found the British Foreign Secretary in the same exalted mood when he called on him on his return to London. Houghton reported to his superior in Washington that Chamberlain "apparently believes a new era of peace and goodwill is at hand in Europe. The word 'Allies,' for instance, he told me, was not mentioned during the conference and would never be mentioned again." Twenty-five years have passed since then. The exuberant hopes of Sir Austen Chamberlain, shared by millions of war-weary people all over the globe, were not fulfilled. The "spirit of Locarno," which had come into being in the October days of 1925 and which had manifested itself so impressively on the excursion of the delegates on the yacht *Orange Blossom* and at the closing session of the conference, did not remain the moving force in European affairs for long. The climax was reached eleven months after Locarno at the secret conversation between Briand and Stresemann in Thoiry, but then the international atmosphere began slowly, almost imperceptibly at first, to change for the worse. The "spirit of Locarno" lost most of its reality when the German Foreign Minister who symbolised it in the eyes of the world died suddenly, less than four years after the conference had taken place. Briand, the other chief architect of Locarno, had been right in more ways than one when he said: "A new epoch must start with Locarno, otherwise it will have been an empty gesture."

During the first wave of glowing optimism the accomplishment of the Locarno negotiations was overpraised by some political analysts in the European capitals. Later, the disappointment about the meagre visible results of the Locarno policy led to scepticism and bitter comment. Finally, the excesses of Hitler's imperialism raised grave doubts in many minds about the wisdom of having taken Germany back into the family of nations; in retrospect, the sincerity of Stresemann and the sound judgment of Briand and Chamberlain seemed questionable to some outraged critics. Now, after a quarter of a century, it is perhaps easier to see Locarno in the proper historical perspective and to understand the recurrent European problems with which the leading statesmen of that era were wrestling. The following brief remarks try to do justice to the men who initiated the Locarno policy, to see the deeper reasons for its eventual failure, and to draw a parallel between Stresemann's achievements of 1925 and Adenauer's efforts of 1950.

The idea of a pact which would end the traditional enmity between Germany and France had originated in Berlin. Chancellor Cuno had first proposed such a pact in the winter of 1922, but the project seemed premature so shortly after the end of hostilities. Moreover, Cuno's

unimpressive government did not inspire the confidence abroad which would have been necessary for the effective pursuit of such an undertaking. Stresemann had taken up the idea during his hundred days as Chancellor ; in a major speech in Stuttgart he had offered to participate in a guarantee of the Rhine frontier, but again, the time was not ripe for so ambitious a proposition. The international atmosphere seemed more auspicious for a new attempt after the Dawes Plan had provided at least a temporary solution of the reparations problem. There was another fortunate circumstance.

The Geneva Protocol of October 1924, which Ramsay MacDonald had accepted in the belief that it did not burden his country with additional responsibilities, was unpalatable to his successor. Sir Austen Chamberlain, as his biographer Sir Charles Petrie put it, "saw his task as that of giving security to France, while at the same time bringing Germany into the comity of nations and keeping there new Fascist Italy." He considered first the possibility of a defensive alliance with France, an idea to which British public opinion would not consent, but a German initiative starting in January 1925 gave a more felicitous turn to the diplomatic negotiations. Stresemann and his trusted helpmate Carl von Schubert, guided by the British Ambassador, Lord D'Abernon, who shrewdly sensed the great opportunity, prepared a memorandum which contained the Locarno idea in a nutshell. It left no doubt about Germany's willingness to participate in a pact which would expressly guarantee the existing Rhine frontier. The reception of the German offer in London was rather cool at first. Sir Austen, being strongly pro-French, suspected the motives of the Wilhelmstrasse and misjudged Stresemann to be a "Junker." He was greatly annoyed by the German request not to convey the memorandum to the Quai d'Orsay. When the Germans then approached, in February, the French Government, Premier Herriot was even more distrustful of their plan, although he did not refuse to examine it ; he confessed to Austen Chamberlain in March that he looked forward with terror to Germany "making war upon us again in ten years." Only after Briand had succeeded Herriot did the negotiations about the pact get fully under way ; he, too, was a French patriot, but endowed with a wider European vision than his predecessor. There remained many obstacles, technical as well as psychological, which had to be overcome before a round-table discussion about the pact could be fruitful. It was at this stage of the negotiations that Sir Austen Chamberlain, who had gradually warmed up to the advantages of the pact, proved to be an invaluable mediator between Paris and Berlin. It was largely thanks to his tenacity and to the adroitness of Lord d'Abernon that the plan of a conference between the representatives of all the Powers concerned finally took shape. On October 5th they assembled in the lovely Southern Swiss town of Locarno, which had never before harboured such a host of statesmen, diplomats, Government experts and newspaper men.

In spite of the careful preliminary negotiations much remained at stake for the assembled statesmen ; one false move, and the whole project could still collapse, burying under its ruins the reputations of the participants. The two German spokesmen, Chancellor Luther and Dr. Stresemann, were in a particularly difficult position. They did not have a united Government behind them. The largest coalition partner, the German Nationalist Party, then led by Count Westarp, was strongly opposed to any agreement which in effect would endorse certain pro-

visions of the Versailles Treaty. It could be surmised from the violent language of the nationalist press organs that this group would accuse the German chief negotiators on their return as "traitors" in the same ruthless fashion as they had done with Erzberger and Rathenau before, with such evil effect. The new German President, old Field Marshal von Hindenburg, however, while close to the German nationalist credo, was not expected to cause special difficulties, even though he was not enthusiastic about the possibility of Germany entering the League of Nations. That Luther and Stresemann went to Locarno at all under these circumstances was a sign of their moral courage. The situation within the German delegation was somewhat complicated by the fact that it contained two strong-willed men who did not always find it easy to share the leadership. Dr. Luther, widely travelled and able to converse with Briand in French, felt that he was fully familiar with international affairs and that it was his prerogative as Chancellor to lay down the basic policies. It is interesting to note that, after the conference was over, Chamberlain expressed to Ambassador Houghton especially "high regard for Luther, whom he believes to be honest and far-sighted and peace-seeking." (Luther, by the way, is one of the last survivors of the Locarno era; in his seventies he is still a man of action and has not yet settled down to write his memoirs.) Stresemann, on the other hand, had become accustomed to conduct foreign affairs independently. His prestige as an international statesman far exceeded that of the Chancellor, and he did not relish any interference, so far as his concept of Germany's place in a new Europe was concerned.

Just in the last days before he took the train to Locarno this vision of his country's future rôle had been under a severe test. The Soviet Government had been afraid, ever since the negotiations over the Western pact started, that the Wilhelmstrasse planned to abandon the whole policy of Russo-German co-operation which had been inaugurated at Rapallo. The suspicion was not without reason. Stresemann did not favour the so-called Eastern orientation. In this respect he differed widely from the "political" Reichswehr generals and from some influential German diplomats like Baron von Maltzahn and Count Brockdorff-Rantzau. "Russia and the very different mentality of the East were alien and unsympathetic to Stresemann," explained one of his closest collaborators to the present writer, "but he was too much of a statesman not to realise the importance of the Russian trump card in the German diplomatic game." On September 30th, 1925, the People's Commissar, Chicherin, visited Stresemann to sound him about the German aims at the Locarno Conference. This memorable conversation went on till deep into the night. The report published in Stresemann's posthumous papers does not convey its full significance. Chicherin went much further in his endeavour to lure Germany away from her new Western friends. He suddenly began to discuss some mysterious suggestions to "push Poland back to her ethnic frontiers," in other words, a new partition. But Stresemann was not swayed by the eloquence of the People's Commissar and remained true to his ideal. He gave the Soviets some satisfaction in the so-called Berlin Treaty of 1926, but this document did not go beyond an assurance of friendly political relations between both Powers, and matters remained on this level as long as Stresemann was alive. Captured German diplomatic documents are said to indicate that he knew of certain shady deals between the Reichswehr and the Russian Army, but this would not prove anything about his own basic political concepts.

Let us return from the Wilhelmstrasse to the Lago Maggiore. From the human angle, the first meeting between Briand and Stresemann was perhaps the most fascinating event. The two statesmen immediately sensed their affinity. While Luther's well-prepared statements about Germany's sufferings rather annoyed him, because their emotional character interfered with the smooth conduct of the negotiations, Briand was attracted by Stresemann's sense of humour: "*Alors j'ai compris que c'était un homme.*" The former Ambassador, Herbert von Dirksen, a man who has grave doubts about the wisdom of the Locarno policy, nevertheless speaks in his recently published memoirs of the unforgettable impression which the debates between these two dominating figures made on him. "Never did Stresemann express his thoughts with greater eloquence or represent the interests of his country with as much courage and oratorical brilliance as during the Locarno negotiations." The conference accomplished its difficult task in merely twelve days. This was a very short time, considering the fact that many of the delegates, especially Briand and Stresemann, had not met before and had to acquaint themselves first with the thinking and the diplomatic methods of their partners. The conference proceeded so effectively because the official meetings were supplemented by frequent informal exchanges and because many important details could be entrusted to the legal experts of the Great Powers, who knew how to iron out even the most troublesome difficulties. Although the conference lacked a permanent chairman, Sir Austen Chamberlain fulfilled some functions of a presiding officer with tact and circumspection, and his wife graciously assisted him in his task. It was he who pushed ahead, overcame all objections and delaying actions, and set the date for the concluding session. Edgar Stern-Rubarth reports in his fascinating volume *Three Men Tried* how the Foreign Secretary had assured him on October 15th: "I'll tell you a secret: to-morrow is my birthday. I have never yet had a birthday present like this, and I must get it at any price."

He did get it. In a solemn ceremony, on October 16th, the final protocol was signed and a series of treaties initialled by the delegates, who had been joined by Mussolini. The most important document, of course, was the Rhine pact between Germany, Belgium, France, Great Britain and Italy. The first three countries promised never again to go to war against each other and to settle all future disputes by peaceful means. All five signatories mutually guaranteed the preservation of the *status quo* in the West according to the Versailles Treaty, which included also the demilitarisation of the Rhineland, an obligation which Adolf Hitler defied in 1936. The other treaties provided for arbitration between Germany on the one hand and Belgium, France, Poland and Czechoslovakia on the other. All these treaties were to operate within the framework of the League of Nations. The Rhine pact was to become effective after Germany had joined the League; all signatories promised to support the German interpretation of Article 16 of the Covenant.

At face value it looked as if Germany had made more concessions than the other Powers and that she had voluntarily subscribed to some provisions of the Treaty of Versailles without getting clearly defined benefits in return. Some critics believed Luther and Stresemann would have acted more shrewdly if they had played for time and bargained for more precise and direct advantages. But under the circumstances the German statesmen did the right thing; any attempted delay would have robbed their country of the whole psychological and moral value

that the Locarno idea entailed for the vanquished nation. Stresemann hinted in his brief speech at the concluding session that the German people expected an alleviation of their political situation as a natural consequence, and expressed the hope that Locarno was not to be the end but the beginning of a period of close collaboration between the nations concerned. Chamberlain, in his letter to Tyrrell, praised Stresemann's "words of great restraint," which had avoided direct mention of those things which lay nearest to the German's heart, and added: "My dear Tyrrell, there are silences that say more than words and make a greater appeal than any rhetoric!" Both he and Briand had assured Stresemann privately that they would bend every effort to reduce the occupation forces in the Rhineland; they also understood that the German Government was especially anxious to see the Cologne zone evacuated shortly. While Stresemann did not receive any binding commitment, Briand had told him that his words would be followed by deeds.

On their return from Locarno the German delegates were hardly given a hero's welcome by their own people. The Berlin police feared assassination attempts and kept the hour of their arrival secret. But Lord D'Abernon, at Chamberlain's express request, and some other members of the diplomatic corps were at the station in order to greet them and to congratulate them on their success. One of Stresemann's first callers that afternoon was the American Ambassador, Jacob Gould Schurman. Stresemann himself has told the present writer about his personal friendship with this distinguished scholar-politician. The fact that Lord D'Abernon was the most influential adviser of the German Government in the 1920s should not make us forget that Stresemann was also on very intimate terms with Schurman and his predecessor Houghton. Stresemann poured out to his American friend his true feelings about his recent experiences. The difference between the spirit of Locarno and the Dawes conference in London, he said, was incredible. All delegates in Locarno were friendly, mutually helpful, and perfectly frank and open. The German request regarding the Rhineland occupation could not have been put into formal agreements without giving the appearance of trading. But Briand and Chamberlain had given him promises as man to man and he had no doubt that they would keep their word. Briand even had told him that he personally did not believe in any military occupation and he, Stresemann, had added that he did not know what purpose was to be served by the occupying troops after the Locarno agreements had been reached. Schurman felt that Stresemann was aware of the risk that he and Luther were running. The German nationalists would hardly be satisfied with such informal assurances; they were "like children who write Christmas letters asking for everything in the world they can think of." The ambassador himself also was worried about the dangerous implications of the Rhineland issue; obstructionist party politics and injured national feeling, he said in his cable to the Secretary of State, make a formidable combination.

Stresemann was to find out the bitter truth of Schurman's observation in the few years left to him. To the end he was to be haunted by the accusations and misrepresentations of reckless nationalist politicians and Press lords. Their poisonous propaganda eventually undermined also the position of his own party, and nobody caused him more anguish and dismay in his last years than did his so-called political friends. For the time being, however, he remained master of the situation. Hinden-

burg gave his approval, though he was none too fond of the "Locarno brew." The German nationalists walked out of the Luther Cabinet, but the Reichstag passed the Locarno Pact by a considerable majority. On December 1st, 1925, Luther and Stresemann affixed their signatures to the treaty at a solemn ceremony which took place in the British Foreign Office. On the eve of this event Luther and Stresemann had a bitter argument, which shows how difficult the task of the Foreign Minister was. The Chancellor, who had some reservations against Stresemann's Western leanings, objected to any mention of the "spirit of Locarno" in the draft of the speech which he was to deliver the next day. Finally, Luther made his address without this controversial phrase, but Stresemann expressed his own feelings and beliefs in an impromptu speech, in which he replied to a moving appeal of Briand for international co-operation. The listeners in London and the world audience were deeply impressed by the sincerity with which Stresemann championed the idea of a new, united Europe. His visionary words of 1925 have lost nothing of their timeliness in 1950. If he were still alive he and Winston Churchill would have fought side by side for the same lofty cause at the Strasbourg meeting of the Council of Europe last August.

In recent years some critics have raised again the question whether Stresemann was really sincere in his protestations of desire for peace and European harmony. They have pointed to the letter which he wrote to the former German Crown Prince, four weeks before the beginning of the Locarno Conference. This unfortunate document has been given a prominence which it hardly deserves. He tried to explain his policy to the Hohenzollern prince who was one of his few supporters in the nationalist camp; the language he used was adapted to this specific purpose. The term "*finassieren*," which provoked so much adverse comment, evidently referred to the intention to postpone the final choice between East and West. Stresemann's enemies have taken this one ill-chosen phrase as final proof that he was a "double-crosser" and a man of "brazen mendacity." It is typical that a recent American compilation of readings on twentieth-century European history does not include any other Stresemann document than this letter; the 1,700 pages of his posthumous papers seem cancelled by the two pages of these off-the-record remarks. Rudolf Olden answered the question: "Was Str semann sincere?" in the affirmative (in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW of May 1935). His brilliant argumentation appears still correct to this author, in spite of all the acrimonious writings of Lord Vansittart, W. M. Knight-Patterson, etc., which have been published since then. In the process of preparing a new estimate of Stresemann's personality and policies, the present writer has talked to or corresponded with many surviving collaborators and some opponents of the Foreign Minister. All of them concurred in the conviction that his gradual change from a nationalist German politician to a champion of a united Europe was sincere, and many prominent foreigners shared the observation of the American who played perhaps the greatest part in the reparations settlement of the 'twenties: "Dr. Stresemann impressed me as being one of the wisest and most open-minded and objective in his discussions of the many Germans whom I met in that period."

As one looks back over the years following the happy days of Locarno, one sees much less reason for regret about Stresemann's words and actions than about the slowness with which his Western partners implemented the promises given at the Lago Maggiore. The entry into

the League of Nations, the complete evacuation of the Rhineland, and the final solution of the reparations problem took so much longer and consumed much more energy than the German protagonists of a united Europe had anticipated. Thus the one great opportunity was missed to establish the Weimar republic more firmly; a rapid and generous redress of the justified German grievances might have prevented the rise of the nationalist tide in the early 'thirties. But the statesmen in London and Paris, while full of the noblest intentions, felt unable to overcome with the desirable speed the evasions of their military and economic experts and the sentiments of some powerful colleagues. When at long last, in August 1929, the necessary concessions were forthcoming at The Hague conference, Stresemann was a dying man, exhausted by the disappointing negotiations with his Locarno partners and by the unrelenting struggle with his perfidious adversaries at home. Rudolf Olden was correct when saying in 1935 that "with Stresemann's disappearance Europe lost its great chance of peace."

Twenty-five years after, Locarno Germany faces again the choice between East and West, between playing ball with the Soviets or becoming an integral part of a united Europe. Adenauer was no friend of Gustav Stresemann in his lifetime. But the inextricable logic of the world situation and his own staunch belief in a closer Franco-German co-operation have given him (as *The Economist* so aptly put it) the courage of "donning at this early stage the mantle of Stresemann." He has been maligned at home and abroad in the same vicious manner under which his great predecessor suffered. It remains to be seen whether his accomplishments as international statesman will measure up to that of Stresemann over a longer period, but the outlook for the Western world certainly would be brighter if the spirit of Locarno could be revived and the age-old feud between the two great neighbours at the Rhine be buried for ever.

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IS GERMAN YOUTH READY FOR EUROPE?

BEFORE and during the second great war a fierce controversy flared up at intervals as to whether there were, indeed, "Two Germanies." Thanks to her victors there are now, indubitably, four, and more pronounced nowhere than in the sphere of education. For ever since 1945 the four occupying Powers tried to apply their own ideas, their own principles and their home-grown systems of education within their respective zones. Though in the area of the Bonn Federal Republic they are, after five years, handing over a good deal of authority to the German administration, the open-eyed observer still finds the marked difference between a fair but somewhat stiff British, a very self-assured and pushing American, and a smooth, insinuating and artful French influence rampant within their three domains. And even should these influences be absorbed by and merged with an alternately daring, progressing but in other respects traditionalist and poverty-hampered German system, there would be an unbridgeable gap along the Iron Curtain beyond which the totalitarian mind-shaping replaces what we are wont to call education.

It is no easy job under these circumstances to gauge the overall trend, the civic value, the ideological and political aspirations of German youth. It gets more difficult yet when one realises that this youth comprises a generation ranging from say twelve years of age, in which case it never came under Nazi teachings, to about 32, in which case it had left school already when Hitler started to rope it in. Between these extremes there are twelve classes—now between eleven and 23 years of age—whose members of both sexes from their first day at school had been systematically Nazified. After having lectured and spoken to them, lived and corresponded with them during the last three years, and after another exhaustive tour of more than five weeks this summer, the writer is still trying to reach conclusions as to the most burning problem of whether this rising generation is “safe” for their neighbours, will overcome certain former trends of the German (or rather the dominating Prussian) character of a nation which gave, and could give, so much to humanity were it but rid of an old, aggressive inferiority complex, and thus will find the way into a federated Europe.

These conclusions, such as they are, rely upon the writer's personal observations, conversations with new Germany's outstanding political and educational leaders, as well as with many young people of different parts and standards, and upon visits to half a dozen or more of the German universities, and a number of their extensions, in several of which he lectured and had discussions. In brief, they are as follows:

(1) The parliamentary régime, as resurrected and handled up to now, has no or little appeal for the German youth. Its parties too closely resemble their Weimar predecessors; while ideologically uncertain—there are convinced Christians in the Socialist ranks and near-Socialists among the Christian Democrats—they have produced no new ideas attractive enough for a youth bare of ideals and still in danger of taking flags and badges, slogans and, above all, orders shouted by a stentorian voice for the “real thing.” The consequence, so far, is the failure of youth organisations as promoted by the parties and the State—except those under Moscow control—and a general *déraciné* scepticism, even cynicism.

(2) Logically this implies a definitely pacifist attitude, not, or not mainly, based upon the moral principle which, in war-time, produced conscientious objectors willing to die for it, but with the strictly negative impulse resulting from the utter failure of militarism amidst ruins and misery. Until recently it meant pacifism at any price; ever since, in the spring of 1950, the possibility of German participation in the Continent's defence against a Communist attack was debated in the world's Press, that attitude is undergoing a slight modification, and at least a part of West Germany's youth seems prepared to play should it be called upon for the protection of its own homesteads.

(3) There is, on the other hand, a minority with feelings and connections drawing it into the Moscow-directed East German if not into the Bolshevik camp itself. Its sympathies or, as the case may be, hesitations are dictated, to some extent, by the intense, often theatrical, peace propaganda of the other side, the spurious arguments branding the Western Powers as aggressors and exploiters, and the lack of co-ordinated and convincing counter-propaganda. The number of youngsters from West Germany's “*bündische Jugend*”—non-political organisations somewhat on Boy Scout lines, existing since the end of last century—who took part in the Whitsun mass demonstration at Berlin directed and prepared by the Eastern wire-pullers is estimated at from 10,000 to

50,000. Not a large, perhaps, but certainly a significant proportion of the millions who, for five years, have been shown and had explained the ideas and ideals of democracy, and who enjoy its liberties contrary to their fellow-youngsters beyond the Iron Curtain, even in flagrant cases such as this Berlin manoeuvre.

(4) Though under the influence of tragic losses, misery and hunger suffered in common and according to an indiscriminate fate, distinctions of class and educational standard have vanished to a large extent and a sort of style or fashion inspired by necessity further levelled the appearance of the rising generation, it is split in its social and political attitude by a number of prejudices. They seem to have grown more acute and important since economic recovery set in after the currency reform of June 1948. That "style" in common consists in the wearing of decidedly un-Prussian long hair brushed back from the forehead and rarely if ever covered by a hat, of slacks or very short shorts and a shirt often without a coat, nearly always without a tie, of sandals or similar footwear, and in a general, genial sloppiness demonstratively directed against a former somewhat pedantic and tidy "correctness" of attire. The prejudices affecting a homogeneity of this disillusioned generation consist in a persisting Nazi mentality—as distinct from a definitely rejected Nazi code and ideology—with many of the sons and daughters of demoted and impoverished former officers and officials of the Hitler régime, and with one-time ardent pupils of its "patriotic" teachings. With the same, and some other sectors, anti-Semitism, officially and, it may be assumed, generally and sincerely foresworn after the Nazi collapse of 1945, is re-awakening to an extent: it now takes the queer shape of a rancour against the occupation authorities as, supposedly, representing and enforcing "Jewish" claims of restitution, etc., which, necessarily, create fresh hardships and losses for the "sitting" beneficiaries of former Nazi confiscations and shady deals sanctioned in the minds of youngsters by the long years since they took place.

(5) The most serious fact influencing the general attitude of youth, however, is of a strictly material nature: the lack of employment and of prospects for its future, especially with those of a higher and university education. There are at present 800,000 youths between 14 and 25 years of age, 200,000 of which fall under the category as above already, while the others must expect to find little or no chance of adequate employment when finishing their studies. A misplaced paternal ambition, deeply rooted in old German social prejudices, makes people even of modest or no means strive for an academic career of their children; yet, at least for a long period to come, they would have far better prospects if learning a skilled craft or trade, and some already, with university degrees, have taken that "plunge" on their own. The only possible solution on a large scale seems to lie in President Truman's Point Four: the opening up and developing of backward countries where this valuable and hard-working human material might find an outlet and a future, simultaneously ridding it of its claustrophobia and inspiring it with the feelings of world-citizenship. As things are, there is danger of their falling for the lure of the hollow, anachronistic caste-life of the students' "Corps" and "Burschenschaften": obligatory duels, scars, beer-drinking, noise, arrogance, uniforms and all—as a substitute for a task and a real life meant to result from years of study. There are, at one university or another, attempts at reviving these customs hitherto prohibited though, e.g. at Tübingen, the author found the surviving corporations decidedly averse to such monkeying, well-nigh anti-

alcoholic, and turned into serious debating clubs with prominent speakers and lecturers. In most cases, of course, the lack of funds and the necessarily severe selection applied to the innumerable applicants for admission especially to the medical and the science faculties prevent any side-stepping from the strictest path of duty. No less than 25 per cent. of the students of both sexes are considered as under-nourished amidst a population otherwise once more enjoying, thanks to Marshall Aid, a rather plentiful fare.

The new German authorities are aware of these problems. The President, Professor Heuss, himself an academic teacher, humanist and humanitarian of great standing, thus explained the "Nihilism" and the indifference of German youth towards the re-started political life: "One cannot tell youth: 'Believe in liberty!' when it sees its country occupied by foreign administrations and has to obey a foreign criminal law. Even less can one tell them to believe in democracy. They will not believe anything any more and will create for themselves their own 'Nation'." One or two of the Bonn M.P.s have started to take an interest in the swarm of youthful visitors daily thronging the anterooms of Parliament; one, after explaining to them the functioning of the House, dismissed them with the wise slogan: "Even a bad democracy, dear children, is better than a good dictatorship." There are organisations bent upon replenishing the libraries, laboratories and other institutions of science sadly impoverished by bombs, Nazi fanaticism and dispersal of former collaborators of world repute. There are subsidies from abroad; but there is not, as yet, a co-ordinated, planned adult education comparable, e.g. to that of this country, badly needed as it is.

It is needed, above all, and together with the teachings in school and university, in the field of history. A true, objective, non-partisan overall picture of world history is lacking—not in Germany only—and yet it could do so much towards uprooting old errors and mistaken convictions and prejudices. There is a private attempt at coping with that task among Bremen teachers assisted by outside scientists, and there may be others. But seen against the background of such forceful hammerings as were given by Soviet "historians" to many of the P.O.W.s since returned to Germany, in the Krasnodar training camp, such regional and unco-ordinated efforts are futile as means of preparing a whole generation for a new, denationalised Europe and world.

Even so, this report need not be read as a pessimistic one. In Münster, in Tübingen and wherever the writer spoke to academic and other audiences, he found a vivid, sincere, often even enthusiastic, response to his appeal for shedding national and nationalist particularism in favour of a European Federation, of a regenerated and conscious moral and cultural inheritance of the West. It was after a "Colloquium" in Tübingen's Leibniz Academe College—a remarkable new institution for the revival of the university's "universitas" by assembling the students of all its Faculties, together with interested outsiders, for debates distantly resembling e.g. those of the Oxford Union—that after a debate on Parliamentaryism the writer asked his audience for a secret ballot on whether its members felt ready to give up German sovereignty to a European Federation, or opposed to it, or undecided. The result, among young and middle-aged students comprising, according to the chairman, formerly fervent Nazis as well as Communists, was an unambiguous "yes" to the first question—without a single exception. There is uncertainty as to many questions within the minds and hearts of German youth; there are sore and pressing needs affecting its attitude. But,

frondeurs as schoolboys and adolescents were at all times, this generation was likewise opposed to its elders who, through the formative years, were yesterday's drill-sergeants, the Nazis. This time, the *frondeurs* were proved right, and thus remained the bulk of the Germans without a guilt-complex. That is why there is hope for their finally becoming good Europeans.

EDGAR STERN-RUBARTH.

THE ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON CENTENARY.

ROBERT Louis Stevenson was born on November 13th, 1850, and has been dead for fifty-six years, yet his works remain a battleground for the critics and a magic realm for the general reader. Why this is so appears at first sight to be the result merely of accident. Tusitala, the Writer of Tales, lived the most wondrous tale of all, died in romantic circumstances and was straightway deified. Graham Balfour in his great biography told of Stevenson's life in clear, rich perspective: it was not he but the ignorant adulators who erected the "seraph in chocolate," the "barley-sugar effigy of a real man" which Henley, grown coarse, jealous and embittered, claimed to have found. At this distance of time the lumber can surely be swept away and the works of Stevenson reviewed and re-reviewed on their own merits. "Our children and our grandchildren," wrote Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, "shall rejoice in his books, but we of this generation possessed in the living man something that they will not know. So long as he lived—though it were far from Britain—though we had never spoken to him and he, perhaps, had barely heard our names, we always wrote our best for Stevenson. To him each writer amongst us—small, or more than small—had been proud to have carried his best. That best might be poor enough. So long as it were not slipshod, Stevenson could forgive. While he lived he moved men to put their utmost even into writings that quite certainly would never meet his eye. Surely another age will wonder over this curiosity of letters—that for five years the needle of literary endeavour in Great Britain has quivered towards a little island in the South Pacific as to its magnetic pole."

Besides this personal influence, and to a great extent underlying it, was Stevenson, the ideal example to the young author. If sheer devotion to the art of writing, endless pains in the right choice of words, the conscious apprenticeship through years of labour that began as imitation and ended as inspiration—if the great writer is made like this, he was among the very great and his most conscientious followers might have achieved like greatness. In actual fact the careful preparation stood in his way almost to the end of his life and clogged the inborn genius distressingly often. Thus the essays, rightly beloved of the adolescent, seem all too frequently overlaid with conscious artistry, and gleam with jewels set there to pattern, not created in their setting. So, too, his poetry is of the mind and not of the soul: at its best in the regret for his lost home or in the fine, choice phrase that could not be bettered. But, though ahead of them at most times, he falls behind Henley's two or three supreme lyrics, and that reaching after the unseen—the divine reflected in the heart's dark mirror—in the few poems which set Andrew Lang among the poets. But on his own ground he left Lang and Henley far behind him—with Austin Dobson in the middle distance and Gosse hardly above the horizon hiding the rest.

True style, in prose certainly, is the style realised only in relation to the subject. In a decade which included Walter Pater and Kenneth Grahame, besides Stevenson, Quiller-Couch set Andrew Lang at the top of the list, and for the essay as a thing of beauty Kenneth Grahame rose through imitation to equality with Stevenson in *Pagan Papers* and surpassed him in *The Golden Age*. Love, youth and the demands of the genre fitted style brilliantly to subject in Stevenson's earlier travel-books—*An Inland Voyage* and *Travels with a Donkey*; and even *Prince Otto*, born of an almost ideal marriage between the artificial in style and subject, gives its own special kind of enjoyment, in full measure though to a limited audience.

To judge fairly of his most important works of fiction, some pompous, cumbering canons of criticism must be flung overboard. Arbitrary wilfulness will have it that stark "realism" is alone the way to greatness and also (by implication) that no book which is popular can be great. Henry James (screaming with rage in a private letter) denounced Lang because what he wrote could be understood even by "the apple-woman at the corner," and robed himself in more and more folds of obscurity. Yet Henry James (an American) with Conrad (a Pole); George Eliot and D. H. Lawrence have been set up as the great examples of English fiction. Certainly all of those, except perhaps the last, are exceedingly great in their own way. But Fielding and Dickens are greater still, for, belonging to no "great tradition," they achieved the universal, while the others excelled only in the particular. In another kind Scott excelled, and after him, but not strictly in his groove, Stevenson and Kipling; while Jane Austen, Trollope, Barrie, Hardy play down a scale of their own.

If a touchstone must be invented, surely a book can be good or bad in its own kind alone—and the best book is that which, by being best in as many kinds as possible without so spoiling its own integrity, creates what may perhaps be called a new kind: the Masterpiece. Stevenson seems to have been reaching out towards this combined greatness in his last fragment, *Weir of Hermiston*. But a fragment, however good, is only a fragment (and in this case scarcely a quarter of the book) and should be outside judgment—certainly of the kind which says *Treasure Island* is an inferior work because it isn't what *Weir* might have been. This is the attitude of Miss D. N. Dalglish, whose *Presbyterian Pirate* (1937) is the most recent "full-dress" critical biography. "For one solitary chapter to add to it," she says of *Weir* after many pages of adulation, "I would willingly sacrifice that boring book *Treasure Island* and the repulsive *Jekyll and Hyde*; no thinking person would hesitate if asked to choose between *Otto* and some newly discovered poem; for one new essay I would exchange many of the short stories, and all the fiction written in collaboration—except, I hasten to add, *The Ebb Tide* and *The Wrecker*." Just for variety, it is worth remembering that one early critic called *Treasure Island* the best book of its kind since *Robinson Crusoe*, while another set it as a romance second only to *The Odyssey* and as a story to *Huckleberry Finn*; both of them were men of wide reading and themselves writers of fiction.

Treasure Island still holds the lead for popularity among Stevenson's books, and it is perhaps the most completely excellent. For the first time he forgot his medium, wrote for the sake of the story without pausing to carpenter with words (except for a lax period in the middle, the book was written at the rate of a chapter a day), and achieved a perfect work of the kind which he set out to write. He made a living,

thrilling, joyous creature, a day-dream come to life, a story for ever young in heart and evocative of the youth that is somewhere in every heart. Written for a boy, it is yet a book for all ages, as, indeed, are all the very great children's books. Nor do we need to make allowances in reading it, for all the characters are alive, the "period" is surely enough the Age of Adventure for no one to measure it by the slide-rule of social history, the plot is one of the best constructed among the great adventure stories, and the style is pure gold in its swift, unconscious joy.

Kidnapped attempts more, and is less perfect, falling a little between the story-teller's art and that of the historical novelist; and an attempt to combine these two kinds with the novel of character-study makes of *The Master of Ballantrae* an uneasy book, hard either to condemn or to enjoy. *Catriona* is to *Weir* what *Kidnapped* was to *Treasure Island*, a transitional book and so not altogether comfortable within itself. The story is not quite rounded, and the play of character awkwardly cabined as *Catriona* and David grow too strong for the *genre* when it is too late for the story to cut adrift from the *Kidnapped* vein. Yet taken as it stands, *Catriona* is a very charming idyll of young love, and that it only trembles on the edge of graver depths is perhaps its most unusual virtue. Its followers, and their name is legion, with S. R. Crockett at their head, flooded the literary world with insipid imitations, and their prototype still suffers from that deluge. The attempt to set *The Ebb Tide* in the niche immediately below *Weir* is merely another indication of the "realism" craze: its more famous author described it as "Stevenson's blooming failure," and in origin it was a three-volume novel cut off and roughly cauterised near the end of volume one because neither of the collaborators could decide what was to happen next. As it stands it is a well and carefully limned picture of down-and-out life in the South Seas, and its four characters are decidedly interesting: but its construction is lop-sided and its plot negligible.

Harder to place is the other South-Sea collaboration, *The Wrecker*, which is very cumbersome and over-written, lacking in proportion and blurred in outline, and yet full of brilliant scenes and built round a magnificent story: A. E. W. Mason, himself among the great story-tellers, classed it with *Treasure Island*, and the pair of them as the best of all tales of adventure by sea. Much more assuredly successful is the first of the three books in which Lloyd Osbourne's name accompanies Stevenson's—*The Wrong Box*. Osbourne claimed that it was more his than either of the others, and in the gross this may be so. For Lloyd, scarcely more than a schoolboy, wrote it as a horrible thriller; but Louis, keeping most of the outline, re-wrote it as one of the masterpieces of humour in our literature. On all counts it is a brilliant piece of work, rounded and unstrained; yet being in the difficult category of humour, criticism must be personal rather than analytic. It has been one of the best loved, most quoted works of its kind ever since its first appearance (second only to *Alice* as a source-book for *The Times* leaders); and Kipling's testimony to it, both directly in his autobiography, and indirectly in many of his stories, is only one among many.

Nearly all Stevenson's fiction is worth reading and re-reading, and few of his books can truly be stigmatised as inferior. Indeed, attempts made (consciously or unconsciously) by one rule or another to name his best book have raised to that pinnacle *The Arabian Nights* (G. K. Chesterton), *The Pavilion on the Links* (Conan Doyle), *Catriona*—to accompany *Weir* (Henry James), *The Wrecker* (A. E. W. Mason),

The Master of Ballantrae (Andrew Lang—making plain, with his usual honesty, that it was probably the best though not his own favourite), and *The Ebb Tide* (Frank Swinnerton) : nor have *Prince Otto* and *The Dynamiter* lacked advocates, while even *St. Ives* and *The Black Arrow* have their readers. But *Treasure Island* and *The Wrong Box* have been the most general favourites, with *Kidnapped*, *Jekyll and Hyde* and *Island Nights' Entertainments* running them closely. To seek for the best, or make a consensus of favourites, among Stevenson's short stories is nearly as vain as among Kipling's, and productive of almost as violent conflicts. Once again attempting to judge merit by success in the kind of story intended, "The Sire de Maletroit's Door," "Thrawn Janet," "Will o' the Mill," *Jekyll and Hyde*, "The Beach of Falesa" and "The Bottle Imp" might be suggested as Stevenson's most perfect triumphs in the provinces of Romance, Atmosphere, Fable, Thriller, Realism and sheer Imagination respectively. In this his centenary year is surely the right moment to suggest that the time is ripe for a reconsideration of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson—and his re-admittance into that House of Fame reserved for our greatest writers of fiction.

ROGER LANCELYN GREEN.

GUY FAWKES, GENTLEMAN.

THE part that Guy Fawkes agreed to play in the Gunpowder Plot was no enviable one. As the supposed servant of Mr. Thomas Percy, Gentleman Pensioner of the Court, he was certain to expose himself to danger on many occasions. For Percy, it may be remembered, in the May of 1604, had secured, by virtue of his position as salaried courtier, the tenancy of a house which was Crown property and which abutted on the House of Lords, even though when he first applied for it the house was already tenanted, and his entry meant the eviction for no valid reason of the sitting tenant. That house was much too close to the centre of things for Guy Fawkes to be safe there. It is true that of all the conspirators "his face was the most unknown" to the authorities, as Thomas Winter later stated in his confession. As far as his name went, however, Guy was a marked man, and had long been included in a list of declared upholders of the Papist religion. Not only had he served with the Spanish Army in Flanders for some two years in the early 1590s, but later he had acted as go-between for the English Roman Catholics at home and on the Continent. As servant to Percy, therefore, it was obviously necessary that he should change his name. So he chose to be known as plain John Johnson, a name so ordinary as to be little likely to attract attention or arouse comment. That was just what was wanted, for in assuming the role of Percy's serving-man Guy Fawkes must seem to be a simple unassuming person with nothing outstanding about him except a desire to serve his master's needs.

Guy Fawkes, however, by no means considered himself as of servant rank. He styled himself "gentleman," and as such he and six others* of his fellow-plotters were described in the indictment that was read to all the assembled persons at the trial of the conspirators for treason on January 27th, 1606. Of the rest four† were designated "esquires,"

* Thomas Winter, John Grant, Thomas Percy, John Wright, Christopher Wright, Robert Keyes.

† Robert Catesby, Ambrose Rookwood, Francis Tresham, Robert Winter.

one* as "knight," which left only Thomas Bates, "servant," who could be said to be of humble birth. There is another document of a much earlier date where also Guy Fawkes is styled "gentleman." It is a deed of sale of certain property on the outskirts of York which changed hands in the August of 1592. This property belonged to Guy Fawkes. Soon after he became twenty-one he decided to sell the bulk of it for he was in need of ready money: he wanted to go abroad. The deed of sale is interesting, and it establishes Guy Fawkes's identity. It was made "betwene Guye Fawkes of the cittie of Yorks, gentilman; of the one partye, and Anne Skipseye of Cliftone in the Countie of Yorke, spinster, of the other partye." In consideration of "the sum of XXIX^l XIIJ^s IIIJ^d of good and lawfull English money" paid to Guy Fawkes, Anne Skipseye was to become the possessor of a "messuage tenement or farmhollde with the appurtenances, and a garthe or gardine belonginge to the same, lyenge and beinge in Cliftone," also sundry pieces of adjacent land: some of it meadow, some arable land, "three inges endes and towe croftes," with, in addition, "comons of pasture and turfie graftes . . . in whose tenures or occupations soever they nowe be." Only those pieces of land which had been leased for an unexpired number of years to a certain Christofer Lumleye were exempted from the sale, as the deed clearly states. And those pieces, too, are of interest, including as they do, "a pitt land," a stretch "callid Laire in Fosse filde, one acre called a hungrie land, one half acre beyond the newe windemill and one acre of land at the More Croftes."

Mention was made in the deed of "Edeth, the late wife of Edward Fawkes, deceasid, mothere to the said Guy Fawkes, and now wife to Dionis Baynebrige, gentillman." Neither she nor any other persone or persones whatsoever," Guy Fawkes covenanted, should have either then or at any future date the slightest claim or lawful title to the land that was being sold. So Guy was the son of Edward and Edith Fawkes; and there we might have to leave the matter, were it not for a record of the baptism of Guy Fawkes in the Church of St. Michael-le-Belfrey, York, on April 16th, 1570. From this it may almost certainly be concluded that Guy was born in the early part of that same year. More than one house in York is pointed out as being Guy's birthplace, but the probability is that he was born in Stonegate, for in the Chamberlain's Books of York Minster, an entry for July 8th, 1579, not noticed till twenty-five years ago, mentions a lease to Edith Fawkes, widow, of a house in Stonegate, "late in the tenure of Edward Fawkes, gent. her husband." Who then was Edward Fawkes? He was a notary and advocate in the Consistory Court of York. He must have died before Guy was nine years old, for his burial is recorded as having taken place in the Minster on January 17th, 1579. There were four children left for Edith Fawkes to bring up: Guy and his three sisters. In spite of being a lawyer, Edward Fawkes left no will, so that Guy, as the only son, inherited all his father's real estate. It was this estate, or the greater part of it, that figured in the deed of sale already outlined. And strangely enough on part of that same estate the present buildings of St. Peter's School, York, now stand.

For Guy himself was a scholar at St. Peter's. When he first went to school there was among the older pupils a boy called Oswald Tessymond, while among the boarders were two brothers called Wright. The Wrights came from Ploughland Hill, in Holderness. There was a

* Sir Everard Digby.

grammar school at Beverley, nearer to their home, but St. Peter's, York, was of higher reputation, especially after John Pullen was appointed master some time in 1575. The elder Wright, John, usually called Jack, was some two years older than his brother Christopher, or Kit. Kit and Guy were much the same age. The interesting point is that all these four boys were eventually to be concerned in the Gunpowder Plot, the Wrights and Guy Fawkes directly so, and Oswald Tessymond only indirectly in his capacity as Jesuit priest,* for that is what he eventually became. Tessymond belonged to a family which seems never to have given up the ancient faith. The Wrights, however, were brought up in a Protestant home. So was Guy Fawkes, at least, until he was almost nine, or so appearances imply, for Edward Fawkes, owing to his office in the Consistory Court, would of necessity subscribe to all the rules then obtaining as to church attendance. Indeed the names of both Edward and Edith Fawkes are found among the communicants at the Church of St. Michael-le-Belfrey. But when Edith Fawkes married again, circumstances altered. She went to live at Dionis Baynebrigge's home at Scotton, a village near to York. Baynebrigge was a Papist, as were many of the inhabitants of Scotton, which was a known stronghold of the ancient religion when Guy Fawkes was a boy. Thomas Percy lived there at that time. Presumably he knew Guy; he certainly knew the Wrights, for he married their sister Martha before Guy went forth into the world.

As this article concerns itself more with Guy Fawkes himself than with the plot in which he was involved, it will be relevant to consider further the conditions at St. Peter's School when Guy was there. We should know little of these conditions were it not for the researches of the Rev. Angelo Raine, himself an old pupil of the school, whose book on the *History of St. Peter's School, York*, was published in 1926 by G. Bell and Sons. It is amazing what documentary evidence he has gathered as to interesting events, interesting developments and interesting pupils of St. Peter's. We know from Angelo Raine that the quickening of interest in education which characterised the latter half of the sixteenth century was very marked in Yorkshire. The qualifications of schoolmasters were carefully examined: both academic and religious. Where attainment fell short in either category licences to teach were in many instances withdrawn. When in 1571 Archbishop Grindal issued his *Injunctions* it was already the custom to hold at the Minster "everie working daie at six of the clock in the morning the common morneing praier with the english, latine and suffrages, to th' intent that the schollers of the gramer schole . . . may daylie resort thereto." But to make it more certain that the St. Peter's School boys should be well grounded in the Protestant religion Grindal also enjoined that no master must "teache anye thinge contrarye to the order of religion now sett furthe by publicke authoritie." But a certain master, John Fletcher, who though at one time a Protestant gradually reverted to Popery, was found to be going against this injunction. Hence he was charged before Archbishop Grindal in 1574, and deprived of his mastership. Furthermore he was committed to prison, and for twenty years never saw freedom, suffering much, especially when for a time he was in Ripon Gaol and his cell was "a close prison but seven feet long." After a short period without a master the John Pullen already mentioned was appointed to the school in 1575. He remained there some fifteen years, outwardly conforming to the reformed faith,

* With Henry Garnet, John Gerard and Edward Oldcorne, also Jesuit priests.

perhaps inwardly too. Yet we cannot help doubting when we consider how many of his pupils later became Roman Catholics—not only the boys earlier instanced, but others, too, the details of whose lives cannot be recounted here. On the other hand Pullen's academic and social qualifications were all that could be desired. He belonged to a well-known Yorkshire family, and his father had been Vicar of a Yorkshire parish. He had relatives of repute in York. He was educated at Caius College, Cambridge, of which university he was a B.A. St. Peter's School did well under Pullen, and drew pupils from a wide area.

What is perhaps most interesting about the man is his "modern" outlook on education. Almost as soon as he went to the school he formed a company of boy-players there, following the example of such schools as the Merchant Taylor's, Westminster and St. Paul's in London; Shrewsbury, Bath, Bristol, Coventry, Norwich and others in the provinces. There are actually records of plays given by the boys, whose school was then in what was known as the Horsefair. Here is an extract from the Chamberlain's Book of the Minster for 1575:

XX^s to my Ld. Stafford men players
 XX^s to the Scollers of the horsefaire players
 X^s to Lancashire men players
 XX^s to my L. Therle of Essex his men players

and one for 1585:

To John Pullen skollers w ^{ch} played in the Common Hall	40 ^s
To E. of Worcester's players	10 ^s
To L. of Oxford's players	20 ^s

It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that Guy was among those "John Pullen skollers," who would so joyfully receive that forty shillings.

Something Guy Fawkes said before his trial is suitable to recall as this article concludes. He spoke of the estate he had from his father as "but a small living which I spent." But he spent not only his living; he spent, too, his young life for what he believed to be the truth. And finally he forfeited that life as a direct result of the part he had played as John Johnson, servant to Mr. Thomas Percy, Gentleman Pensioner of King James's Court.

WINIFRED GRAHAM WILSON.

THE PIONEERS OF THE ENGLISH ESSAY.

COWLEY may be regarded as the pioneer in a new movement. He is a pioneer by no means certain of his medium, nor even constant to it; yet both in his essays and discourse concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell (1661) the change of literary attitude is clearly apparent. "There is no saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often, 'that a man does not know how to pass his time.' It would have been but ill-spoken by Methuselah in the nine hundred and sixty-ninth year of his life, so far it is from us, who have not time enough to attain to the utmost perfection of any part of any science, to have cause to complain that we are forced to be idle for want of work. But this, you will say, is working for the learned; others are not capable either of the employment or divertisement that arrive from

letters. I know they are not ; and therefore cannot much recommend solitude to a man totally illiterate. But, if any man be so unlearned as to want entertainment of the little intervals of accidental solitude which frequently occur in almost all conditions (except the very meanest of the people, who have business enough in the necessary provisions of life), it is truly a great shame both to his parents and himself ; for a very small portion of any ingenious art will stop up all those gaps of our time ; either music, or painting, or designing, or chemistry, or history, or gardening, or twenty other things will do it usefully and pleasantly ; and if he happen to set his affections upon poetry (which I do not advise him too immoderately) that will do it, no wood would be thick enough to hide him from the importunities of company or business, which would abstract him from his beloved." ("Essay on Solitude.") The extract from Cowley's essay shows the style of writing adopted by the early pioneer in the English essay.

Among the great Elizabethan writers there are suggestions, here and there, of a plainer, simpler, more straightforward prose. Bacon in his *Essays*, and Jonson in his *Discoveries*, diverge certainly at times from the elaborate Elizabethan pattern, wrought to such cunning perfection by men like Browne, and Burton, and Sir Walter Raleigh. None the less, the prose as a whole is the prose of an age of poetry, and even in the plainer writers rhetoric is never far distant ; but the prose of the new age—the pioneers' age—is far better adapted to an age richer in political and philosophical speculations than to poetry, in the art of critical exposition and journalistic realism than in work of creative imagination.

While there is doubt as to the precise definition of an essay, it is possible to say with unusual precision when the name (as used to denote a certain species of prose composition) and the thing alike were introduced into England. Though Cowley is usually regarded as the leading pioneer of the essay in England, personally I share the view, notwithstanding the anonymous and somewhat trivial "*Remedies against Discontentment*" (1596), that it may reasonably be said that we owe both to Bacon, and that 1597, when he published the little book containing ten pieces of the most concentrated literary pemmican ever presented, is the birth-year of the English essay. But it is Bacon himself who remarks that "there are certain hollow blasts of wind and secret swellings of seas before a tempest" ; and so too there are certain anticipations of the essay before it can be said without reservation that we had essays. Most men, in the earlier stages of literary development at least, and probably in the later stages as well, do not "discover" that they have been talking prose all their lives, but assume it. The vice of Elizabethan poetry is lawlessness ; much more therefore is this likely to prove to be the vice of Elizabethan prose. It is easy to forget or to ignore the fact that, till near the end of the reign of Elizabeth, there is little indeed of original prose that can be commended without reserve. It should not be any wonder that in an age when practically all branches of science and art, and in particular, imaginative art, were exploring new fields of adventure, the essay should have been ushered upon the reading public.

But what is an essay ? "Perhaps the notions," says Hugh Walker, "most widely prevalent with regard to this question are, first, that an essay is a composition comparatively short, and second, that it is something incomplete and unsystematic." The latter, clearly, was Dr. Johnson's conception, and he was not only a great lexicographer but himself a notable essayist. He defines an essay to be "a loose sally of

mind, an irregular, indigested piece, not a regular and orderly performance." The *Oxford English Dictionary* combines the two conceptions. Its definition runs thus: "A composition of moderate length on any particular subject, or branch of a subject; originally implying want of finish, 'an irregular, indigested piece' (J.), but now said of a composition more or less elaborate in style, though limited in range." Both definitions are somewhat vague, and Dr. Johnson's is essentially negative—a sure sign of difficulty. But vague as they are, these definitions are too narrow and precise to embrace all essays so-called. If we conceive the essay to be short and incomplete, on the other hand we certainly conceive the treatise to be lengthy and systematic. But while Hume writes "A Treatise of Human Nature," Locke writes "An Essay concerning Human Understanding"; and the latter work attempts as seriously as the former to be systematic, while it is the longer of the two.

"At least," says Hugh Walker, "it may be thought, the essay is a species of prose composition." Usage, however, overlaps even the boundary between prose and verse; and not only do we find in the eighteenth century a metrical "Essay on Criticism," but even in the nineteenth we find a metrical "Essay on Mind." Indeed, the word is actually older in English as the name of a composition in verse than as the name of a composition in prose, for King James's "Essays of a Prentice in the divine Art of Poesie" preceded Bacon's Essays. While, therefore, we know fairly well what to expect of a poem called a lyric, and even of one called an epic or a tragedy, we have hardly the vaguest idea of what we shall find in a composition entitled an essay. This extreme indefiniteness is partly inherent in the nature of the thing; etymologically, the word essay indicates something tentative, so that there is a justification for the conception of incompleteness and want of system. But partly also it is factitious: sometimes the modesty of an author and sometimes his fear of criticism have led to the adoption of the vague name instead of one which, if it was more precise, might also seem more pretentious. And the vagueness became more vague by the operation of a kind of natural law; for just as, in the days before enclosures, stray cattle found their way to the unfenced common, so the strays of literature have tended towards the ill-defined plot of the essay. A term so elastic means little or nothing, just because it means anything.

Although Bacon had no great respect for the English language, holding that "these modern languages will at one time play the bankrupt with books," yet no man individually did more to give strength and simplicity to our tongue than he. So far, the great defect in English prose had been its prolixity and diffuseness. Bacon put an end to this. His essays, ten in number, were issued first in 1597, again augmented in 1612, and finally just before his death. The genesis of these is interesting. He jotted down, in talking, any brilliant or suggestive idea or thing he heard, or any illuminating thought that impressed him. These he put into a book—constantly augmenting the stock. Emerson is the one modern writer with whom Bacon may be fairly compared, for their method is much the same. In each case you have a series of trenchant and apparently disconnected sayings, where the writer endeavours to reach the reader's mind by a series of aphoristic attacks.

Comparing Bacon with his predecessors, Hooker, Sidney, Lyly, Ascham, it will be noticed how widely he departs from the prolix methods of the day. In rhetorical power, musical cadence, quaint turns of speech, he is equalled by many of his contemporaries, excelled by a

few, but for a clear, terse, easy writing he has no peer save Ben Jonson, and even to-day his Essays are models of succinct, lucid prose. Bacon had a great brain but not a great soul. Material success and services to humanity were his objects in life; and when these aims were sometimes in conflict, though he did his best to blend them when the tussle came, personal consideration won the day. If the Essays reflect Bacon's lucidity of method, and the "History of Henry VII" his eloquence, to the "New Atlantis" we may turn for some taste of his imaginative ideals.

There are essays more strictly so called in which we can detect special literary form. Lamb's essays are the best examples in English, as Montaigne's are in French. Such essays could under no circumstances expand into treatises; they are complete in themselves. They have been admirably described by Alexander Smith in his paper "On the Writing of Essays"—itself one of the best essays on the art ever written. "The essay," he says, "as a literary form, resembles the lyric, in so far as it is moulded by some central mood—whimsical, serious, or satirical. Give the mood, and the essay, from the first sentence to the last, grows around it as the cocoon grows around the silkworm." "The essayist," he says further, "does not usually appear in the literary history of a country; he comes naturally after the poet and the chronicler. His habit of mind is leisurely; he does not write from any special stress of passionate impulse; he does not create material so much as he comments upon material already existing. It is essential for him that books should have been written, and that they should, at least, to some extent, have references, and these his reader must be able to understand and follow."

Dryden's importance in the domain of prose is even more remarkable than in that of verse. His peculiar gifts—his ease, his force, his clearness, his intellectual vigour—are qualities more serviceable in prose, and especially serviceable at this stage in the history of our literature, when prose had suffered from over-riotous living. Dryden's well-known "Essay on Dramatic Poesy" was begun about 1665, and quite apart from its brilliant analysis of dramatic principles it is "a model of the new prose" without which we should fail to appreciate those qualities that went to build up the English essay of the eighteenth century. Of this essay there are three editions, all clearly showing the pains taken by the critic in the direction of clarity and correctness. He did a great deal to rouse general interest in the English essay as a form of literary production. His prose is nearly always strong, flexible, and delightfully straightforward. The epithet "Glorious"—so long attached to him—may seem to some as somewhat curious, for great as his powers were, they lacked that touch of high imagination which would reconcile us to the term. But if Dryden does not range from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, his terrestrial range is one of extraordinary variety.

Among the pioneers Sir William Temple, a much-travelled British Ambassador to The Hague, must be mentioned. "His essays on various subjects—Health, Gout, Gardening, and Poetry—are written in a clear, agreeable, unaffected style," says Compton-Rickett, "rising at times to a rhythmic beauty, as in the 'Essay on Poetry.'" Temple's contemporary, Lord Halifax (George Savile), was a political force as well as a man of letters, and achieved fame with his essay, published as a pamphlet, "The Character of a Trimmer," which indicates accurately his own political attitude. Halifax writes more like a man of the world than Temple, and his aphorisms have a pleasant, satirical flavour, as that on

"An Empty Woman." "Such a one is seldom serious but with her tailor"; or this, "You may love your children without living in the nursery."

Of other famous contemporaries, forerunners of the great prose age, I must be content merely to name a few, such as Joseph Addison, whose character and genius are best exemplified in the pages of the *Spectator*. His biographer, Courthope, states that he "may be said to have almost created and wholly perfected English prose as an instrument for the expression of social thought." If we compare Addison's prose with the prose of Hooker, or Milton, or Bacon, we shall realise the delightful plasticity, the delightful nuances of mood and fancy for which Addison finds expression. The trend of Addison's essays in the *Spectator* is thus characterised by their author: "The great and only end of these speculations is to banish vice and ignorance out of the territories of Great Britain." Addison and Steele were admirably suited as co-craftsmen, for each could give what the other lacked. Steele brought to his work a wide experience of life, generous sympathies, and a sunny humour; Addison brought a wide experience of literature, a polished style, and just a pleasant tang of acidity in his humour. Both were moralists at heart, with much the same outlook on the society of their day. Yet there were sufficient differences in temperament and in gifts to be of real service in giving breath and diversity to the work they accomplished. Immediately following Addison and Steele is "the most practised liar of his age," Daniel Defoe. Everything that Defoe has written about himself must be taken with reservation, and when possible, substantiated elsewhere, for from his earliest years he seemed constitutionally unable to tell the truth, and even his name is an experiment in fiction, his father's name being Foe. However, he has contributed several essays and very many novels, all of which are well worth the time given to their perusal.

We pass on to Swift the loneliest figure of his age. "Swift was a wild beast who worried and baited all mankind almost, because his intolerable arrogance, vanity, pride, and ambition were disappointed." Thus wrote Horace Walpole. Here is another verdict in a very different key: "By far the greatest man of that time, I think, was Jonathan Swift. He saw himself in a world of confusion and falsehood, no eyes were clearer to see it than his." Such are the words of Thomas Carlyle. In these varying tributes we may read the judgment of the eighteenth century and the judgment of the Victorian age on this great prose satirist. Each errs on the side of exaggeration. In certain respects Swift resembles Defoe. There is direct vigour and matter-of-factness about his satire, and, like Defoe, he uses irony to drive home a point. Less wide in his range than Defoe, and more savage in his methods, he sounds profounder depths, and exhibits a more cosmic humour than his contemporary. The humour is often as bitter as gall, but its power and appositeness are beyond question. Tragedy is written across Swift's life. His great value as a writer lies in his challenge to an easy, complacent optimism, and yet even here the man is greater than his work. He remains a tragic and sombre figure, reviling his age and crushed by it; an Ajax defying the lightning and smitten with blindness. Yet we realise his underlying greatness of genius the more clearly as we place him beside other writers of the time—Pope, Addison, Steele—and see how they dwindle in importance. For the issues he touched upon and the imagination he brought to bear upon them vastly transcended theirs. No finer thing has been said of his tragic life than was

said by Thackeray : " To think of him is like thinking of the ruin of a great Empire."

Among the lesser prose writers and essayists of the time are Dr. John Arbuthnot, a wit who could hold his own with the best of his contemporaries, a collaborator with Pope and the friend of John Gay ; Thomas Rymer, to whom Dryden refers, was a writer of vigour and ability, but with little of Dryden's insight and sane judgment ; and John Dennis, another writer of the truculent school. More agreeable and informing than Dennis is Colley Cibber, a lively writer and a critic of the drama. The next age was to see a change in the form and fortunes of the essay. The institution of the official reviews and the adoption of the form by Lamb, Hazlitt and their contemporaries open a new chapter. We turn to Goldsmith, as we do to Charles Lamb or to Steele, for the pure pleasure of his company, and as a relief from the weighty, more formidable minds around him. He does not tax or humiliate us, and has only the most innocent designs upon us. He does not, like Johnson or Coleridge, bid us sit under him and learn. And his language, more than any other of his time, is our language. His genius was short-flighted. He left no massive work. But among a considerable variety of essays, he has left us one story, two poems, two comedies, some lives in miniature—these are his bequests, and the crowning achievement of the pioneers.

J. B. PRICE.

HARNESSING THE TIDES.

THE trite but inescapable fact that Britain's reserves of unmined coal cannot last for ever, and that the cost of raising the " black diamonds " will progressively increase as the shafts extend, has again prompted engineers and scientists to turn their skill to harnessing the untold and never-failing power of the tides round the coast of the United Kingdom. Every 24 hours 300 million tons of water sweep up and down the Severn estuary alone. It is reliably reported that this untapped source of power could produce 500,000 horse-power every day. Made to drive turbines, it would provide as much electric power in a week as 50,000 tons of coal. And the Severn estuary is but one of several places round Britain where the power of the waves could be tapped. The tides that race through the Menai Straits or ebb and flow in Carmarthen Bay, the Firth of Forth, the Humber and elsewhere might drive other giant generators and supply electricity for all the nearby cities and towns.

Consider the Severn scheme alone. It has been stated authoritatively that by throwing a barrage or dam across the river from Gloucestershire to Monmouthshire sufficient electricity could be generated to meet all the needs of Central, South-East, East and South-West England, as well as for South Wales. The mile-long dam of reinforced concrete would retain the water brought up the estuary by the tides twice daily, and this water would then be released through sluices to drive turbines installed in nearby power-houses. The surface of the dam would have a tidal variation of 20 ft. That fall is only one-third of the one given by the famous Boulder Dam spanning the Colorado River in the U.S.A., yet experts state that even a " head " of 5 ft. of water is sufficient to generate electricity economically. The project was first officially examined in 1933, and the findings of the scientists on that occasion have since been endorsed by further investigations. The only

major differences between these plans are on the question of cost and the inadvisability of making a railroad and motor highway across the dam. It is now suggested that rail and road traffic should be provided with a separate bridge. Since the scheme was first considered in 1933 the estimated cost has risen from £53 million to £87 million. Against this huge but by no means prohibitive expense you must set not only the value of the coal saved but also the fact that, once built, the dam would cost next to nothing to maintain. The scheme would be the nearest thing to perpetual motion yet devised. Further, during the last few years there have been considerable advancements in electrical science. In consequence, the output of the power-houses would be greater to-day than in 1933. The cost of the electricity to the householder would be about one-farthing per unit, enabling a medium-sized home to be electrically heated and lighted for about 5s. per week. The importance which the experts place on the project was demonstrated during the war. Despite pre-occupation with sterner problems, in 1944-1945 they carried out intensive investigations to determine the practicability of the Severn scheme. A 50-ft. scale model of the estuary was built, and artificial tides were made to reproduce in miniature the exact conditions governing the geographical changes of the real thing. From these meticulous tests it is evident that there is no real basis for the fear that the dam would interfere with the channels used by shipping entering or leaving Bristol. The approaches to the port would not be choked with silt as a result of changes in the estuary currents. Another possible snag would be taken care of by a high-level reservoir into which surplus tidal water would be pumped. The water stored there would be released to drive the turbines if a heavy call for electricity came at a time when the water behind the barrage itself had been nearly run off. It would thus be unnecessary to store electricity against such a contingency.

A more recent project to harness the tides round the United Kingdom would not require an auxiliary reservoir at all. It is proposed to derive electric power from the tidal waters which flow through the Menai Straits. The Straits are ideal for a scheme of this sort. They resemble a river which has the unique feature of being tidal at both ends. Three dams, forming two gigantic reservoirs, would be built between Anglesey and Carnarvonshire. Turbines would be installed close to sluices in the central dam, so that there would be a reservoir on either side of these power stations. Here is how the scheme would work. First, the water in the western reservoir would be allowed to go out with the tide, causing the water in the eastern reservoir to flow through the sluices of the central barrage and turn the turbines. At low tide, the gates at the western end of the straits would be closed, but those at the eastern end would be opened. Part of the incoming water (tidal water this time) would thus continue to flow through to the western reservoir, and would keep the turbines working until that reservoir was filled up again. But the surplus which could not get through the central barrage would fill the eastern reservoir too. As the tide turned once more, the western gate would be opened again, allowing the western reservoir to empty again and begin a repetition of the process. In short, the arrangement would resemble a series of mammoth locks, and there would be a continual flow of water from the Bangor end of the straits to the other end. Synchronisation of the opening and closing of the sluices, according to the state of the tide, would ensure that the level of the western reservoir was always at least a few feet lower than that of the eastern reservoir.

Not all Britain's estuaries could be harnessed. Those of the Mersey and Dee, for instance, are unsuitable, the former now being complicated by important dock systems, and the latter being too wide at its mouth. But the Welsh coastline lends itself to further hydro-electric schemes. The estuaries of the Conway, Dovey and Maw rivers offer opportunities, the first-named in particular having a very strong flow of tidal water. With the cost of coal continually rising, the expense of building tidal power stations becomes a comparatively decreasing one, to say nothing about the quantities of "black diamonds" saved for export. Progress in civil engineering, too, promises to affect the matter, many schemes hitherto regarded as impracticable now being nearer the bounds of possibility. No longer can it be seriously suggested that barrages would be unlikely to withstand the terrific onslaught of winter storms. War-time engineering feats, such as the successful linking of some of the Scottish islands by a continuous causeway, give an adequate answer to that criticism. One of the biggest problems in putting Britain's coastal waters to work would be to avoid interfering with shipping. The Mersey, as already stated, could not readily be included in such projects, because to do so would probably hinder Liverpool's trade. In other instances, special arrangements in designing the dams would remove any similar handicap. Twin locks alongside the Severn barrage would enable vessels to reach the docks at Gloucester, Sharpness and Lydney. The locks would each be 750 ft. long and 75 ft. wide. In the case of the Menai scheme, a lock in the dam at Belan Point would keep Carnarvon open to shipping. Year by year the tremendous power of the sea is made evident round the shores of the United Kingdom when storms cause great damage. Now, however, we are coming much nearer the time when King Neptune, if not completely under our control, can at least be made to work for us.

ARTHUR NETTLETON.

TORTOISES.

YOU used to be able to buy the possessor of a 180-million-year pedigree for sixpence. To-day you will have to pay anything from £2 10s. to £4 10s. if you want a tortoise. For close on nine years the tortoise enclosures in the pet-shops have stood empty, but now there is new hope for tortoise-lovers; once again tortoises are arriving in Britain. These little fellows are making the journey by air and under very different conditions from those of their predecessors of pre-war days. In the past every spring saw great shiploads of tortoises arriving in this country. The poor creatures endured a nightmare journey, often packed in barrels and serving as ship's ballast. Many died of suffocation on the voyage, while others were so fearfully mutilated by the buffeting which they received in high seas that they had to be destroyed upon arrival. All things considered, it is just as well that there has been an eight-year interval, as the importation of some 100,000 tortoises annually over a period of close on a century must have seriously depleted the stock of wild tortoises. Continued indefinitely it would doubtless have led to their ultimate extinction. The tortoise is an old-world animal and may be regarded as a "living fossil," for there were tortoises creeping across this world of ours something like 180 million years ago—long before the advent of man, and even before such creatures as birds existed. Remains which have been unearthed clearly indicate that there was a time when wild tortoises

were found in this country, but to-day all those in Great Britain have been imported from other lands. Italy, Sicily, Greece, Syria, Algeria and many other sunny climes support more or less large tortoise populations.

It is not known when tortoises were first brought to England, but it was probably as long ago as Elizabethan times. Doubtless they would be brought home by sailors as curiosities. There are records of isolated specimens which graced seventeenth-century gardens with their quiet presences, and our Victorian grandparents displayed a distinct partiality for these pets. The real vogue for tortoises, however, was during the early decades of the present century, and in the 1930s it was quite a common sight to see hawkers pushing huge barrowloads through the streets. These they sold to credulous householders as champion black-beetle hunters. They were likewise represented to enthusiastic gardeners as the natural enemies of all injurious insects. Thus described, the tortoise was certainly masquerading under false colours, for it is a strict vegetarian, and has no more interest in the black-beetle (or any other insect for that matter) as food than had the astute vendor. It was all very well from the hawker's point of view to ascribe to the tortoise an insectivorous bill of fare, but the tragedy from the tortoise's point of view lay in the fact that the ignorant though well-disposed owner would provide the unfortunate creature with the wrong type of food. As a result of this, ninety-nine out of every hundred imported in the spring had died of starvation by early winter. The kind of food that the tortoise enjoys is very varied—he is not at all finicky, providing that it is a vegetarian diet. Cabbage, clover, grass, asparagus, young green peas, and gooseberries are all relished, and he has a particular taste for lettuce leaves and dandelions. He can be trained to eat bread and milk and even bread and jam. My own tortoise "Micky" is fond of tomatoes, and regards bananas as a great treat. If you really want to win a tortoise's heart, just try feeding him on strawberries. It is very interesting to watch the creature eating. Nature has provided him with a horny bird-like beak which is the most amazing natural equivalent of a pair of shears. Tortoises have no teeth, but they contrive to bite off portions of fresh vegetable matter with a sharp beak, though in the case of dry and stringy material it is more awkward. They usually manage, however, to drag it into pieces of suitable dimensions by pulling with their jaws and at the same time holding the morsel down with the forefeet. Incidentally, a tortoise is a thirsty animal, and should always be provided with a pan of water for drinking purposes.

Although the majority of people are familiar with the tortoise, and are aware of the fact that it is a reptile, I have heard some rather curious views expressed on this point. I think the most amusing opinion was one which was put forward by a railway clerk to that "grand old man" of British natural history, Frank Buckland. One day during the last century Buckland was travelling on the railway and found himself involved in an altercation with the booking clerk concerning a pet monkey which he had been endeavouring to smuggle into the train. At the crucial moment the inquisitive monkey poked its head out of the bag, and the clerk, insisting that it was a dog, demanded 3s. 6d. for a ticket. Buckland, having a few minutes to spare, and thinking to carry the joke farther, produced a live tortoise from the depths of his greatcoat pocket, and inquired as to whether he would have to pay for that too. The man behind the desk blinked, adjusted his spectacles

and scratched his head. He then withdrew and held a hasty whispered conversation with his superior officer. A few minutes later he returned, and gravely remarked, "No charge for them, sir, they be insects."

The word "tortoise" is derived from the Latin *tortus*, which means twisted, and refers to the curiously twisted aspect of the reptile's front legs. These features are not, however, those which occur most naturally to our minds when we think of them. It is the shell which captures our imagination. The possession of this structure makes the tortoise unique among animals with a backbone because he is carrying his skeleton outside his body. I have heard kind-hearted people bemoan the creature's fate in being encumbered with so heavy and awkward a burden. Such solicitude is misplaced, for, deprived of the protection which it affords, the tortoise would long ago have joined the ranks of the extinct. An Englishman's home may be his castle, but a tortoise's shell is more than that. It is a fortress—a fortress which affords him most effective protection from the attacks of those who would destroy him. Not that a tortoise has many enemies. One South American species often falls a victim to the appetite of the boa-constrictor, who, quite impervious to his stout armour, swallows him alive, shell and all.

It is not only the boa-constrictor that is partial to tortoises. In Palestine the creature is very plentiful, and although the Jewish people will not eat it the Arabs certainly will, and its eggs are in almost as great demand as those of the fowl in England. In Italy and Sicily the flesh is commonly eaten, while the brain pickled in vinegar is counted a great delicacy. The Greek eagle and the lamb culture of Palestine are also notable tortoise addicts. These birds have contrived a very ingenious stratagem for discounting the shelly obstacle. It is their habit to take the tortoise high up in the air in their talons. They then drop it, and the poor creature is shattered on the ground. Legend has it that the Greek poet Æschylus was killed by a Greek eagle which dropped a tortoise upon his bald head, which it had mistaken for a rock. The ancient Greeks also believed that one day when Hermes was walking on the banks of the River Nile he picked up the shell of a long-dead tortoise. Within this shell there still remained the sun-baked neck muscles and tendons. Hermes discovered that these emitted musical vibrations when touched. So was set in motion the train of thought which ended in the production of the lyre.

Perhaps it is because the tortoise habitually takes things easy that he lives to such a ripe old age. There are well-authenticated accounts of tortoises living for more than 100 years. Judging from old records, specimens kept by various ecclesiastics must be awarded the palm for length of life, for the tranquil atmosphere of the cathedral close seems conducive to longevity. A tortoise which died in 1913 in Cornwall was at least ninety-six years old. Incidentally, he was a very amusing fellow, and used to pursue the gardener, biting at the end of his trousers and butting his boots with his shell. Every so often a tortoise goes a-wooing. In the spring the male becomes very active and sets off in search of a wife. His courtship is somewhat odd, and with customary slowness lasts for two or three days. The male encircles the female, and bumps the back of her shell with the front of his own, at the same time piping a little high-pitched love-song to her. Normally a tortoise does not emit any sound other than a short hiss if annoyed, but the Rev. J. G. Wood, a fine old Victorian naturalist, records the fact that when sick a tortoise will mew like a kitten. He kept one for a time, but

the poor creature was poisoned as a result of drinking out of a brass vessel. For two or three days before its death it mewed in the most plaintive and insistent manner. Soon after courtship, the female lays her eggs. These are usually between two and four in number and about the size of a pigeon's egg. They are nearly spherical and have their surfaces pitted with a myriad minute depressions which give them a decidedly roughness. The contents of the egg are stiff and gelatinous, the yolk being very dark and flecked with blackish-grey spots. The mother bestows precious little maternal care on the eggs, burying them and leaving them to be hatched out by the sun. The young when they emerge are little soft leathery objects, about the size of a florin. They are quite independent and soon bury themselves for the winter. Tortoises seldom breed in captivity in this country, for although eggs may be laid they are rarely hatched, as the climate is unsuitable. I have only been able to discover one authentic account of eggs having been successfully hatched. An egg was laid in a garden in Dulwich and artificially incubated in a box of straw and cotton wool at a temperature of 90 degrees.

Despite the fact that a tortoise's brain is comparatively small, the creature exhibits quite a degree of intelligence. It gets to know its master, and its name, and will come to be fed when called. As far as its senses are concerned, it has a keen sense of smell, acute hearing (in spite of the fact that its ears are covered with skin and are not visible) and good vision. It is supposed to enjoy listening to music, but is very easily upset by noise, and cannot bear rain pattering on its shell, which appears to be very sensitive. It is claimed that tortoises are good weather prophets, and if a tortoise walks alertly, and feeds with great earnestness in the morning, it is said that rain will fall before the night.

The tortoise is one of those curious sleeping beauties of the animal world who go into a deep sleep and remain in a state of torpor throughout the long dark days of winter. About October, it begins to dig into the earth and slowly and painfully achieves a hole large enough to lie in, and there it remains in a state of suspended animation from November to April. So profound is this sleep that it can hardly be awakened. A rather amusing story is told concerning a hibernating tortoise and the curator of a museum. One night, the curator was sitting in his room at the museum when he suddenly heard a terrific crash from the exhibition gallery. Thoroughly alarmed, he rushed out to investigate. To his utter amazement, he beheld the curious spectacle of some of the newly varnished specimens of tortoises rolling around in dire confusion. The poor man could scarcely believe his eyes. It eventually transpired that the innocent cause of all the trouble was one of the recently added specimens, which had been picked up as dead, duly varnished, labelled and placed in the display-cabinet. The tortoise when picked up had been deep in its winter sleep, but, revived by the warmth of the cabinet, it had suddenly come to life, and, taking a grim view of its surroundings, had commenced to travel as quickly as it could from the vicinity of its dead brothers and sisters! If you keep a pet tortoise you must remember to make provision for his winter sleep. If he lives in the garden, or in a greenhouse, you may be sure that he will make every attempt to bury himself. If, on the other hand, you keep him in the house, you should place him in a box of straw or dead leaves in a cold room. During the period of hibernation he requires no food or water; should he refuse to hibernate, keep him in a warm

place, and feed him throughout the winter. If you fail to do this he will almost certainly die. Anyone who keeps a tortoise has quite a slice of history on his hearth-rug. He is a creature with many interesting associations, and throughout the 180 million years of his quiet existence he has gone his languid way unperturbed by the revolutions of the earth's ages. He has seen other and more spectacular species of animals come and go, while he seems to have succeeded in keeping a truce with time.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-FLINT.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

MODERN "AGGRESSION"

THE expulsion of the Communist aggressor from South Korea has, not surprisingly, let loose a flood of words, the quality of which in its turn causes no surprise. The initiative in the war of words, as always, lies with Moscow, for the reason that no other quarter can compete on Moscow's level. The interesting thing—if it be possible to extract anything of interest from this chronic sordidity—is not that Moscow pursues its customary misuse of words, castigating the "American" aggression and flaunting its own pure and peaceful purpose, but that the world at large should be compelled to go on dancing to this sort of tune. Is there to be no end to it, no way out? It is not necessary to catalogue the sort of distortion that Moscow habitually and industriously puts out. It has become tiresome in the repetition. Every word of it can be accurately forecast: the war-mongering West, the peaceful East; the plotting of General MacArthur and his preparation for a third world war, including his rehabilitation of the Japanese Emperor and of other war criminals; his cold-blooded unprovoked assault upon the innocent people of Korea; the torture of Korean women and children by American and British "barbarians," etc.

That is not the important nor the interesting thing. What is important is that this intensive campaign of deception, aggression and tyranny which has been waged by atheist materialists directed from Moscow for more than five years has not yet collapsed of its own unsoundness, continues indeed to thrive, ensnares its otherwise innocent victims in every country of the world, produces "unofficial" strikes in increasing tempo, afflicts the governments concerned with a sort of craven ineffectiveness, and in general hacks away methodically, without much let or hindrance, at the foundations of the civilisation it intends to destroy. The plan is so clear, so evil; it has been prosecuted for so long; its effects are so manifest; yet the free world, as we call it, long-suffering and patient, takes no effective step to counter it. Russia's representatives hold up the work at Lake Success and Flushing Meadow, the while the spokesmen of the Western Powers deliver speeches of academic protest, which do not deter but gratify and help the mischief-maker. Even Sir Gladwyn Jebb's remark, made in the Security Council on August 31st, that for a country that was ruled by secret police and maintained slave camps in which many millions were confined, to speak of the alleged misdemeanours of any Government was "about as nauseating a spectacle as that of Satan rebuking sin" no doubt caused glee in Moscow. It is decided to invite the repre-

representative of Russia's puppet China to take part in the projected talks on Formosa (September 29th last), the United States having used its influence against, Britain for, the proposal—Britain having precipitately recognised the said puppet *de jure* on January 6th last—and the day's work goes on, merrily from the Russian point of view.

When a Communist gas strike in North London had been causing inconvenience and even hardship for a fortnight a member of the British Government broadcast a talk on the menace of unofficial strikes, much as the officer in command of a fire brigade, on being informed of a house on fire, might erect a platform to address the crowd on the menace of fire. Mr. Isaacs revealed that the Government had had firm information for six months past about the Communist plot, directed from Moscow, to disrupt the industrial and economic life of the country, and announced—in the usual future tense—the Government's resolve to do something about it. If he knew, he did not disclose who was paying the strikers, and how; strikers who, being "unofficial," received no strike pay from their union.

What constitutes "aggression"? In the old League of Nations days hours and weeks of discussion were spent on an abortive attempt to define the word. If measures were to be taken against aggression it must first be possible to establish the fact of aggression, and hence the need of a defined criterion. No such definition could be agreed. In the modern United Nations days the known aggressor contributes his part to the discussions, making agreement impossible, and has at his disposal the weapon of the veto to make remedial action impossible. The United States has at last suggested, however, and the suggestion has been approved, a method of circumventing Russia's use of the veto in such a case. On September 20th Mr. Acheson proposed to the General Assembly that new provisions be made in the Charter whereby an emergency session of the General Assembly could be called within twenty-four hours if action by the Security Council should be blocked by a Soviet veto, and that there should be formed an Assembly "security patrol" to provide, with the consent of the State concerned, immediate and independent observation from any area of impending conflict. That was the essence of the proposal, generally welcomed, although certain details of the practical application, such as its being applied by a majority vote of the Assembly, did not commend themselves to, for instance, the British Government, which still seems to regard the veto as a necessary safeguard of national sovereignty, provided it be not misused.

The practical value of the sanction proposed by the United States will be tested in future emergencies. In the most recent emergency it was prompt action by the United States that succeeded in countering Russia's aggression in Korea. It was only incidentally that the United States succeeded in mobilising the sanction of the United Nations, and only belatedly that she was helped by what amounted to little more than token support from other members of the United Nations. Korea is likely to act as a deterrent against any further immediate aggression by military means on the part of Russia. But the achievement should not be overvalued.

The more essential weapon of Russian aggression, namely the covert corrosion into the economic and moral foundations of civilised life and the attempted liquidation of the Christian Church—the cornerstone of that civilisation—is not thereby affected. How is it to be dealt with? The question must still be put in the future tense, although the

emergency is already five years old. Some members of the British Commonwealth have already pointed a way, and the United States is a standing signpost of the way. Mr. Truman has more than once observed that the main weapon of defence against materialist aggression cannot in its turn be of a materialist quality—for such a weapon would merely strengthen the power, and confirm the argument, of materialism—but must, of necessity and of logic, be spiritual in kind and in motive. To-day the problem of aggression is not the same as it was when the League of Nations, obsessed with the old notions, grappled with such hopeless criteria as that of the moment when hostile aircraft crossed a frontier; nor is the latest proposal made by Mr. Acheson at Flushing Meadow likely to be much more practical.

It is this new thing we call the cold war that constitutes the problem. There is abundant ground for the assumption that Russia, who calls the tune, is unalterably bent upon this modern method of aggression. Some convincing argument in favour of that assumption was developed by Mr. Arnold Toynbee in a recent address he gave at Chatham House, based upon his brilliant flair for historical analogy. (Address given on June 6th last, the text published in *International Affairs*, Vol. XXVI, No. 4, October 1950.) But Mr. Toynbee's range of diagnosis, comprehensive as it is in what may be called the intellectual and emotional motives of human conduct, stops short of that mystic component in human affairs which, though properly to be excluded from the scope of exact analysis—for the human intellect cannot cope with mystery, else there would be no mystery—is yet the most potent and decisive factor of them all. Within the experience of living men we have passed through the three relevant phases of what may fairly be described as aggression—of attempts, that is, by the available means, of stealing a march and robbing one's neighbour in the international field. There was the old type of professional war, conducted by what on the present standard were small armies of mercenary troops, whose vogue persisted up to the end of the last century. There was world war, begun in 1914, based upon the conscription of whole nations, waged upon whole nations, the distinction between military and civilian status blotted out, strategy comprising the effects upon *moral* of bombed women and children, science contributing its potential of terror upon the widest scale and in every element, land, sea and air. There is, thirdly, the cold war. The dividing-line between the second and the third is clearly drawn in the year 1945, the most decisive factor of the divide being the scientific achievement of the split atom.

The talk of America's lead in the available means of that devilish terror, though in some measure relevant to the situation, is not the chief count in the computation. The thing is so big, so incalculable, that the distinction between aggressor and victim is eliminated in the potentiality of one all-embracing holocaust. Hence the "cold" war, the indirect and logical result of a too scientific advancement in the scope of "hot" war. It happens to be peculiarly congenial to the temperament of the new aggressor, the modern Kremlin. The continuing part played by science in the upshot is confined to the blasting of men's mental and moral, as distinct from their physical, being. The instrument in one word is propaganda. In our time we have passed from the terror of bombs to the terror of words, from physical to mental and moral atrocity. Quick personal travel by air, quick transmission of sound by air, are the scientific successor to the dropping of bombs. It is war by other means, still another twist in the ramification of

Clausewitz's famous dictum. When the Kremlin, instead of dropping bombs on London, can cut off London's gas supplies, hold up the docks, and paralyse transport through the instrumentality of dupes bewitched by the Kremlin's agents, the cold war illustrates its potentialities. In the days of world war the blockade by ships was an attempted method of reducing a people to starvation. To-day it is attempted not by ships but by words. The calculation of the Kremlin is that the intelligence of men in the mass is capable of being undermined by the intensive dissemination of lies and of seductive, deceptive argument, just as it is calculated that the purposes of the United Nations can be baulked by a Malik or a Vyshinsky who talks, if he be allowed by the other short-sighted nation members to talk, the organisation out of court.

The examples are countless. They recur, methodically, unceasingly, without scruple or consistency on the part of the aggressor. When the United Nations has cleared South Korea of the aggressor and faces the diplomatic business of formulating a régime for a reintegrated, reunited Korea, Mr. Vyshinsky simply mobilises the word "No," and opposes a plan of his own, proposing (as could be foreseen) that the first thing to do is to free the land from "foreign" troops, by which is implied the troops of the defending nations, so that the aggressor can start again. When disarmament is broached as a general objective the Kremlin proposes that all nations should reduce their existing armaments *pari passu* by one-third, so that the nation most heavily armed, to wit Russia herself, automatically increases her own proportionate superiority in armaments. When the outlawry of atomic weapons is proposed, based upon inspection and control, the Kremlin refuses inspection and control and counter-proposes that the existing stocks be not proportionately reduced but wholly wiped out, thus reversing, for the obvious reason, the argument she herself propounded in the matter of general disarmament. There is something as fanatical in the industry with which the Communist propaganda is spread as in its utter disregard for truth or morality. It seems not to matter what the occasion may be; the doctrine is twisted to suit it. If the "North Koreans," as Russia's pawns were called, had driven the American armies into the sea the Russian propaganda factory would promptly have flooded Asia and Africa with a glowing account of David's heroic victory over Goliath's attempt to crush an innocent victim. As the war went the other way the printing presses at the disposal of the Communists, with astonishing promptitude, switched over to a note of moral indignation against *American Armed Aggression in Korea*, as one of the pamphlets, sixty pages long, was called.

A cynical eye is trained upon the eternal idealism of youth, whose pure fountain is besmirched for the glory of the devil. The so-called "peace campaign," launched all over the world as the deliberately deceptive slogan for entrapping innocent youth into support of a monstrous aggression—one of the Kremlin's victories, this, in the war of words—was and is merely an example of the same unscrupulous device. Boys and girls at school have been put on their feet to make speeches from a Communist script to protest their determination not to fight for their own country's wicked and warmongering designs upon a peaceful innocent Russia. The crudity and scope of the evil nearly passes belief. It is without doubt the calculation of the Kremlin strategists that wars are won by the magnitude and power of the "tanks" and other weapons employed, whether the "tanks" be of steel or of words. In Eastern Germany the misled youth have been so

confused in their capacity for idealist emotion that they have formed themselves into an organisation bearing the idiotic name of "peace fighters." So long as such organisations are hitched to Moscow and their emotions are effectively canalised by Moscow's agents, it seems not to matter to the Kremlin mentality how nonsensical be the slogans.

But how comes it that Moscow can be so successful in so unpromising a field of enterprise? Why is it that youthful integrity and intelligence can be so easily seduced? And what is the corrective, the line of defence to be taken by sane and good people? We have reached the pass—and herein the answer automatically presents itself—where conflict is no longer waged by physical armaments but by ideas. Such episodes as the armed invasion of South Korea are merely incidental and subsidiary to the main theme. It looks as if the aggressor in this new circumstance, being materialist and atheist, relying exclusively upon his brains, the overwhelming advantage in the long run rests with the defender of civilisation. The initial advantage lies with the aggressor, as always, because he knows precisely what he is driving at, and chooses his point of attack. It is natural that the party attacked, taken unawares and unprepared, and suffering the wounds inflicted, should in the initial emergency run round in circles with the wind up, as it were. He has to collect his thoughts and make his dispositions, the while he is harassed by the attack. Hence it is that the British Government, for instance, has been running round in circles for more than five years, and in the end has merely hit on the out-of-date notion of increasing the armed forces at its disposal. There are those who argue with some show of reason that a militarily undefended West would offer temptation to a heavily armed aggressor; that a Germany divided into east and west is an obvious analogy to a Korea divided into north and south. There is some small substance in that argument perhaps.

But it misses the main point. The old controversy about the use of armed force, about the intrinsically false notion that any decent object can be achieved by victory in war of the old type—the falsity of which notion is amply proved and illustrated in our own time when two such victories in succession have ended in smoke and disillusion—the controversy itself has been driven out of court by the historic change, as it were miraculously imposed, from the empire of high explosives in the arbitrament to that of conflicting ideas. The merciful dispensation of that change seems not yet to be appreciated by those leading defenders of civilisation whom it mainly concerns. They go on talking and scheming in terms of tanks, bombs and aeroplanes. They try hopelessly, and when the fair is nearly over, to inveigle men into what in effect are the anachronism of armed forces by offering them more pay, softer beds and arm-chairs. What is more important than the strength or weakness of the Territorial Army is the continued and permitted existence in our land of the Russian Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens. It is there that the actual war is being waged, the while our Government is preparing for a putative war that is not likely ever to take place.

True, the British Government, taking a leaf out of the Australian and other Dominion books, is now beginning to take a more realistic line. On 5 October 2nd last, summonses were served by the Government on ten of the leaders of the London gas strike, all employed by the North Thames Gas Board, but no action was taken about the Russian Embassy which directed those leaders. It is as though a doctor were to

pour a healing balsam over a burnt finger without removing the flame that burnt it, were to treat a symptom or a result without reference to the cause. The Russian Embassy in London, as in the other capitals upon which the war is being waged, contains what is called a Press department, which is in communication under diplomatic immunity with the Kremlin. It prints a *Soviet News*, which is circulated by the ordinary channels of the British postal service. Its propaganda is carried and delivered, by the same service, to all parts of the British Commonwealth. It is obvious, and is seen and commented on by the British Government itself, that the prevailing phase of Russia's strategy is to spread disorder on the widest scale. The Government has published documents to expose it all ; and yet the festering sore from which it all derives is left to fester as it will. Indeed, those whose appointed duty it is—appointed from Moscow—to spread the poison are given all the facilities of our national organisation, plus a privileged, safeguarded and secret line of communication with the headquarters in the Kremlin, to prosecute their purpose. The analogy would be, if we happened still to be living in the days of world wars of the recent but now discarded type, that we should provide airstrips for the enemy on Manston aerodrome, supplying him to boot with free petrol and bombs.

In this new, this modern form of aggression waged upon the Western world by means of the printed and the spoken word, there are two recognisably practical steps still waiting to be taken by the defence. The first is on the material, the second on the spiritual plane. The first may be described simply as the blocking of the approaches used by the enemy for the dissemination of the poison in our midst. What sense is there in maintaining the fiction of normal friendly diplomatic relations with a Power which is known—and every Western political leader almost every day proclaims that he knows it—to be encompassing the destruction of our civilisation ? What are they afraid of, these Western politicians ? Cannot they throw off the conventions of a bygone age, which are used by the enemy for his own purpose, whereby the breaking off of diplomatic relations was the recognised formula for a state of war ? The state of war is already operative. If every Western Government were promptly to dismiss the enemy's diplomatic representative stationed in its capital and to recall its own representative from Moscow, Warsaw, Prague and the other enemy capitals, and if the United Nations were to suspend all its other activities to carry out one of the provisions of the Charter itself, namely the provision contained in Chapter II, Article 5, there would at least be achieved the removal of frustration and muddle from the outlook. Chapter II, Article 5, of the Charter prescribes that " A member of the United Nations against which preventive or enforcement action has been taken by the Security Council may be suspended from the exercise of the rights and privileges of membership by the General Assembly upon the recommendation of the Security Council." Such enforcement action has in fact been taken in Korea.

The Russian pretence, commonplace in the whole range of Russian tactics, namely that the war in Korea was a " civil war," can be brushed aside with the contempt it deserves. And not only with contempt but with the due realism which denies to the enemy so transparent a device. The way would then be cleared for an examination of the postulates of the second step to be taken : a longer and harder step to take. The true ultimate issue, as Mr. Truman has been wise enough to observe in his public statements, and as every serious

person is well aware, lies, without exaggeration, between the continuation of man's upward struggle towards the goal set for him by his God and the downward plunge into materialist atheism proposed to him by the devil and his agents. The downward plunge has already gone so far that it acts as a spur and a challenge to the quality of man, made in God's image. The upshot cannot be doubted, for man, being made by God, is made of stuff that does not fall victim to so unintelligent and so unpractical a thing as the tyranny of atheist materialists. But man's true quality is challenged, and he must be up and doing. That is all that is needed. Mr. Truman has put the need in simple words. "There is no problem on this earth," he said in 1946, "tough enough to withstand the flame of a genuine renewal of religious faith. And some of the problems of to-day will yield to nothing less than that kind of revival."

GEORGE GLASGOW.

October 11th, 1950.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

LORD MILNER.*

Despite Milner's importance no official biography has appeared, and Dr. Halpérin makes no attempt to fill the gap. His theme is the evolution of British Imperialism as illustrated in one of its most ardent champions. In this interesting study there is just enough biographical background to enable us to trace the development of Milner's ideas and to understand his formidable personality. The task has been discharged with conspicuous ability by the author, who had already revealed his interest in modern England in the little volumes on "Joseph Chamberlain" and "England Fifty Years Ago." The book forms one of a French series entitled *Colonies et Empires*, and is enriched by a delightful Introduction by Professor Paul Mantoux. Though the author is too young to have known Milner or to have breathed the atmosphere of the stormy times in which he played a leading part, the admirable bibliography testifies to the range of his studies, and he possesses the advantage of complete detachment from the passionate controversies in which Milner was involved. He has received assistance from Mr. Amery and other survivors of a vanished age. This careful study of British Imperialism at the height of its power and prestige deserves the compliment of an English translation.

If it would be a slight exaggeration to describe Milner as the author's hero, there is at any rate far more praise than blame in these pages. Few readers will disagree with the glowing picture of the young civil servant who had to make his own way in the world, of his distinguished services in Egypt, and of his memorable share, many years later, as a member of the Inner Cabinet of the Lloyd George Coalition, in winning the First World War. Nor is anyone likely to challenge the verdict that his character was worthy of high respect, that the naïve self-glorification which afflicted Curzon was completely absent, and that he dedicated his exceptional powers to the service of the Empire without a thought of his own personal interest. Yet when full recognition has been paid to his achievements in England and Egypt in his youth and to the wise counsels of his riper years, the fact remains that our estimate of his position in history will mainly depend on our view of his record in South Africa. In Egypt he was under the supervision of Cromer, in the War Cabinet under that of Lloyd George. In South Africa he was in large measure his own master, for he was trusted not only by Joseph Cham-

* *Lord Milner et l'évolution de l'Imperialisme Britannique*. By Vladimir Halpérin. Paris. Presses Universitaires de France.

berlain and the Unionist Cabinet but by the Rosebery wing of the Liberal Opposition.

What then is Dr. Halpérin's verdict on the crucial eight years in South Africa when Milner was a maker of history? On the whole, decidedly favourable. He is not afraid to criticise, but to the present reviewer, who lived through these distressing years, there seems something lacking. I cannot agree that Milner was "typically English." That description, I feel, would be more applicable to men of the type of Cromer or Lugard. There was a vein of impatience, bitterness and arrogance in Milner at the height of his career which some observers used to trace in part to the admixture of German blood, and which was deeply resented by the sturdy South African Dutch. The Conservative and Imperialist school, of which he was a type, never seemed able to understand how men like Parnell, Redmond and Dillon, Botha and Smuts, and the leaders of the Indian Congress Party, felt about alien rule, and never seemed to care. British rule, they were convinced, was so just and so efficient that it was good enough for anybody. It required Campbell-Bannerman, with his great heart and his unsophisticated brain, to remind them that "good government is no substitute for self-government."

Dr. Halpérin rightly condemns the fateful decision to break off the Bloemfontein Conference with Kruger, all the more since a telegram from Chamberlain arrived next day instructing him to continue negotiations. The High Commissioner replied that he was dead tired at the time and that he regretted what he had done. Even here Dr. Halpérin tempers censure for his attitude with praise for the man. There was something great and noble, he comments, in this frank avowal of error. He might have added that the *fine fleur* of Balliol, to whom the British Empire was the greatest thing in the world, was the last person to deal with the stubborn and distrustful old Boer President, obsessed by memories of the annexation of the Transvaal and the Jameson Raid. During the spring and summer of 1899 most observers linked Chamberlain and Milner together, but the third volume of the Garvin biography showed that we were wrong. While the politician strove sincerely though clumsily to avoid, or at any rate to postpone, a catastrophe, the Proconsul, in Dr. Halpérin's words, "pressed by the Uitlanders, was eager to act and to lance the abscess. In June 1899 Milner considered war as the only means of clearing up the situation and *desired* war."

Milner himself and his political supporters were convinced that their armed championship of the Uitlanders saved South Africa for the Empire. Another view, publicly expressed on many subsequent occasions by Botha and Smuts, is that South Africa was won over to willing partnership in the British Commonwealth not by Milner but by magnanimity. Dr. Halpérin rightly emphasises his shining qualities, but generosity of spirit during his South African phase was not among them. The summons to surrender within a brief period, coupled with the threat of banishment of the Boer leaders in the event of refusal; the proposal to suspend the constitution of Cape Colony, which was wisely rejected by Chamberlain; the demand for unconditional surrender of a gallant foe, which was rightly overruled by Kitchener; the angry denunciation of the statesmanlike decision of the Liberal Government to grant self-government: do not all these facts arouse doubts whether the choice of Milner as High Commissioner in 1897 was wise? "Milner has mellowed," replied General Smuts, my acquaintance from Cambridge days, when I asked him in 1917 how he got on with his old antagonist now that they sat together in the War Cabinet. It was true enough, and it is greatly to Milner's credit that he never desired to squeeze a defeated Germany "till the pips squeaked," and that he realised that Egypt could not always remain a mere Protectorate. Yet to the end his vision was bounded by the British Empire, and he regretted the decision of some of his famous and devoted "Balliol Kindergarten" to enlist under the banner of the League of Nations. To-day the Chamberlain-Milner-Curzon-Kipling era is as dead as the Manchester School in economics. Mr. Churchill is the sole distinguished survivor. Dr. Halpérin's book grips our attention at the start and holds it firmly to

the end. Though his readers will continue to differ in regard to the personalities and ideologies so clearly described in these pages, there cannot be two opinions as to their interest and their high significance. G. P. GOOCH.

THE PALL MALL GAZETTE.*

The *Pall Mall Gazette* was the most original of evening newspapers, and for twenty years it was written with a distinction beyond all rivals. The date of its birth could hardly have been more favourable, and its first editor had the support and confidence of an ideal proprietor. In 1865, the last year of Palmerston, Frederick Greenwood, who began as a printer's apprentice, was employed as an assistant in the office of the *Cornhill Magazine*. He was self-educated in a very unusual fashion. His editorial talent was recognised by George Murray Smith, the head of Smith Elders, who was afterwards to earn the gratitude of scholars and the public by virtue of the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Greenwood was a man of conviction, with a keen political mind, an effective style, and a gift, unexcelled in his day, for the recruitment of first-rate contributors. Within a few years his paper was so highly esteemed that there was not a statesman or man of letters in England too proud to have his name in its columns. Greenwood's reign ended in 1880, when the owner turned the property over to his son-in-law, Henry Yates Thompson, who chose John Morley for the chair. Three years later Morley made way for W. T. Stead, the most sensational editor of late-Victorian times.

It was Stead's *P.M.G.* that gave Matthew Arnold his idea of the New Journalism. It offered a startling contrast to Greenwood's method and aims. Judged by the standards of our day the early *P.M.G.* was not a newspaper at all, but an afternoon review, a journal of criticism and opinion. Its principal contributors were lawyers, publicists, and authors of many kinds. Its character was expressed in the leading and special articles, and in a page of paragraphs headed Occasional Notes, written by a skilled team who had devised a new art-form. Greenwood cared nothing for news. It is true that, along with Charles Dickens, he encouraged the descriptive sketch, which was to become the inseparable feature of a yet newer journalism. For instance, he sent his brother James out among the workhouses as the Amateur Casual. This venture was noteworthy and brought results, but it was no test of its editor's news-sense. That can be seen most plainly in his behaviour on the day in 1875 when Disraeli informed him that the Government had purchased the Suez Canal shares. Greenwood had worked hard for this; the deal, indeed, was due to his fervid advocacy. Yet when the news was in his hand he ignored his own paper and gave it to Delane for *The Times*.

Mr. Robertson Scott is a survivor of the *P.M.G.* staff whose memories go back to the late 1880s. His knowledge of the paper and its personnel is complete and his industry beyond praise. In this volume, while carrying the story of the paper itself only to 1880, he has followed Greenwood, an entirely independent Tory, through his eight years as editor of the *St. James's Gazette* and the final stage of authorship and free-lance journalism. He tells also the remarkable life-story of George Murray Smith—publisher and ship-owner, merchant and munificent patron of letters. He had an extraordinary flair for business. Becoming head of his father's publishing house as a youth, he entered the Indian trade and prospered, acquired control of a line of steamers, and then made a fortune, huge for that day, as a monopolist owner of Apollinaris. The *Dictionary of National Biography* was floated on mineral water. Smith and Greenwood had ceased to be close associates before the transfer of the paper to Yates Thompson, but there is no doubt whatever as to the relationship that made the enterprise possible. The sales of the *P.M.G.* were minute. Soon after its start they fell to the ludicrous figure of 600, without affecting the owner's temper or his purpose. Even

* *The Story of "The Pall Mall Gazette."* By J. W. Robertson Scott. Oxford University Press. 25s.

when the paper had attained a position of something almost like governing authority its circulation did not exceed a few thousands. Huge sales, as we know, may imply anything but weight in the shaping of public opinion. The succession of Greenwood, Morley and Stead affords the most striking example in British journalism of influence over national affairs with next to no numerical basis.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

THE SOCIOLOGY OF GEORG SIMMEL.*

The position of Georg Simmel (1858-1918) among the creative and influential sociologists of our time is characterised by two main features. He was, above all, the founder of the Formal School of sociology, which concentrates on the study of the forms of social relationships, abstracting them from their actual contents and from their concrete historical setting. Examples of such forms, to be found in the most diverse types of society, are superiority and subordination, competition, division of labour, the formation of parties, representation and the inner solidarity of the group, coupled with exclusiveness towards the outsiders. This approach, first applied in Simmel's major work *Soziologie* (1908) has since been elaborated and systematised by others. Yet there is something highly individual and original about Simmel's thought, both sociological and philosophical, a unique quality, which defies imitation. His was an intense and subtle mind, which by a rare combination of analysis and intuition, saw and made others see the thousand and one facets of social phenomena. Simmel was a master of the relativistic sociological essay, as well as a methodical thinker.

It is one of the merits of Professor Wolff's selection from Simmel's work, rendered in an English translation always careful, and on the whole felicitous, that it makes the reader acquainted with both aspects of Simmel's achievement. The first part of the book is devoted to his overall reflections on fundamental problems, stressing his three-fold division of the sociological field. Other parts, which illustrate the formal approach, include the chapters on "Quantitative Aspects of the Group" and on "Superordination and Subordination." One is glad to find that such important and fascinating studies as those on "The Secret and the Secret Society" and "The Stranger," are now also available to the English speaking world. In his able, critical introduction the editor is mainly concerned with Simmel's methodological problems and deficiencies. Most readers, however, will be chiefly attracted by the more topical essays in this volume, for instance, by the brilliant discussion of "The Metropolis and Mental Life." Here we discover a certain contradiction between Simmel's formalistic theory and his stimulating practice. For it becomes evident that the metropolis analysed is not a timeless formal structure, but is the metropolis of Western industrial society in the early twentieth century. In other words, the concrete historical setting of this social phenomenon, though deliberately neglected by the analyst, pervades every line of his analysis. Now it is true, that all huge towns create certain mental and emotional attitudes in their population that are not characteristic of towns of a smaller type, such as greater general reserve in social relationship, a marked brevity and scarcity of social contacts, etc. Yet the spirit of the *Grossstadt*, so well projected by Simmel, with its correlations between money economy, a rational calculating mind, extreme division of labour and a cool, blasé attitude is distinctly the spirit of Berlin and of other Western towns, as Simmel knew them before the First World War. However significant this essay is, it reveals indirectly that Simmel's practice was more satisfactory than his theory. It shows us, too, that in the long run what is needed in the social sciences is a combination of the formal with the historical approach, a combination which so far perhaps none has applied more successfully than Simmel's great contemporary and friend—Max Weber.

DR. E. K. BRAMSTED.

* *The Sociology of Georg Simmel*. Translated, Edited, and with an Introduction by Kurt H. Wolff. The Free Press, Glencoe, Illinois. \$5.50. To be published in England by Routledge & Kegan Paul.

SPAIN.*

Zest, zeal and ardour ; energy to the point of explosion, and mingled strangely with either acumen or hardihood ; the air now of scented orange grove, now of lonely plateau or rocky sierra ; the peculiarity of regions fiercely disparate, yet sharing with one another the barrier of the Pyrenees, the conquest of Islam and the masterpieces of the Castilian tongue, and with these the monuments and tradition of a martial and fervent Catholicism which makes woman more womanly and gives many men the spirit of sacrifice, a pervading nobleness which raises its standard over misery and crime and pervades our memories with a sense of courtesy and honour, often flowering out of individual pride : these are the insignia of a Spain which at last is organising its social services and shares in the State control which as in most other countries has replaced the passion for freedom. In this country it is at the moment cheap to travel, and once again the famous firm of Messrs. Batsford invites our attention to it. They provide an arresting choice of pictures, showing in turn the sumptuousness of its glories, the picturesqueness of its people and the wildness of its rocks. Don Luis Bolin, the chief propagandist of the country's tourism, has added to the book the resources of his knowledge, his energy and his taste, while the actual writing is the work of one of our most sophisticated travellers. At every point Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell is ready with a comparison with Italy and with those remote corners of Europe where he has chosen to travel. To these references he adds the hard work of detailed description, aided by the resources of his taste and his social connections. The result is a *recherché* book of travel, which is not to say, of course, that it is such a revelation of the soul of Spain as we have owed in the past to Richard Ford, to Havelock Ellis, to Aubrey Bell or to M. de Caux. It is at once a trifle too sophisticated and a trifle too exact. The precision of its details is fused by neither spontaneity nor delight ; in a word, its atmosphere is less that of Spain than of a Sitwell. But nevertheless the Sitwell is in Spain, and Spain itself he shows through his Sitwell eye, which does not always see when a spelling is wrong or a reference inexact. So here is Spain with its caves, its troglodytes, its gypsies, its dancers, its bullfighters not less than with the imposing façades and retablos of great cathedrals and convents ; and nowhere does the gifted author write with more charm than when he reflects on a famous statue in the sequestered Cathedral of Sigüenza. If he is unfair to Valladolid, he lauds Salamanca and expatiates on Seville. But none of his descriptions are so arresting as his omissions. There are but four lines on the Escorial, nothing on Madrid but three cursory references to Collections, and no mention at all of Avila, Gredos, La Granja, the Alcazar of Segovia, of J. F. Lewis, Zuloaga, or the Choir of Montserrat.

ROBERT SENCOURT.

ENGLISH POETRY.†

Readers of this learned little volume will hardly be long in realising that it contains considerably more of criticism than of introduction, and that those who have not already a fair acquaintance with, at least, the outstanding landmarks of English poetry will look in vain to Professor Bateson to show them what these landmarks are and where and how to look for them. Nobody, indeed, could call him "an excellent Stranger's Guide," and probably he himself is far from desiring that honourable, but humble, office. Rather, he should be welcomed as the ideal companion of such pilgrims as have grown familiar with poesy's major roads and are, consequently, ready to have their attention drawn to the features of its obscurer by-ways, to a more methodical study of the origins of the great heritage of English verse and a clearer comprehension of its ultimate purpose.

In Part I, devoted, as it is, to definitions of poetry, this preoccupation with the interests of the more advanced student is peculiarly conspicuous.

* *Spain*. By Sacheverell Sitwell. Batsford. 15s.

† *English Poetry : A Critical Introduction*. By F. W. Bateson. Longmans. 10s 6d.

By contrast, Part II, in which the principles of definition are applied and generously illustrated by examples from the work of such representative poets as Chaucer, Gray, Keats, Shelley, Tennyson and so forth is likely to seem much easier going. Pleasanter going, as well ! For the admiration and appreciation of many of the most romantic poems, which the author here allows himself to display, atones, in some degree, for his consistently superior treatment of the romantic poets as a class—his rational realistic objections to their “irrational emotions” and “sentimental day-dreams.” Taken as a whole, the book may serve as a useful corrective of the too facile popular judgments of poetic masterpieces, which sometimes content even those who rank as literary critics. With its final tribute to poetry as a most powerful social force, a genuine means of social betterment arising from a genuine social consciousness in the poet’s heart and brain, few poetry addicts will be disposed to disagree. G. M. HORT.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.*

In his recent volume of Elizabethan studies Dr. Boas drew attention to Heywood as the author of a play on the Queen’s early years. He now establishes this poet’s title to be considered one of the most representative writers of his age : “no leading Elizabethan dramatist except Shakespeare had so continuous a professional connection with the stage.” It is impossible here even to enumerate the long list of historical and other plays, rambling mythological chronicles, and pageants which Heywood produced between 1596 and 1638, many of them winning instant applause from his public ; some are now little known, others lost. Two outstanding examples are the “History of Women” and the “Troia Britannica.” The liberal quotations in the text enable us to realise Heywood’s immense erudition, his mastery of lucid expression, his gifts as an indefatigable narrator. He mingles scriptural allusions with classical, prose with verse, moralisings with lighter episodes.

In contrast to the favourite revenge motive in Elizabethan drama, forgiveness is the theme of several of Heywood’s plays ; it inspires one of his finest scenes, the pardon of the erring wife in *A Woman Killed with Kindness*. His lyrical gift is undeniable, as shown, for instance, in the very moving stanzas uttered by the leading Crusaders approaching Jerusalem. Heywood made various translations from Latin, and is one of the first English authors to quote passages from Dante. His *Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels*, some illustrations to which are here reproduced for the first time, anticipates *Paradise Lost*. Though it cannot, of course, compete with that, we note that the heavenly weapons in it are spiritual where Milton’s are material. Heywood’s references to Shakespeare, Marlowe and other authors are of special interest ; one of them is the sole authority for Kyd’s authorship of the *Spanish Tragedy*. In his defence of actors and poets he attacks the Puritans. We are indebted to Dr. Boas for further researches in his chosen field, illuminating what to many readers has been an unfamiliar figure.

EMMA GURNEY SALTER.

AFRICAN SWITZERLAND.†

So little is known of the three British Protectorates in South Africa that every addition to our appreciation of these fascinating communities is certain of keen attention. London has a special responsibility as regards the well-being of the men of Bechuanaland, Swaziland, and Basutoland ; without the sheltering hand stretched out to them from across the seas they might easily fall victim to the policy of segregation and racial discrimination that bedevils the south of their continent. Eric Rosenthal, himself a resident of Cape Town, has done well in writing the present book—an unpretentious study of an endearing people. The Basutos emerge as a highly artistic nation ; fine horsemen ; of simple tastes ; untiring in peace as in war, whether they

* *Thomas Heywood*. By Dr. F. S. Boas. Williams & Norgate. 1950. 8s. 6d.

† *African Switzerland. Basutoland of To-Day*. By Eric Rosenthal. Hutchinson 1949. 15s.

are engaged in anti-soil erosion work or in the astounding campaigns of the last war, which took them to the southern and eastern Mediterranean. Rightly he has written for the general reader, not for the specialist. His record of mountain rides and climbs, of drives along the winding roads and visits to villages small and big should win many new friends for Basutoland, which he rightly calls the African Switzerland, under British protection. The book is loosely put together; is indeed a sketch book adorned by photographs and drawings. If it is rather shapeless it should yet suit the tastes of a very wide public, who are looking for an enjoyable "read" rather than for sustained study. Inevitably he slurs over the big problems—the attitude taken up by the Union; the continual drain on the nation's manpower, etc. But as an introduction to Basutoland, this book should serve a most useful purpose.

DR. F. W. PICK.

WAR CRIMES TRIALS.*

The volumes published in the series of *War Crimes Trials*, are issued under the general editorship of Sir David Maxwell Fyfe. The series is planned to cover the principal trials arising out of the war. Each volume, which deals with a particular trial, is based upon the original transcripts and is edited by a highly skilled and qualified editor. So far as possible, the court proceedings are presented in the form of a transcript note, and are preceded by a long introduction, which describes the background to the trial, summarises the facts and reviews the proceedings. Each volume contains illustrations which tend to bring home with force the reality of the appalling tales of atrocity and barbarism disclosed in its pages. No reasonable person can enjoy these volumes; but none the less they should be widely read and understood. As Sir David says: "It is essential to-day and forever that mankind should have some idea of what tyranny harnessed to the modern scientific State can mean . . . barbarism is not years behind us, but always underneath us and ready to erupt." He also stresses that the purpose of the trials was to establish the truth as well as to punish. The records of these cases will confound the future apologists of Nazi and Japanese methods, faced "by an impregnable fortification of truth." Indeed there is much to be said for translating and publishing these authoritative volumes in the ex-enemy countries. For the international lawyer, this series provides a valuable source of reference upon many issues of legal importance.

Volume I on *The "Peleus" Trial* deals with the first case heard before a British military war crimes court. It describes the trial of the captain and members of the crew of a German U-boat, charged with killing the defenceless crew of a torpedoed merchant ship. The editor, Mr. John Cameron, K.C., has contributed an admirable introduction. The second volume to be published is Volume III in the series and deals with *The Trial of Gozawa Sadaichi* and nine other Japanese officers and men, tried for atrocities perpetrated against Indian prisoners of war on a Japanese troopship. The volume is edited by Mr. Colin Sleeman, who includes an interesting and informative note on Japanese army life, tradition and discipline and the outlook of the Japanese soldier.

A. DE M.

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Those who began the Society of Friends in the seventeenth century sought to realise a spiritual democracy, a fellowship of equals. They were fiercely persecuted on religious grounds, and so were forced to concentrate defensively on their theology. They could not think out the full economic implications of their beliefs. The Society produced remarkable men, and when these found themselves shut out of the universities and public offices on religious grounds they became industrial and scientific pioneers. Dr. Arthur Raistrick's book on *Quakers in Science and Industry* (Bannisdale Press, 21s.) tells the story. It is a scholarly work, but if a large part of it will appeal most to the student, the patient general reader will also be well rewarded. The Society

* William Hodge & Co. Ltd. Vols. I and III, each 18s. net.

of Friends in early days included considerable differences of wealth and status in its ranks, and these increased. At first, employers and their workers, especially if Friends, could maintain contacts which kept the spirit of religious fellowship. To some in industry money seemed to come easily, but there were stern words of advice from the Society itself to be heeded, and little mercy was shown to those who lowered the required standard of life and conduct. All members maintained a lively concern for Quaker affairs; there was often deep personal piety, and even real simplicity in surroundings sometimes luxurious. Some enjoyed a growing prosperity; others were uneasy. Actually they were all helping to produce a revolution in production methods. Some tried to keep labour conditions good, did deeds of philanthropy and talked of "the stewardship of wealth." They were sincere; often grimly so. But they were involved in forging a machine they could not control. The gap between employer and worker widened. Even by the end of the eighteenth century the prevailing notions of labour management had been generally accepted. The Quakers turned to ameliorations and reforms, and in this direction they were mighty because they cared. But it could not be enough, and so, in the economic field, as Dr. Raistrick points out, Quakerism won a place of honour and lost part of its dynamic message. The "rebel fire" of the seventeenth century may yet flame again. It may burn down those barriers of wealth and status which still divide men and deny there is something of God in all and that true Christian brotherhood is possible.

H. B. POINTING.

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Cloak of Charity: Studies in Eighteenth-Century Philanthropy, by Betsy Rodgers (Methuen, 16s.), describes the chief social reforms and the best known social reformers in the England of Hogarth and Dr. Johnson. The most familiar figures in the gallery are Captain Coram, founder of the Foundling Hospital, and John Howard, the fearless champion of prison reform at home and abroad. Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday schools, and Hannah More with her schools in the West Country are also more than names. The least known is Joseph Hanway, the friend of paupers and prostitutes. The book fittingly closes with the splendid trio who after a long struggle swept away the slave trade, Granville Sharp, Clarkson and Wilberforce. The contrast between the cruelty, neglect and filth on the one hand, and the reforming spirit on the other, runs all through this attractive and readable little book which brings to life the men and women of whom we are reading as well as the formidable tasks which confronted them. Though the slogans of the welfare State, the minimum standard of life, and equality of opportunity had not been invented, these solitary philanthropists showed much more sense of responsibility than the Whigs and Tories who wrangled at Westminster.

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The Christian Origins of Social Revolt, by William Dale Morris (Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d.), covers a good deal of interesting ground in a readable and unpretentious way. How can Christian ethics be applied to the social system and to the international order? These two challenging questions can never be answered by a thoughtful Christian with full satisfaction, but there have been many attempts to find an answer from the medieval sects onwards—through the Lollards and Hussites, the Levellers and the Diggers, the Quakers, the Methodists, the Christian Socialists and the pioneers of the British Labour Party, which is differentiated from its Continental equivalents by the religious inspiration of many of its most honoured leaders. It is not exclusively a story of peaceful endeavour, as the fate of the Albigenes, the atrocities of the Leyden Anabaptists and the German peasants' revolt in 1525 remind us. Winstanley, as his importance deserves, has a chapter to himself. It is lucky for us all that, to quote the well-known words of Sidney Webb, the founder of English Socialism was Robert Owen, not Karl Marx.

Dr. James Parkes's little book, *The Story of Jerusalem* (Cresset Press, 2s. 6d.), comes at an appropriate moment when Israel has declared Jerusalem its capital and thus flouted the decision of the United Nations to bring the city under international control. The author provides the general reader with a brief summary of the city's long and turbulent history and of the religious significance of Jerusalem to Christianity, Judaism and Islam. He deals at greater length with the growth of modern Jerusalem into predominantly a Jewish city, and describes the recent hostilities and final siege. He writes very sympathetically of Israel's case. Jerusalem is a Jewish city won by Jewish arms ; moreover it is impossible to assume that the United Nations would provide stability, efficiency and impartiality or could guarantee access to the city. On the other hand Israel will guarantee access to all the recognised Holy Places and submit them to United Nations supervision.

A. DE M.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

DECEMBER 1950.

THE FIRST VICTORY.

THE month of June 1950 marks a great moment in the history of the United Nations, a great moment indeed in the whole history of civilised man. In that month for the first time the vast thirty-year-old machinery for the collective defence of world peace has responded to the crucial test. A principle proposed in the Foreign Office in 1917, and afterwards adopted as Article XI of the League Covenant, has for the first time been actually put into force. "Any war or threat of war, whether immediately affecting any of the members of the League or not, is hereby declared a matter of concern to the whole League, and the League shall take any action that may be deemed wise and effectual to safeguard the peace of nations." I doubt if any member of the U.N. was in the least affected by the invasion of South Korea; but the fact of aggression was clear, the U.N. call for united action was issued, and fifty-three nations, some great, some small, but all free and uncoerced, came forward boldly to take the action that was deemed by the U.N. Council to be wise and effectual. The future of course is still uncertain. We have by no means finished with Korea, and beyond Korea there loom many dark issues; but at least the plan of collective security, to which we have professed allegiance but have not been fully faithful for the last thirty years, has been tested and has stood the test.

It is worth while looking back to the origin of this "League of Nations" or "United Nations" peace plan and the principles and hopes on which it was based. It came into practical politics in the year 1918 as a quite new and almost paradoxical scheme, and the nations have taken a good thirty years, terribly expensive but instructive years, to get it into their heads.

There is nothing new in the desire to be saved from war. It is as old as the hills, and was particularly strong in the nineteenth century. In Liberal circles war was felt to be obsolete, a method only tolerable for the uncivilised. The long frontier between the U.S.A. and Canada was not defended by a single soldier. The "militarism" of Germany seemed shocking to the rest of Europe. There were two great Peace Conferences at The Hague in 1899 and 1907, started by the Czar and thwarted by the Kaiser, which achieved at least some humanising of the laws of war. Single nations did a good deal for their own peace. The U.S.A. had made no fewer than thirty peace treaties with thirty separate nations. The British Government was seeking peace in a practical way by taking up with country after country all the points about which there was likelihood of friction and settling them one by one, so as to produce an *entente* or good understanding. But in general the accepted method of avoiding war was isolation and neutrality. Let nations not interfere with other nations, and keep clear of the quarrels of their neighbours.

Why was an entirely new and different method started in 1918

with the foundation of the League of Nations? I think there were two main factors at work. First, the war of 1914 was a thing new to history; it was the first world war. It started as a dispute between Serbia and Austria which could have been settled in a week by arbitration. But ambitions were stirred, a war was started, and into the war were sucked, inevitably, almost all the nations of the world, however hard some of them, like the U.S.A., strove to keep out of it. No nations were allowed to be neutral except those whose neutrality was for some reason useful to the belligerents. The world had so shrunk, the nations were so interlocked, there was so much secret ambition to upset the existing world order, that it seemed clear from henceforth that any war, or at least any war in which a Great Power was engaged, was likely to drag us all in. War anywhere would be a danger to all.

The other factor was also new to history. In the course of the war there had been built up between the Allies a world-wide administrative organisation. The great inter-allied system of controls, affecting munitions, ships, transport, food supply, contraband and general economic policy, formed for the first time an instrument by which the civilised world as a whole—for that was what the Allies with some justification claimed to be—could assert its will and maintain international law.

Thus, out of the conditions of the first world war, there had emerged a new theory of peace. International law was at last to have a sanction behind it. Hitherto war had been one of the normal rights of any sovereign nation. Henceforth it was to be an international crime. Hitherto peace between nations had been maintained chiefly by negative methods, by keeping out of trouble, by conciliatory policies, or in special cases by forming a balance of power. Henceforth peace was to be enforced by common action and war not merely avoided as a danger but prevented as a crime against the international community. The nations that wanted peace, it was argued, were an overwhelming majority; all that they needed was some organisation of collective action and some instrument for enforcing their will. Once organise the peace-loving majority into a League "with power unquestionably superior to any probable combination," as President Wilson put it, and peace would be safe. No nation ever makes a war which it expects to lose.

The argument seemed incontrovertible, yet the plan based upon it did not succeed. Was there something wrong with the underlying theory? 'How much reliance could be placed, for example, on this overwhelming "peace-loving majority"?

To be "peace-loving," a critic might well point out, gave no assurance whatever that a nation would play its due part in the enforcement of collective security. The nations that evaded their responsibilities in the Manchurian or Abyssinian crises always gave their love of peace as their reason. Nor was the numerical superiority of the peaceful any cause for confidence. A half-hearted and hesitating multitude is no match for a determined and well-organised minority, as the Bolsheviki and Fascisti and Nazis successively proved. Indeed one might go further. If ninety per cent. of the human race were utterly averse to war, it was highly pertinent to inquire what encouragement that offered to the ambitious few who were quite ready for it; to a Germany thirsting for revenge, to a Japan with overflowing population and no *Lebensraum*, or even to an ambitious gambler like

Mussolini. The war had let loose many dangerous ideas and emotions which could not be calculated in mere numerals.

A still greater miscalculation was due to forgetting the changes that were bound to result from the transition from war to peace. The nations on the League Council after 1918 were decent colleagues, but they were not held together by bonds of immediate vital interest as the Allies had been in the war. Again, the great inter-allied controls, which in the war had formed such an irresistible instrument, did not last on in peace time. They were still in existence when Article XVI of the Covenant was drawn up, with its elaborate provisions of boycott and blockade to paralyse the war-maker without bloodshed. With the controls in force that could have been done; but before the peace treaty was signed the controls were dropped, and the whole plan of checking the aggressor by "economic sanctions" had become precarious if not quite impracticable. A boycott requires considerable sacrifices from those imposing it, and is not really effective unless it is determined and unanimous. Considering the temptation, it was too much to expect that every nation would do its full international duty. Thus the hope of coercing an aggressor by economic sanctions seemed to follow President Wilson's original scheme of coercing him by "public opinion" into the realm of recognised illusion. President Wilson himself had in the end reluctantly admitted that, if other means failed, the League must use "force, overwhelming force"; but he persisted in refusing to provide it with any "police force" or international army, and public opinion in Britain and America warmly supported him. It protested strongly against "international militarism." To the French this state of mind appeared "*très Anglo-Saxon*." If the League was to use force, they argued, it must have a force to use. More cogently still, if the League's true purpose was to deter the aggressor, not merely to conquer him, it was surely wiser to let him see plainly that the League force was really there. To the very end Léon Bourgeois pleaded for a League force, but Clemenceau, not much believing in the League anyhow, preferred to let the Anglo-Saxons have their way.

But behind all these particular obstacles and weaknesses in the great plan for collective security there lay another more fundamental difficulty. To make the League really successful it would have been necessary, straight off, to make some hundreds of millions of ordinary people take in a new idea, quite foreign to their habits, and adapt themselves fully to an unprecedented state of facts. The plain man was puzzled. And as for the doctrine, was it not contrary to common sense to expect a peaceful nation to plunge into threats of war, and possibly war itself, on account of every quarrel that might break out in any part of the world? For America at least it was contrary to all tradition. Had not her ancestors fled from Europe simply to escape from its tyranny and its incessant quarrels? Were they now to be sucked back into that maelstrom, and into every maelstrom of the world? When the Senate failed, by a very narrow margin, to ratify the Peace Treaty containing the Covenant, there can be little doubt that the mass of the people heaved a sigh of relief.

The effect on other nations was twofold. The League was formed; nearly all the civilised nations were in it. But without America it was much less strong. The "unquestioned superiority" was no longer clear, though probably the League had always enough strength if it had had enough faith and courage. But America's desertion had

undermined the faith and courage as well as the strength. There was vacillation everywhere. Most governments fell back at critical moments into the old nineteenth-century streams of thought. How could they be expected to risk their people's lives and ships for the sake of the miserable Chinese Government of Manchuria, for a slave-holding, half-barbarous nation like Abyssinia, or even for Czechoslovakia with its slice of disaffected Germans? They would not see that the thing at stake was not the interest of the particular nation attacked at the moment but the permanent maintenance of law and peace throughout the world. So, naturally, slip by slip, the firm ground failed beneath our feet and brought down upon us the avalanche of the second world war. All because the great civilised nations had not yet learned their lesson. And now, it seems, they have done so; the thirty years and the great catastrophe have done their work.

If we look back on the long failure of the collective effort to prevent war, we can see that there were three great sources of weakness. The first was the absence of America, and now America has returned. The great absentee is now the centre of the whole structure, both in collective defence and in an immense and unparalleled work of collective charity to a war-wounded world. Experience has converted America, and America's conversion has re-established the faith of all the western democracies.

That first source of weakness has been corrected by our common sufferings. The second is in process of correction by our common fears. The alarm spread by Russian aggression has united all her possible victims in a close and almost instinctive alliance. France and Germany, Greece and Turkey, England and India, not to speak of America, are bound together by a vital interest. And the "inter-allied controls" of the first world war are in process of being re-constructed in the network of treaties for economic co-operation, from Marshall Aid to O.E.E.C. and Mr. Truman's Fourth Point.

The third weakness was the lack of any United Nations defence force, clearly conspicuous and ready for immediate action should need occur. The lack was met in the Korean crisis by the fortunate presence of American forces in Japan; but that was only a historical accident, and the time-lag in producing effective help from other U.N. members might well have had tragic results. Now, by the Assembly's acceptance of the Acheson proposals, the paralysis of the Council has been evaded and there will be at every danger point a U.N. commission on the watch, and in the forces of every U.N. member a body of troops, of known numbers and armament, ready to act at once for the defence of peace. The change is enormous. The great plan has worked, and has been made stronger for its work in the future.

This is not of course to say that our dangers are over, or even that we have as yet the means of adequately meeting them. If the U.N. is stronger, so are its enemies. Much has yet to be done both for defence and for economic recovery. The task before us is hard. We have to re-build the shattered fabric of our free Western civilisation while a great antagonist works hard to complete its ruin. That is the essence of the cold war, a difficult and ever-changing conflict to which we can as yet see no end. It is sometimes said that we of the free nations have no strong faith with which to match the fanaticism of the Communist revolutionary; but that is not true. He may have his wild apocalyptic promises, his self-contradictory proletarian dictatorships, his maniacal aim of producing world-wide bliss by the misery

and failure of all the "capitalist" or non-Russian world. We have for basic groundwork, freedom and common sense, a regard for truth rather than illusion and good will rather than hate, and for inspiration that eternal Hellenic or Christian tradition which is bred in our bones and shapes the fabric of our hopes for mankind.

GILBERT MURRAY.

AMERICA'S MOVE TO THE RIGHT.

WHENEVER a mid-term election in the United States shows a large turnover of votes without a party victory in Congress it is customary to say that this implies a confused national situation and a marked difficulty in estimating the trends of opinion. As a matter of fact the November poll, which closed a distressingly bitter campaign, yielded results that were not far from the forecasts. The soothsayers had been extremely cautious, for the plainest of all reasons. Two years ago they were confounded by President Truman's triumph and were not going to be caught again. There was, however, one certainty to which they might have trusted. The surprising Democratic success of 1948 could not be repeated. The Republicans were sure of gaining many seats, for their opponents in the House of Representatives had an unreal total. It is now reduced by more than half. Their margin of twelve in the Senate (adequate in a chamber of ninety-six if the party were united) was in manifest peril. The one question of importance was whether the President's party could retain control of the Senate for the remaining two years of the Truman term; and the central point of the result is that the Senate is lost. The party majority is reduced to two. This enables the Democrats to retain the chairmanships of committees, but that does not mean they are still in power. Once again Washington displays the recurrent anomaly of the United States Constitution. A President who was confirmed in office by a decisive national vote is now confronting a Congress that, from January next, will be hostile to nearly all his measures. Woodrow Wilson's view was that the President first of all should be a legislative leader. Although backed by large majorities in the expiring Congress, Mr. Truman has not enjoyed that authority. The November vote has put it beyond his reach.

The political outlook was transformed in July by Korea. A storm of indignation was aroused by the American reverses. The Press reflected a condition of the public temper to which there was no parallel in living memory. Cataracts of denunciation were emptied upon the Departments in Washington, and there was a terrific demand for the heads of the men responsible. For two years past the United States had been engaged upon a vast enterprise of defence. The expenditure was stupendous, and security in the Far East was, of course, a special American interest. What, then, had been allowed to happen? Why this complete surprise in Korea? Who were the guilty men? For it appeared to be everywhere taken for granted that the blame must rest upon the heads of Government departments and the fighting Services. The Secretary of Defence, Mr. Louis Johnson, was sacrificed. His dismissal was not to be wholly explained by the news from Korea, since it was well known that as head of the new Department of Defence he was in conflict with other branches of the Government and with the

General Staff. This removal gave Mr. Truman the opportunity for a most popular stroke. He appointed Mr. George Marshall, thus adding to his Administration a soldier-statesman of unique standing.

The impact of Korea upon the election campaign was immediate but complicated. There was a month of anger and dismay. At the hands of a puny Asiatic people the United States was being subjected to a humiliation without precedent. The common man was tempted to feel that in a sense this was worse even than Pearl Harbour, for, after all, Japan was a great military and naval Power. If the election had befallen in August the crash would have been shattering. The second stage afforded a sharp contrast. When the tide turned, the American public could see not only the speed of the landings, the efficiency of organisation and the effect of the first successes, but also the results of action by the United Nations. World opinion had, for the first time, been mobilised against the aggressor, and collective force was now a reality. Fury against Washington gave place to a general feeling of satisfaction. The Services had responded to the crisis. Whatever might be wrong with defence policy or the men charged with putting it into effect, the Army and Navy were prompt and invincible. Northern Korea, it was assumed, was being overrun with true American vigour and finality; the campaign would be rounded off in the manner that, after the subjugation of Japan, Americans had come to associate with their Commander in the Far East. But these plaudits were sadly premature. Towards the end of October the presence of Chinese divisions was recognised. General MacArthur had to announce the appearance in the field of a new enemy and the opening of another campaign with unforeseeable possibilities. This news darkened the sky as the last moves were being made on the eve of polling day. If the outlook in early November had resembled that on October 1st the Eighty-second Congress would have emerged in a vastly different shape.

The Korean war in its three stages had a varying effect upon the Republicans. Their leaders, with Senator Taft at the head, were still upholding the isolationist position. They could not be other than hostile to military adventure in the Far East. It was known that the General Staff had held Korea to be indefensible and outside the range of the United States' plan of Pacific security. Evacuation when the republic was set up in 1947 had been based upon both strategic and political decisions, and, moreover, Republican insistence upon the limitation of America's external commitments embraced economic arguments of many kinds. A war situation, in any case, makes defence of the Administration during election fever a difficult task; and Korea made the President and the State Department all the more vulnerable because this was, undeniably, war without a policy for settlement. The armies of the United Nations, manifestly, would not be halted at the 38th Parallel. The aggressors could not be defeated without the invasion of the North. The claim of Syngman Rhee to authority over the whole peninsula would, of course, be rigorously dealt with by the Security Council, and the future was the concern of the United Nations. But in the meantime, and apart from the danger of China's intervention, what about the Manchurian frontier, the proposed United Nations Commission and the interim government if, as was devoutly hoped, General MacArthur's task should be completed in the not distant future? And then, for the electorate, there was the perennial question of compulsory military service, the extension of the draft, always a bitter portion for the women voters. Korea, in a word,

provided abundant material of mischief during an election campaign that could be described as all confusion.

Nevertheless, although Korea filled the front pages for four months before the poll, it was far from being the central issue of the conflict. Mr. Truman's home policies—civil rights, social security, a national medical service and the rest—had been prominent in Congress and nearly all held up. The President, further, had failed to obtain repeal or even amendment of the Taft-Hartley labour law. But even so it had become clear before midsummer that the dominant issue of the election would be foreign policy in general. That famous and fortunate compact, the bipartisan formula which Mr. Truman had inherited from his predecessor, had fallen apart. Its end was in sight when Mr. Marshall closed his short spell as Secretary of State and when the useful work of Senator Vandenberg was cut short by illness. Mr. Dean Acheson, the new Secretary of State, was now a centre of storm. He had become the object of abuse, particularly in the Senate, beyond the experience of any holder of his high office for a hundred years past, not excepting even W. J. Bryan. This is a new development in political tactics. The Secretary of State, who is Foreign Minister and senior member of the Cabinet, has hitherto stood by consent far above the battle. Mr. C. E. Hughes in the 1920s, for instance, was as remote as a Supreme Court Judge. Mr. Cordell Hull, time after time, was worth some millions of votes to Roosevelt. Mr. George Marshall was sacrosanct. But to Mr. Acheson has been accorded an undesirable eminence that, as recently as two years ago, would have seemed impossible. He is highly qualified. At successive conferences in Europe he has won golden opinions, which were underlined by his appearances before the United Nations. Since coming under attack in Washington he has received cordial endorsement from three former Secretaries of State by reason, as they stated, of his loyal continuance of American policies already well established.

Why, then, this singular vendetta, carried on with a vindictive persistence such as is usually reserved for party politicians in the thick of the fight? The answer is not easy to summarise. Along with the full disclosure of Russian purposes in the United Nations there came a realisation that the Peking Government commands all China. The long and costly American adventure in support of the Kuomintang had effected nothing. Chiang Kai-shek was defeated and discredited, although General MacArthur refuses to admit the force of the evidence. The old isolationists and their allies in Congress are united in a determined effort to detach the United States from the international policy which, with certain exceptions, had seemed to be predetermined by the victories of 1945 and America's consequent world position. Specifically, the isolationist aim is to bury for ever the fame and influence of Franklin Roosevelt. In the election campaign the attacks were concentrated upon the Yalta agreements (denounced as, on the eve of victory, a fatal surrender to Russia) and, for the denigration of Mr. Acheson himself, upon China and Formosa. In this viciously entangled business there is, perhaps, nothing more curious than the accusation that the Truman-Acheson policy of "appeasing" Peking had amounted to the handing over of China, and therefore of half Asia, to the Communist Power. For this same policy, until the unavoidable changes urged by Mr. Marshall, had involved on behalf of Chiang Kai-shek the pouring out of American money to the extent of an estimated total approaching \$2,000 millions, while Mr. Acheson

was reaffirming America's refusal of Communist China's admission to the United Nations. Such facts as these were successfully obscured during the whole year. His enemies succeeded in building up the Secretary of State into a serious liability for the President and his party to carry.

The election exhibited, to an unusual extent, the importance of a number of city and regional contests; and in the result these proved disastrous to Mr. Truman. Mr. Chester Bowles, a sound progressive, lost the governorship of Connecticut. Mr. James Roosevelt, the great President's eldest son, failed against the firmly placed Governor Warren in California. The defeat of Senators Tydings in Maryland and Scott Lucas in Illinois is a heavy blow to the Democrats. The contest in Ohio was looked upon throughout the land as of vital significance. Senator Robert Taft had to fight more fiercely than ever before for his seat. He retained it by an immense majority, despite the fact that the Labour Act of which he was the architect had served to unite against him the two great union federations, the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. His energy in the field was inexhaustible. It was noticed that he pointedly ignored his Democratic opponent; and why not? Mr. Ferguson is a minor Ohio politician. Americans know that a weak candidate is not seldom, by the vagaries of the party machine, pitted against a formidable vote-getter. This was the fortune of Governor Dewey in New York. Mr. Taft was not fighting Mr. Ferguson. He was measuring himself against the President and Mr. Acheson. His victory is an event, first because it increases the weight of this able Mid-Westerner in the Senate, and secondly because it provides the successful group of isolationists, before whom a number of Mr. Truman's much-needed supporters went down, with a resolute and untiring leader. We need not, however, at this early date hazard any guess as to the presidential chances of 1952. Senator Taft, admittedly, is to-day in a decidedly stronger position than he was on the two earlier occasions when his name stood in the list of Republican favourites. But who would dare to deny that before the next great assize the American people may well be calling for a Chief Executive far removed in purpose and training from the model of Senators and State governors?

By the time the new Congress assembles in January the fateful question as to extended war in the Far East will have been answered by events. Should the new year not be blackened by the irrevocable, all Western Europe will be looking anxiously to Washington for evidences of change in the policy of aid and co-operation consequent upon the balance of parties. The Senators who now make a compact group against the Administration give strong encouragement to the opposition right wing, from which no mercy for the Truman measures is to be expected. But it is well to remember that the crucial decisions taken when the Republicans were in command were not determined by party views or sectional interests. Congress yielded to the pressure of forces that override all argument. Votes were given for Marshall Aid, for economic reconstruction, and for Atlantic defence; and on the morrow of the election Mr. Truman acted as though the same reasons were operating to the fullest extent. In unqualified terms he commended to Congress the Gordon Gray report on present-day Europe and the realities that would emerge after Marshall Aid. He took occasion to reaffirm the imperative need for maintaining the unity of American foreign policy. The President, more realistic than the Senators, was taking his stand upon the fact that, in continuous crisis, the

policy of a leading Power is shaped by implacable forces that move the world. Nor, when the testing hour arrives, is there any need to give fresh emphasis to the actuality of which the whole nation is aware. The vital American decisions depend upon Russia. Upon the basis of resistance to aggressive Communism all parties and factions are agreed.

It would be impossible for any summary of the American situation, however brief, to conclude without definite mention of the prevailing state of the national mind, the intense and sustained anti-Communist terror by which the year 1950 has been dominated. Two recent developments in Washington stand out: first, Senator McCarthy's insistent alarms concerning hidden Communist traitors in Government offices and especially in the State Department; and secondly, the McCarran Bill, ordering the registration of all Communist organisations and the ruthless exclusion of European suspects by means of the immigration law. This Bill was vetoed by the President, and then instantly carried over his head by a panic vote. Senator McCarthy meanwhile is undeterred by rebuttals, no matter how irrefutable; and in the November polls nothing was more disturbing than the success of his adherents over those Senators who had been most active in exposing his tactics and blowing his charges into the air. McCarthyism is a truly affrighting symptom of the hour.

During more than two years the prevailing fear has been dramatised, in a shattering form, by the two trials of Alger Hiss. They comprise a tragedy of cumulative sensation, of dark mystery and bitter suffering, for which, we may be sure, there is no parallel to be found in the court annals of any land.

Alger Hiss, an exceptionally fortunate lawyer-civil-servant, was an officer of the State Department who accompanied Roosevelt to Yalta and was organising secretary to the San Francisco conference at which the United Nations was born. He passed from Government service to the highly paid headship of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. He was completely trusted and had many friends in high places.

In August, 1948, an ex-Communist and former secret agent of the Soviet underground, Whittaker Chambers, accused Hiss of having been his accomplice in the transfer of secret documents from the State Department to the Russians. Both men were protected by the statute of limitations from prosecution for treason or espionage. Hiss was indicted for perjury. He met every charge with a flat denial. A first long trial ended with a split jury; a second, in July last, with conviction and a sentence of five years' imprisonment. The case is now before the Court of Appeals in New York State. It cannot finish there. The end, indeed, is not yet in sight. The one thing certain is that the harvest of this astounding affair must be further conflict, anguish and ruin.

There is no possibility of assessing the results thus far in American public life—as regards well-known persons, political and social groups, the agencies of justice, liberal movements and the national community as a whole. Ever since the opening scenes of this lamentable chapter one comment in particular has passed from mouth to mouth. It is that on one side or the other an incredible structure of falsehood has been raised. The whole shocking business, moreover, is wrapt in suspicion. If Alger Hiss is guilty, what was the motive? Why should an ambitious and successful public servant choose so grotesque a path to self-destruction?

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

WE MUST WIN THE FIRST ROUND.

Our first duty and need is to keep open the seas, and our second duty is to obtain superiority in the air. These have the first claims upon the man-power of our 44 million in the British islands. We can never hope to have an army or army munition industries comparable to those of the great Continental Military Powers.—Mr. Winston Churchill to Premier Stalin, September 21st, 1946, quoted in *The Grand Alliance*, p. 414.

IN the acceleration now in progress of our preparation for National Defence, current interest and action appear to be centred in the increase of our military force available for the land defence of Continental Europe. Adequate provision for such an increase would, of course, constitute a heavy drain not only on our man-power, but on our available financial and industrial resources, at the expense of the requirements of the sea and air forces. Realism, rather than ideology, experience of the two recent Great Wars rather than an optimistic forecast with doubtful justification, should guide our judgment. Military opinion in this country and abroad, which has evoked little or no contradiction, is to the effect that, under present circumstances, Russian troops could be on the Channel coast within a period varying from three weeks to three months. Even should the proposals put forward recently in various quarters be approved and materialise in practice, all that we could expect would be that in three years' time we might have a fair chance of defeating a Russian invasion of Western Europe. Meanwhile we should be risking another "Dunkirk," with all its consequences in the further prosecution of the war. Also the immense effort which would be required of this country in order to produce even ten fully equipped divisions for service on the Continent would have been highly detrimental in its effect on our preparations in the air and afloat.

Whether or not the great war for which we are preparing against Russian aggression opens with a full-scale invasion by that country across her frontiers in Europe or elsewhere, or whether she would prefer, as did Germany in the first war, to await the result of the opening hostilities by sea and air forces, it seems certain that among her initiatory operations would be an air attack on this country on the largest possible scale. We are well within the range of modern bombing aircraft from Russian bases, while should the land attack across her European frontier commence at the same time, each step in advance would reduce the range and so facilitate the air operation. The atomic bomb cannot be relied upon to prevent this. Even if the use of this weapon is decided upon, the area of Russian territory is too vast for it to have decisive effect, and the bomb could not be used to stem her advance once her armies had crossed their own frontier. The attack would be directed against targets of which the positions are well known to an enemy, and those selected in the first place would, there is little occasion to doubt, be those chosen by the Germans in the second war—viz. aerodromes in the first place, then, in order of priority, ports and harbours, great industrial centres, transport facilities such as railways and bridges, and lastly great administrative centres, especially the capital. In the second war the result of the successful Battle of Britain, a success achieved only by dint of great sacrifice, while it did little to prevent the continuance during the war of bombing operations of varying intensity, had the valuable effect that we had not been defeated in the first round of the war, and were consequently able to take little account of any prospect of invasion, and so could concentrate on the

training and equipment of our army and the preparations for its employment overseas. Time would not permit of the receipt of full and effective assistance from the United States, whose commitments in the Pacific area would, moreover, impose a considerable limitation on the strength of their reinforcement, and for defence against the initial attack we would rely only on our own strength in the air together with that of the United States already in this country, and on our own anti-aircraft defences. Such an attack as has been referred to, if only partly successful, would seriously hamper our mobilisation, and would impede and delay our essential supplies of men, oil, food, raw materials, and war equipment from our great Ally and from our own Dominions. The preparation of the armies without which eventual victory cannot be achieved would be indefinitely delayed.

Our probable sufferings may be judged by those actually endured during the late war, when we were believed at its commencement to have in Great Britain an air force of a strength three-quarters that of the Germans. We have been informed that the Russian Air Force strength is approximately 25,000 aeroplanes. The actual strength of our air force has not, apparently, been made public, but it cannot be anything approaching these numbers, and moreover a large proportion is necessarily employed abroad as required by our treaty obligations and for the defence of our possessions. Notwithstanding the American support already mentioned, what result, under existing circumstances, could be expected of a repetition of the Battle of Britain and subsequent bombing operations? Only a very large increase in all components of our air arm and of our anti-aircraft organisation could save us from the serious handicap which would arise from total, or even partial, defeat in the initial air attack of the enemy in the war against which we are arming.

Successful defence of the sea routes is of equal importance to that against air attack. The enemy will without doubt exercise to the full the advantage of the aggressor in choosing the date of the opening of his attacks. He will take care, as did the Germans in both wars, that the outset of the war finds his submarines stationed in such positions as to meet with many targets before our anti-submarine measures are fully in action. In the late war, as well as in the first, we barely escaped defeat in the submarine attack, and in neither war were we wholly successful. Russia, according to statements in Parliament and elsewhere, has 260 (other estimates have given 370) submarines, many of the latest types, and has had the full benefit of the German experience of the last war in their design, construction, maintenance and operation. Bases for submarines are not, owing to the long endurance which is one of their features, of such importance as for land, air and oversea operations. Russia has, however, her bases in North Russia, the Baltic, the Black Sea and Siberia immediately available, and should our land defence on the Continent fail she will have, as did Germany in the late war, the French ports in the Atlantic and Mediterranean. The Commander-in-Chief of the Swedish Navy has recently stated that Russia has about 100 submarines in the Baltic. Our principal anti-submarine defence must, of course, be in the vicinity of Great Britain, and with our convoys, but we must also maintain in condition ready for action at very short notice anti-submarine defences everywhere on the high seas where our troop and cargo carrying ships are to be found on their passage to these islands, and we must be ready to operate without delay our convoy and mine-sweeping systems. The modern

submarine has a great range, and ubiquity must be countered with ubiquity.

A thorough control of the sea from the first days of the war is essential. It is scarcely necessary to justify this statement, but, without further elaboration, it may be observed that one third of the merchant vessels operating during the late war were oilers, that we produce no oil in this country, and that each of our three great fighting forces is dependent on oil for its every movement. Although sea control is of equal importance to control of the air, it is achieved more slowly and less dramatically, though none the less equally surely. It may, accordingly, be possible to accept a somewhat less immediate development of our anti-submarine forces than is the case with those of the air. Nevertheless, the construction of the attacking ships, and of the many subsidiaries required for their operation such as mine-layers and mine-sweepers, and especially the coastal aeroplanes which operated so effectively in close co-operation with naval forces in the late war, must be proceeded with at high pressure if we are to be saved the anxieties of 1917 and 1941-43 when our margin of national safety sank to such a low point.

In the peak months, February to July 1917, of the submarine campaign in the first war, a monthly average of 255 merchant vessels of all nationalities was being sunk by submarines in the Arctic, Atlantic, Bay of Biscay and home waters, together with sixty in the Mediterranean, and during this period sixty-two submarines only (out of a total force of about 100) were constantly at sea. Dealing with the submarine warfare in April 1917, the official naval history of the war states "everything combined to show that the Allies were really within sight of disaster." The U.S. Ambassador, Mr. Page, after many conferences with our Admiralty and Government, when pressing his own Government for the assistance of twenty-seven U.S. destroyers, said in April 1917, "The British transport of troops and supplies is strained to the utmost, and the maintenance of the armies in the field is threatened. There is food enough here to last the civil population only not more than six weeks or two months. I cannot exaggerate the pressing and immediate danger of this situation. There is no time to be lost." And again in July 1917, "The Germans are winning the war, and they are winning it on the sea." At the close of the war we had an anti-submarine fleet of 551 destroyers, torpedo boats and P-boats, as well as no less than 3,700 patrol craft of various descriptions, a large proportion of which was employed on patrol service.

At the commencement of the second war we possessed, in the words of the official "Battle of the Atlantic," "some 200 asdic fitted vessels," and by the end of the war British and Allied Navies had 2,000 such craft. Yet the Germans in the course of the war sank no less than 2,775 British and Allied merchant ships, as against a total in the first war of 4,837, though owing to increase in the size of ships, the total tonnages sunk were almost identical. The "Battle of the Atlantic" summarises the operations as "a ruthless and protracted campaign which, but for the grace of God, might well have brought about not merely the defeat of Britain and the disruption of the British Empire but the eventual Axis domination of the world." Mr. Churchill in the second volume of his *Second World War* says: "The only thing that ever really frightened me during the war was the U-boat peril. Invasion, I thought, even before the air battle, would fail. But now our life-line . . . was endangered. The week ending September 22nd, 1940, showed the highest rate of loss since the beginning of the war, and was in fact

greater than any we had suffered in a similar period in 1917." He refers later to the campaign as "a life and death struggle." Yet our present strength in anti-submarine craft appears to be limited to 111 destroyers, 167 frigates, and 65 mine-sweepers, together with about 200 motor torpedo boats and a large number of motor launches. Our strength, moreover, is very low in the cruisers and aircraft carriers so essential for the protection of our convoys, as well as for the multifarious duties incumbent upon them if we are to retain our control of the sea communications. It should also be borne in mind that so long a time is required for the building of such craft that their paucity and difficulty of replacement is likely to impose a serious limit on their employment. We have scrapped many of the older battleships and cruisers which would have been of such value in the defence of convoys against surface raiders. We have also scrapped many old destroyers which, though undoubtedly requiring some expenditure to maintain them in reasonably efficient condition, could certainly have performed some of the less important duties incumbent on that class of ship. It is to be hoped that the existing provision may prove adequate for the opening of the campaign, but it seems doubtful in the extreme, in the face, especially, of the much greater range of modern submarines and the necessity of a dispersion of the defending forces which would be required wherever, in the seven seas, British ships are moving.

In the peacetime strategy of National Defence it is the sea and air forces on which we must concentrate. A great army we must always have, but an army on a Continental scale can only be obtained in peace at the detriment of the other two fighting forces. Such an army might or might not assure the defence of the Low Countries and of France; should it do so it would certainly have been at the cost of great disadvantage and danger resulting from sea and air inferiority. If, on the other hand, it should not succeed we should in all probability be faced, as has already been observed, with another "Dunkirk" evacuation, in addition to having incurred the dangers and disadvantages already mentioned. We should firmly decline to accept what appears to be the contention of France that it is our duty to provide, for Continental purposes, a land force in proportion to our population of the same strength as that of Powers whose territorial integrity depends upon superiority on land. We should impress upon the French that in devoting the major part of our war effort to the achievement of sea and air superiority, we should be relieving them of all concern for their sea communications, that our counter-bombing would be as much to their advantage as to ours, that our financial sacrifice would be as great as theirs, indeed probably (as at present) considerably greater, and above all that we should be ensuring as far as our resources permit the maintenance in the highest condition of efficiency of the only advanced base for the Allied anti-Communist forces which geographical conditions render feasible.

The facts should be fully appreciated that in both the first and second world wars we narrowly escaped defeat in the submarine campaign, in the second we narrowly escaped defeat in the air. In no one of these cases did we achieve, after immense demands on our resources of man-power, material and industry, any approach to complete success, and throughout the war our partial failure was the cause of a handicap to our war effort. We cannot afford again to take these risks, or to incur this handicap for the later phases of the war. We must ensure, as far as possible, that in the next war there shall be no

"Pearl Harbour" and also no "Dunkirk." Nor should there be incomplete victories in the Battle of Britain and the Battle of the Atlantic, and no failures of our arms such as those of Norway, Crete and Malaya. Military strength on land, over and above a certain maximum, is required only when sea and air power shall have rendered offensive land operations practicable, and advantageous to our cause. Sea and air power must be provided in advance, not only in order that we may continue to exist as a nation but that we may be enabled to make the utmost contribution which is in our power to the Allied cause. The experience of both world wars has shown that, sooner or later, and always after incurring risks of complete failure, a great expansion of sea and air strength has become necessary to the success of our military operations. What is advocated here is that this expansion should take first place in our peacetime preparations, and so avert the great risks referred to, as well as allow the large expansion of the army, without which full success cannot be achieved, to proceed with the minimum of handicap from the current sea and air attacks of the enemy. If we are to be successful in the next war, we must win the first round, and we cannot expect to do so unless all possible priority and driving power is given to the requirements for defence from attack by sea and air. If this is assured in full measure, development of the superior resources of the anti-Communist allies must ensure victory.

SYDNEY R. FREMANTLE.

RECOVERY IN WESTERN GERMANY.

THE writer has had the opportunity of visiting Western Germany each year since the end of the war and noting the gradual progress of rehabilitation and reconstruction. It has been in its political aspects a change from utter dejection and sullen subservience to growing self-assertion and the will to be again a European Power. The constitutional development has been indeed chequered and checked by the division of Germany into two rigidly separate States, precariously meeting at the old capital, but there, too, severed from one another in the political, economic and cultural institutions. Even in the three Western zones the pattern of the constitutional order is complicated by novel experiments in local government. In the British zone there are provincial parliaments with limited legislative powers in the three "Lands"; Nord-Rhein-Westfalen, which is the western area of the Rhine and the Ruhr, Niedersachsen, which is the central area, and Schleswig-Holstein in the north. Each has a separate legislative chamber and ministry; and each has its British headquarters and its hierarchy of supervising, executive and judicial British officials. Over all is the High Commissioner's office; and over the three zones the German Federal Government.

The material and economic recovery is more impressive than the political. Arriving at Frankfort, which is the nodal point of the three Western zones, it is striking that the airfield and the railway station have almost regained their pre-war solidity and their pre-war traffic. If Bonn is the chosen political centre of Western Germany, where the parliament for the three zones has its sessions and the Federal ministers their offices, Frankfort is both the headquarters of the American zone and the meeting-place of the economic bodies of Trizonia. The vast sky-scraper pile of the International Dye Trust has been, from the

outset of the occupation, the headquarters of the American Forces in Europe and the American High Commission; but now it accommodates also the offices of the Economic Commission for Western Germany. The economic importance of Frankfurt was manifested this September in two big fairs. An industrial exhibition was held in a vast modern building which displayed the machinery and textiles, the industrial and consumer goods of all kinds, that are produced in Western Germany. And a Book Fair (Messe) was held in two of the historic buildings of the old city that a few years ago were hollow shells. They were the Paulus Church, famous as the place where the constitution of 1848 for the German Confederation was drawn up, and the more ancient Roemer Hall, where the Holy Roman Emperors were crowned till the eighteenth century. The skeleton buildings had received roofs and floors, and the flesh and blood, as it were, of hundreds of book-stalls. Four hundred publishing firms exhibited their books, three hundred of them being German and the rest from France, Austria, Switzerland, England, America, Holland and Sweden. Over 15,000 books were laid out on the stalls; and of those, 5,000 were original works, most of them produced in Germany.

The great Book Fair of Europe used to be held each year till the war at Leipzig. Now Leipzig is on the other side of the cultural Iron Curtain, and the books and book sellers and book buyers of Western Germany and Western Europe would not be welcomed there. So Frankfurt makes a bold bid to take its place. It was interesting to see what books were being published. They were of every kind, poetry, novels, political treatises, biographies, educational, religious, children's and art books. There were cheap editions and rare editions for collectors, original German works and translations from all the principal European languages, including Russian. The production is remarkably good. In the country of forest there is no lack of wood pulp and no lack of paper. The halls were crowded with people, happy that Germany was again entering the cultural world. By a self-denying order the visitor could not buy a book at the fair. He could order copies wholesale, but if he wished for a single copy he must go outside and find a bookshop. In the evening the neon-lighted streets of Frankfurt were bright as Paris and London, almost as bright as New York. The lights hid the naked gaps in the buildings. The shops, too, in the main streets were fully stocked with luxury goods; but within a few hundred yards are acres of desolation. The show of prosperity gives an uneasy feeling, because the workers live on a terribly low standard and two million unemployed eke out a miserable existence in the zone. It is disturbing, too, to see streamers stretching across the *autobahns* to advertise the *Spielbank* at Baden-Baden, Homburg and other places. For *Spielbank* is the polite word for the gaming tables. The German spas have renewed their appeal to visitors from abroad. They are shorn of the grand-ducal splendours of the past, but they attract in their place the German and the foreign business men who have profited with the Marshall aid.

In the British zone the outward conditions are less cheerful; for the North-Rhine Land, with its centre at Düsseldorf, was the most shattered of all the bombarded areas in Germany except Berlin itself. At half-ruined Düsseldorf, indeed, what was the main street, the Koenigsallee, has resumed that character, and its shops have a display of luxury goods like those in Frankfurt. In Hanover, the chief town of Niedersachsen, the same kind of partial progress is visible. Five

years ago the heart of the city appeared to have been burned out or razed to the ground. Now it is beginning to rise phoenix-like ; and the railway station, which was a ruin, has been restored and is again a centre of the town life.

To the traveller arriving by air at Hamburg and brought straight to the commercial centre around the Alster Lake, the city might appear to have escaped the Allied air bombardment. But the brave show of big business in the prosperous quarters is deceptive. The terrific raid of July 1943 is still a vivid memory, and north and south from the centre lie acres of complete desolation and ruin. The housing conditions are terribly hard for the working population. The British Control Commission had to build new tenement houses for their staff, and they relieved a little the congestion. But in what was the principal port of the German Empire there is scarcely any maritime trade ; and after five years the feeling of helplessness is little modified. The problems of habitation have been aggravated, in Hamburg and in all parts of Schleswig-Holstein, by the incoming of many thousands of refugees from the Eastern zone and from Eastern Europe. True, the old displaced persons camps, which two years ago were occupied by near one million of the flotsam and jetsam of Europe, have now been nearly emptied, and the International Refugee Organisation of the United Nations is to complete its work, so it is hoped, in the next year. But a permanent burden of these new displaced persons, who are not within the protection of the international organisation, confronts the German Government and the Control Commissions in the Western zones. It is a symptom of its pervasive character that in the Schleswig-Holstein Land the party representing the refugees won the greatest number of seats in the recent provincial elections, and that several of the heads of ministries are refugees.

One part of the post-war rehabilitation has been nearly completed. It is the resettlement of the Jewish survivors of the Nazi persecution. In 1945 the camps in Western Germany included over a hundred thousand Jews, most of them from Eastern Europe. To-day all the Jewish camps have been evacuated, among them the notorious Bergen-Belsen camp in the British zone : not the death-camp of the Nazis but the German Army barracks into which the displaced persons were moved in 1945. The great majority of the hundred thousand have gone to Israel ; a smaller proportion to America and Australia. In the Western zones of Germany and the Western sectors of Berlin some thirty thousand Jews remain, distributed in many small communities. They are less than seven per cent. of the Jewish population in Germany when Hitler came to power. Berlin has some eight thousand, and the community (*Gemeinde*) there includes representatives of the Russian as well as the other sectors. For communal purposes they meet freely together. The principal centres in the American zone are Frankfort and Munich, in the British zone, Hamburg, Hanover and Dusseldorf.

While a few thousands are survivors of the old Jewish congregations, the larger part are displaced persons who have established themselves permanently or temporarily in the German economy. Most, indeed, are older people. The young generation sees little hope in Germany and looks elsewhere for a home. Some of the fine synagogues which were wrecked by Nazi savagery have been restored to the Jewish communities and have been reinstated, notably a handsome temple in Frankfort, which has been repaired by the municipal council

at the cost, it is said, of eight hundred thousand marks. And the restitution of the identifiable property, confiscated or taken by duress from the Jewish owners by the Nazis, is being pursued actively before restitution agencies set up by the Allies to hear claims. There are thousands of claims by heirs ; and for the heirless property a successor organisation in the American zone and a trust corporation established in the British zone have been authorised to sue and to hold the property, so tardy justice may be done in the way of material compensation. But the prospect of the return of Jews as an integral part of the life of the country is slender. The uprooting was complete ; and the poison of Nazi racialism, though suppressed and held in check, is not, and cannot be, cleansed out of the German system in this generation. The loss to German economy, science, learning and art by the Jewish exodus may be measured by the gain which has come in those spheres to the Western countries and to Israel.

NORMAN BENTWICH.

THE END OF REPARATIONS.

FROM Brussels comes the news that the secretariat of the Inter Allied Reparation Agency is gradually being disbanded. No formal act of closure has taken place, and in all likelihood there will be none, but for all practical purposes I.A.R.A. is now dying. Except in the few under-industrialised victor countries which would still welcome German machinery, this demise will arouse no regret. Western politicians and pamphleteers who took an interest in its work were mostly opposed to that work and thus to the organisation itself ; and for the rest I.A.R.A. was far less in the public eye than other, larger international bodies. Even those ministers, notably Mr. Bevin, who for so long continued to defend the distribution of reparations from Germany, came at last to weary of the whole thing and can scarcely in their heart of hearts regret that one problem at least has now disappeared from the international scene.

That I.A.R.A. made little stir in the post-war world was due partly to its terms of reference and partly to political and economic events, notably the falling out between Eastern and Western Allies and the resultant trend towards a revival of the West German economy, which overshadowed the importance of reparations and gradually led to their cessation. As regards I.A.R.A.'s terms of reference, it has been widely supposed that this body was wholly or partly responsible for the decision to dismantle factories, to prohibit certain German industries and blow up certain plants. This was not so. The main lines of reparation policy were laid down by the Big Four at Potsdam and the details were codified in the Paris Act signed by the representatives of the victorious Powers in the autumn of 1945.

It was decided that reparations should be exacted not, as after the 1914 war, in money but in merchant shipping, German assets abroad and German machinery and industrial equipment. This policy, it was thought, would furnish the victors with valuable aids to recovery and at the same time deprive Germany of the machinery, shipping and foreign credits which supplied the economic and commercial basis for her aggressions. Russia was to have the disposal of all reparations taken from her zone of Germany and was further to receive 25 per cent. of industrial reparations from the Western zones. Of this 25 per cent., 10 per cent. would be handed over freely and for the other 15 per

cent. she was to make "reciprocal deliveries" of food and raw materials which Western Germany and the I.A.R.A. Powers heeded. To implement this policy two bodies were set up: a Reparations Commission of representatives of the occupying Powers to earmark plants for dismantling and to take other executive decisions, and an Inter Allied Reparations Agency to allocate these reparations among the eighteen* victors excluding Russia, and to devise a system for the distribution of German external assets. Once again it should be emphasised that I.A.R.A. had no power to order any vessel or plant to be made available as reparation; it was merely to distribute what the commission should provide.

I.A.R.A. was constituted as an assembly, in which each member nation had one vote, and an international secretariat. It is worth noting that in the I.A.R.A. assembly decision was by majority vote, unlike other international organisations which insist on a unanimous vote. This assembly first met in March 1946. The Paris Act laid it down that the French delegate should be *ex-officio* president, and it was fortunate that the man selected to lead the French delegation was the outstandingly able economist and administrator Jacques Rueff, now a member of the Académie Française and Prime Minister of Monaco. An embryo secretariat was already in being, headed by Colonel Nigel Sutton as secretary-general, with one American and one French deputy. This nucleus had, incidentally, worked out a draft procedure which the assembly at once adopted.

To the general amazement, the wrangles which were already breaking up the United Nations façade found no echo in the I.A.R.A. assembly, which had by the autumn of the same year to all intents and purposes completed the allocation of German merchant shipping. The lion's share went to Great Britain, including the last ship to be allocated, the whaling ship *Unitas X*. I.A.R.A. felt thoroughly pleased with itself. The Paris Act had allowed two years for completing the allocation of reparations, and the assembly felt they would manage very comfortably in the time. However, the Reparations Commission which was to earmark plants for dismantling never met, and some time elapsed before the Western Commanders-in-Chief were instructed to proceed independently of Russia. Even then the flow of industrial reparations fell far short of what had been expected. The history of reparations is as instructive as it is complex, but can be summarised here by saying that as time went on the economic value of German industrial plant of pre-war pattern became increasingly dubious, German propaganda grew in volume and effectiveness, and the rift between East and West induced a natural tendency in each occupying Power to persuade "one's own Germans" that they lived under an enlightened and benevolent régime.

All these and other factors worked together to reduce the flow of reparations. In 1945 Allied technical missions had calculated that Germany could afford to lose 2,000 factories and would, in fact, be a much more comfortable neighbour when she had done so, but this number was reduced for practical purposes to about 1,600. However, the United States was more concerned than any other Power to counteract Russian influence in Germany; besides, American industrialists

* This number became nineteen when the newly constituted Pakistan was accepted as a member nation. The original eighteen were: Albania, Australia, Belgium, Canada, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Egypt, France, Great Britain, Greece, India, Luxemburg, the Netherlands, New Zealand, Norway, South Africa, the United States and Yugoslavia.

were interested in restoring their pre-war empire in the Ruhr. The outcome was a succession of American missions to Western Germany and a series of revised reparations lists, each smaller than its predecessor, which Britain and France were somewhat forcibly persuaded to accept. After months of wrangling and amendments, Mr. Bevin, who had pachydermately withstood the pressure of U.S. revisionism coupled with astute German propaganda and the quasi-economic arguments of his own Sentimental Left, made a complete *volte-face* at the so-called Petersberg Meeting, and proposed that the number of plants still to be dismantled should be cut to 159. This reduced the original total figure of 1,600 factories to 858, and on this basis a final list was agreed by the three Western Powers in November 1949. In practice this number was still further reduced by active German resistance to the dismantling of individual plants, notably the synthetic petrol plants. On the other hand, some small compensation was obtained from the so-called "Emergency Scheme" started in mid-1947, under which the I.A.R.A. nations could ask for individual machines they particularly required and the Reparation Directorate would try to find and supply them. Another welcome sop was the decision taken in December 1949 to make available to I.A.R.A. the plants earmarked for delivery to the U.S.S.R. but not delivered because Russia had persistently defaulted on her reciprocal deliveries.

Meanwhile, the disposal of German external assets was proving a headache. Few if any of the neutrals took kindly to the idea that they should turn over German capital in their territory to another foreign Power. Switzerland, especially, continued to drive the hardest bargains she possibly could, and at the same time to protest on principle against the proposed rates of compensation to individual German holders of assets. The I.A.R.A. assembly itself failed to reach a working agreement, and the accord finally drawn up in December 1947 was not even signed by a majority of the member Governments.

Some half-dozen members of the secretariat are still doggedly tackling the jungle of German external assets and others are clearing up the accountancy; but even the compensatory allocations of industrial plant described above could not keep I.A.R.A. employed much beyond the end of 1949. By this date, however, the agency had distributed 700,000 tons of German merchant shipping and industrial equipment worth 600 million Reichsmarks (roughly £43 million). Great Britain's most valuable acquisition was perhaps the Indexwerke, making high-precision machine tools, which is now part of the B.S.A. industrial network. Admitting that I.A.R.A. has taken twice as long as intended to distribute half the reparations hoped for, it must yet be understood that this was not the fault of I.A.R.A. itself, and the organisation carried out extremely well the work it was allowed to do.

That so great a measure of success was achieved was largely due, no doubt, to the fact that the secretariat was small, handy and surprisingly efficient. It is evidence of the agency's reputation for efficiency that nearly all its members, on leaving I.A.R.A., were eagerly engaged by other organisations. Despite the multiplicity of nationalities, the staff worked in exceptional harmony; there was none of the backbiting and intrigue common in national administrations, but this may have been due to the fact that in a temporary organisation attempts to supplant one's colleagues were scarcely worth while. Most important of all, perhaps, was the trouble taken to induce in the heterogeneous staff a feeling of contentment and

esprit de corps. Pay was good, hardship funds and sickness insurance were provided, leave and sick-leave were generous, a staff club and magazine were started, a bonus was offered as an inducement to staff to stay till they became redundant and, above all, two officials were detailed to find jobs for those under notice to leave. Moreover, regulations were almost always relaxed in favour of staff. The result was that members of the secretariat felt secure, well treated, amicable and loyal. The general efficiency must also have been largely due to the circumstance that, owing to the international political developments described, the secretariat was never really tested at high pressure, and there was therefore plenty of time to devise and adjust methods of procedure and staff regulations. None the less, the main credit is plainly due to the secretary-general, just as, had things been otherwise, the blame would assuredly have been his.

Even more surprising was the harmony and comparative efficiency of the assembly. Although provision was made for arbitration, the procedure was only once invoked in a serious matter. This was the allocation of the Tscheulin aluminium works for which Great Britain, among others, put in a priority bid and when denied took the case to arbitration. It availed her nothing incidentally; part of the works went to France, part to Czechoslovakia, and the valuable aluminium foil plant is now in full production in the United States. That this was a unique case is proof enough of the smooth working of the assembly. There were, of course, profound differences of opinion; but they were tackled in a spirit of reason and a genuine determination to find an acceptable compromise. Whenever there is harmony, there is probably an imponderable factor, but there were also others which are plain to see. Some of the latter in the case of the I.A.R.A. assembly were:

1. The absence of Russia;
2. The majority voting rule. Policy was dictated by the representatives of the occupying Powers—Great Britain, France and the U.S.A.—and followed by most other countries;
3. The fact that reparations were never of the very first importance and their importance steadily decreased;
4. The fact that the I.A.R.A. nations were receiving, not giving; a circumstance which, except in the case of legacies, tends to induce a less cantankerous frame of mind;
5. The circumstance that I.A.R.A. had no policy-making rôle;
6. The fact that I.A.R.A. did not split the assembly into a plethora of sub-committees and working parties, where representatives could develop quarrels over trifles, but tended to have all such work done by the secretariat, which was neutral, was used to working together, and could present the assembly with drafts which it was easier to accept than reject.

I.A.R.A., then, did its allotted work competently and harmoniously. Could it have done more? This is a question which faces all international bodies with powers to recommend action but no power to enforce it. In I.A.R.A.'s case it is difficult to accept that there was absolutely no way of reaching agreement on German external assets, and one is inclined to ask whether more vigorous action might not have secured more industrial reparations, and more quickly. Surely the confidential information which came into the organisation's hands might have been used to bring pressure to bear on the occupying Powers. Or perhaps even some form of strike action by the delegates

might have been attempted. On the other hand, this might have destroyed the harmony of the assembly and if so would not have been worth while.

Certainly something more could have been done in the way of propaganda. I.A.R.A. took practically no steps whatever to counteract the steady flow of German propaganda; indeed, the secretariat did not even boast a Press officer. An absolute minimum of Press conferences was held, and that was all. A "Counsellor" was indeed employed to lobby in Washington, but this arrangement seemed inadequate at the time and does not appear to have been successful in keeping Washington well-disposed to reparations. For this lacuna the concept that it was not for I.A.R.A. to influence policy was no doubt largely responsible, but it is also possible that the backgrounds of the president and secretary-general had something to do with it. The president was an economist and a civil servant; the secretary-general had spent the war directing a highly confidential organisation; their training inclined them to disdain and distrust the Press.

At any rate, this matter of contriving that one's recommendations shall be put into force was one in which I.A.R.A. failed. It will now be for other organisations to find a way of succeeding. What the other organisations might with advantage learn and adopt are the measures taken to produce such simplicity, efficiency, harmony and loyalty. Admittedly, a small organisation like I.A.R.A. (peak staff was about 250) is a very much easier proposition to handle than the colossi which form most of the international galaxy, and admittedly it was not submitted to the pressure that has borne upon some of the others. But the lessons it teaches are generally applicable: that the simple and traditional—majority voting—will work while the idealistic—unanimous voting—will not, and that all trouble and cash expended to make staff feel contented and secure pays rich dividends. It is, in fact, rather a pity that the I.A.R.A. secretariat was ever allowed to disperse. It could so well have formed the nucleus of other organisations—the supra-national authority of the Schuman plan, the Strasbourg secretariat, or whatever new international body is preparing to burst from the womb of dear, dithering democracy.

DAVID BOLSTER.

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THE CULTURE OF SWITZERLAND.

A FEW years ago it was with a sense of entering fairyland that people went back to the plenty and the beauty, the order and the freshness of Switzerland. It was like moving from battered or stale streets to a country house and a park, and there were still the sports in winter, in summer the gleaming array of lake and mountain. Lucerne, Montreux, the Engadine, the Bernese Oberland: there they all were, and the English among them, making a world of their own as they ate their good food, or made their free purchases. Then they sallied forth from the admirably run hotels placed where one could enjoy so often beyond lake and valley the ever-changing colour on the snow of famous mountains as one raised one's breast to breathe the stainless air. Watching the recurring processions, one felt it like a garden tended to produce the brilliancy of profuse flowers.

But people said the Swiss have no art. In the admirable democratic

order there was nothing to gratify those whose main interest was in culture. A glance at the latest book on Switzerland dispels such an idea for ever. Is your interest in old buildings, in guild-halls, in Gothic sculpture, in Renaissance palaces, in the associations lent by distinguished writers, or museums ; is it in stained glass, or carvings ; do you care for Gibbon or Ruskin, or for Dickens or Wagner, or Henry James or Nietzsche, or for Hopkins or Rilke, or James Joyce or D. H. Lawrence ; do you interest yourselves in the *amours* of Rousseau or Benjamin Constant ; have you learnt from Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell or Herr Werner Weisbach of the charms and stateliness of baroque architecture ; do you enjoy old walled towns like Carcassonne or Rothenburg ; do you know of the Swiss novelists, Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, Gottfried Keller, Ramuz ; or do you take an interest in great Benedictine abbeys, or in towns like Bamberg or Bath ? Do you like to read or chat about them with a knowledgeable man, with the tastes of the modish youth of our time, and with keen observation and pungent phrases so that he has something fresh to say at every turn ?

Then take up this book *Switzerland* by Mr. John Russell, set out with half a hundred illustrations including a coloured reproduction of a Bonington in the Victoria and Albert ; and, whether you have ever been to Switzerland or not, you can spend the most sprightly hours ; Calvin has to you sounded austere, but place him over against the ingenious debauches of the young, such as dancing naked through the streets to the sound of fife and tambourine, and see him encourage the instinct to interfere in other people's business, and he sounds almost flippant, even as he proscribes the wearing of embroidery, velvet, silk stockings, waved or false hair and pendants of silver and gold—and not only adornments but even large wedding parties. Set him so against his own Geneva, and he almost prepares us for the irregularities of Rousseau or Benjamin Constant. Eventually one must leave Geneva, says Mr. Russell, but, though he ignores the delicate thrust of Amiel, he gives its lake a third of his book. Even before showing us the superb picturesqueness of Sion, a rival of Le Puy, he discovers for us the Valley of the Doubs with the beauties of Porrentruy and St. Ursanne which people must pass on their way from Paris to Interlaken, but which, alas, they have never stopped to explore. And before we get to Berne we are reminded of Roman Avenches, and the unsurpassed picturesqueness of walled Morat ; and so to Berne. And there we find no noisy crowded capital. "It is a city of childlike enchantment in which it does not do to find the bears too fat, or the cinemas too early, or the interior of the Minster too late. Innocence is the key to Berne. A sceptical eye is out of place as the gold and scarlet fountains rise from their nests of geraniums and the enormous clocks clang out the hour." So there is nothing about the famous view of the Oberland heights, and if the outlines of the Church of the Holy Ghost are mentioned the picture is of nothing so obvious.

At times the choice of illustrations reminds us we are in the Alps : there are fine photographs of the Matterhorn, and the Jungfrau, with Eiger and Mönch, and the Bondasca group above the Val Bregaglia : but what strikes the attention is the great baroque façades of St. Gall, Arlesheim, and the Jesuit church in Lucerne. It is on these that Mr. Russell expands, and especially in Einsiedeln. When Wordsworth spoke of its "wretched fane" he voiced a taste which is not current now. We have discovered the baroque ; we are not abashed by the graceful shapeliness of its naked angels ; we rejoice in its sumptuous

and striking effects. We see how it combines the humanist tradition with the exuberant fancy, profuse ornament, and the Gothic sense of stress and movement. To many an eye the exterior of Einsiedeln would seem to lack an impressiveness adequate to its expansion: not all would enjoy the black Madonna which has made Einsiedeln Switzerland's chief centre of pilgrimage: some even when gazing on the elaborate mouldings of the abbey church might feel that they were housed in a gigantic wedding cake: but Mr. Russell's tone in this abbey in which the stately Benedictines purvey piety to the crowds is of unabashed admiration.

From Einsiedeln he takes us to the greater and finer abbey of St. Gall—keeping, as he says, the best for the last. He gives us a picture of its famous library, which is the finest interior in Switzerland: he expatiates on the superb proportions of the church within and without: and we learn what we owe to such men as Moosbrugger, Peter Thun and Bagnato, as to Wenzinger and the Azams. Of these we have known almost nothing, and Mr. Russell's publishers are not going too far when they say this book has opened a new country, though to be sure there was a great deal to be learned in *The Swiss Without Haloes*, by Mr. Herold, which was the penultimate book to appear. The great advantage of Mr. Russell's book is that he combines wide reading and cultured taste with a thorough devotion to the *vade mecum* of the cultured Swiss, the *Kunstführer* of Hans Jenny—a book which in the last fifteen years opened up to the Swiss themselves the beauty of their architecture.

Yet there is much, perforce, as Mr. Russell himself admits, which he ignores. His eye is dull to the unique effects where the taste of man has marked and adorned the masterpieces of nature, adding the amenity of Italy to the most touching aspects of nature itself; one can see them above Locarno as one looks above the lake to the snows on Camoghe, Tamazo and Ghiridone. Alpine snows are never more appealing than when they rise above the cypress and the campanile in that serene accord of forms and colours in which earth offers a paradise else unreachd. And there is no finer view in Italy than that which embraces the Renaissance colonnade of Madonna del Sasso. The interiors of Ticino churches, as at Sonvico or Carona, the cypress avenue leading to the fine collections at La Favorita, the view up Centovalli, the stalls and spire of Tesserete, the exquisite views of the Lago d'Origlio from the convent at Bigorio: here are still discoveries for Mr. Russell to make. Nor does he tell us a word of those carved choirs in which Switzerland excels her neighbours, and of which we have been taught so much by Herr Paul Theodore Ganz, and which give to the abbey of St. Gall its crowning adornment. These themselves are but an extension of medieval sculptures of which none are finer than a fourteenth-century Christ in the museum at Geneva, though there are superb groups in the collegiate church of Neuchâtel and the cathedral of Fribourg. And even on his favourite subject of the great baroque churches, Mr. Russell would have found much to learn from the impressive volume of Herr Landolt.

He admits that his only personal experience of the Grisons came from a turn of winter sport: though he has got up the subject well from books—can tell us of the Sgraffito at Schuls and the architecture of Zuoz—it is inevitable that here and there mistakes should creep in. For there is no cypress at Poschiavo; the Via Mala is not "thick with mouldering castles"—those are in the Domleschg below. And the

interior of Disentis Abbey, far from being more subdued than Einsiedeln, is a riot of profuse gilt. Nor is Sent *in* the Val Sinesöha. Mr. Russell does not set out to write as scholar or specialist ; but he would have done well to give a little more time to those studies in which M. Gonzague de Reynold uniquely well explains the secret of Swiss character. Not all will care for Hodler, least of all in his later excesses ; but to dismiss Segantini in the same sentence is slapdash. For none has better expressed the dignity which the sense of ever-enduring things adds to the life of men born in the mountains, and to his brilliant skies he adds a classic sense of architecture. To see in 1949 the centenary exhibition at St. Moritz was to see the traditional life of the Swiss peasantry in the drenching lights of both Alpine sunset and eternal day. But the Swiss have had other painters : Calame has done the Alps as well as any, and Frank Buchser has left us at Solothurn a picture of haymakers worthy of Millet. Nor should we ignore the brilliant family of the Girardets, or the Versailles elegance of the Genevan Liotard. With the Girardets go Bocion, de Meuron, Rothlisberger ; and to show what a Swiss can do in painting Rome or Egypt, Paul Robert and Leopold Robert show the cosmopolitan side of the Swiss, as Burckhardt did in the realm of Italian culture. " Out of world, time and nature," he said, " art and poetry collect pictures which all can understand and by which all are affected, and which, while remaining things merely of this world, yet deliver us from the detailed definitions of the life of time in that they are at the same time ideal creations : they are a speech for all nations, both earthly and immortal." It is not only in the mountains that we hear the voice of the spirit.

It would, of course, be vain to expect from the art of Switzerland that grandeur which marks her Alpine scenes. The contiguity of the Alps forced on the Swiss the restraint of a perpetual foresight. To see just what this spirit is we need go no farther than the most famous pictures to be seen in Switzerland, the Holbeins at Bâle. In his portraits of the Swiss period, as Professor Ganz showed, we see in every character steadiness, soberness, dignity, and feel that for each man the great thing is not that he is himself but that he is a man. So Switzerland has never been the country of outstanding personalities. Those who like Jurg Jenatsch, or—in another world—Rousseau, or Madame de Staël belong to a borderland : though to be sure it is from the heart of Switzerland that we have Wilhelm Tell and Nicolas von Flue. Giuseppe Motta in an interesting passage identifies the ideals of Switzerland with those of Manzoni : " Fine practical judgment, shrewdness and humour sparkle on every page," he writes, " with the abhorrence of artificial phrases and false and superficial feelings, with educated taste the cultivation of the affections, the heartfelt sympathy for lowly people, the sacred sense of the brotherhood of man, the fear of evil, the hatred of every form of violence and domination, the love of the native soil and the unwavering faith in a supernatural order, are not these the outstanding qualities of Manzoni, and do we not desire that they should also combine to form the ideal of our own people ? "

The ideal of Switzerland has long been identified with the word democracy. But between the Swiss tradition and the aims which are the heritage of the French Revolution there is not merely a distinction but a contrast. The Revolution has led to credulity in the rightness of majorities, regardless of the heads behind them. In Switzerland

the system of voting may look the same, but what weighs with them is not the arbitrary force of numbers but the agreement of men of competence and principle to act together in defence of interests they understand. What matters is not the force of numbers but rather professional and practical judgment supported by moral and religious traditions.

The culture of Switzerland is not so well expressed by Madame de Staël or by Rousseau, or by the great cathedrals—Gothic at Lausanne, baroque at St. Gall—as in the houses, the streets, and the schools. In the Middle Ages the grand buildings were not made for the masses. It was the idea of sovereignty, divine or human, that then glorified the lives of the people. They looked upwards for majesty and splendour. In the Minster where monks worshipped apart, or in the castle where the overlord assembled his strength, you saw architecture in its impressiveness: and as time went on this extended to the walled city as at Morat, or to the *Rathaus*—so fine at Schaffhausen and at Schwyz—where the councillors assembled. But even in early times when the houses were made of wood the peasants' building fitted in with the beauty of the landscape. With the fifteenth century came the taste for amenities, and in the next century glass, which was still a luxury, was a favourite donation. Switzerland is richer than any other country in stained glass in halls and houses: though no Swiss city has so much of it as Cambridge. This taste for stained glass has been revived in the churches, and many a church now flames with the rich colours of Cingria, Bille or Giacometti.

But the peculiarity of Swiss architecture is the chalet; though there are in the country both imposing châteaux and fine manorial homes, it is everywhere the chalet which is the typical centre of Swiss life. Seldom painted, its wood is soon stained by the weather a warmer brown; and when the geraniums, petunias, lobelia or nasturtium fill the window boxes with colour, they combine with the dark wood to give the façades an effect of warmth and welcome. Those façades, at once so homely, so picturesque and so uniquely Swiss, make a delightful picture at Meiringen, and at Erlenbach in the Simmental, as well as in the Lötschtal and the Valais. Often they bear a couplet of original and homely poetry. Sometimes a feature is added by staircase and balustrade which in summer is gay with climbing roses or in autumn brilliant with the crimson of virginia creeper. In front of the chalet there is nearly always a garden where the vegetables are in the middle and the flowers make a border around them. The ornament is sometimes fretwork, sometimes carving, sometimes balustrade; and it goes with a fine sense of the value of the lines and texture in the wood of the chalet.

Art in Switzerland, as Herr Peter Mayer, in his brilliant little book of that name, has shown, is a growth from Roman times. It gave us in the fifteenth century Urs Graf and Conrad Witz before Holbein came to Bâle. The frescoes of the abbey at Stein-am-Rhein show that the families of Schaffhausen had a rival at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Now that the Ticino is a canton of Switzerland we are bound to recall that from it went to Italy that great trio Longhena (whose son built the Salute at Venice) Fontana and Maderna. But what one admires in the Ticino is the taste which sets in a scene of beauty something that enhances it at the same time as this taste chooses for its own creation the perfect frame. And this gift is not peculiar to the Ticino: we see it at Aigle as we do at Chillon: we see

it in the lofty crowns on the rocks above Sion : we see in the ancient church of Mustair : we see it at Tarasp and Ftan in the lower Engadine, as in the spire of Fluelen and the castles at Spiez or Wimmis.

Nor would any account of Swiss culture be complete if it did not say a word of Swiss education. For everywhere the young Swiss are brought up to admire and enjoy all their country has to offer. They enter young into contact with tradition, because it is recognised that no one will exercise such influence over them as their parents. "The basis of all education," said their hero Pestalozzi, "should be religion ; otherwise one does not attain the end one desires." There is in Swiss culture that healthy instinct which sees on one side the force of nature both in man himself and his environment ; and at the same time sees the need to keep these trends of nature pure as the air which makes the blue of over-arching heaven. It is time that the intellectuals discovered Switzerland, for it is rich in monuments and ideas. And no Englishman has come near Mr. Russell in revealing the variety, tone and quality of its appeals to the most sophisticated taste. But in recent years these have been set out by very distinguished savants in Switzerland itself, and among the living by men of distinction such as Maurice Zermatten, Francesco Chiesa and the Count de Reynold.

ROBERT SENCOURT.

PROSPECTS IN ITALY.

ITALIAN unity was the child of European diplomacy and the political genius of Camillo Cavour : the present Republic is the result of diplomacy alone, for Fascism was not overthrown by internal revolution but by military defeat. The Allies retain a direct interest and a scarcely less direct influence on Italian politics—the Americans through E.C.A., the British Labour Party through COMISCO—but their intervention in Italian politics remains a gamble. Will the dollars of E.R.P. enable the Italian Government to lay the spectre of Communist revolution or electoral victory ? Will the Labour party and COMISCO succeed in uniting the various "democratic" Socialist parties before the electorate has to choose, in 1952, between Communism and a Christian Democracy led by politicians inspired by a conservative and rigid interpretation of the teachings of St. Thomas Aquinas ? A year ago it seemed that those who feared a Fascist revival were correct. The "Missini" (members of this aftermath's Fascist party, the Movimento Sociale Italiano) had started punitive raids on local Communist offices ; "Pacificazione," that is the reconciliation of the ex-Fascists with the Republic, appeared to mean their reinstatement ; there were (and still are, despite the intervention of Popski) cases of discrimination against ex-Partisans ; it was clear that the right wing of the Christian Democrats was gaining control of the party ; the Government seemed to rely more on the Celere (the toughest police force in Europe) than on measures of reform which would create confidence in the Republic. The revival continues. The sale of mourning cards commemorating the "betrayed" Duce has doubled in Rome during the last year and recently *Tempo*, the most conservative of Rome's morning papers, has resurrected the war exploits of Valerio Borghese, who, after 1943, became the most ruthless of Fascist *condottieri* and is now in hiding. Are the fears of a new Fascism justified ? Or is the conservative hypothesis that a Communist

revolution is possible more likely to be true? Is there nothing between the two extremes of the political spectrum? No "Third Force"? To understand Italian politics (and Italian history), the stories of the liberal historians must be forgotten and the pamphlets of the exiles treated with caution. The Risorgimento was not the incarnation of liberalism. Italian unity was Cavour's masterpiece, and, like all great works of art it was artificial—a triumph over nature. If a majority of literate Italians wanted Italian independence—in 1871 72.96 per cent. of the population was illiterate—the union of Italy under the dynasty of Savoy was the policy of a revolutionary party which triumphed by exploiting alliances with regional dictators and consolidated its victory by imposing the administrative laws of Piedmont on the new kingdom—the boot was stitched, securely and ruthlessly, by the prefects from Turin.

Unity achieved, the problem was set of finding support for the monarchy in the provinces and for the ministries in Parliament. Cavour's policy was shaped to solve both these problems. For Cavour, economics was the strong arm of politics, and his pupils continued the policy of attempting to beat the provinces of Italy into an economic unit. Of Giovanni Lanza, the most faithful of Cavour's followers, Silvio Spaventa said at Lanza's funeral: "He was the friend of progress and liberty but he was resolved that they should have no other foundation than that prepared by the history of Piedmont and the dynasty which had ruled it for centuries. Middle class in his heart and by birth, he wished the monarchy to be based on the middle classes as it had been before on the aristocracy." Conveniently, the franchise was limited in 1871 to 1.98 per cent. of the population—the *paese legale* of the *paese regale*. The tie which bound the middle class to the monarchy was the bureaucracy. "It is the bureaucracy," Pasquale Villari wrote in 1884, "which moves the great machine of State, administers and indirectly elaborates, more often than is supposed, draft laws." The bureaucracy remains the greatest source of employment for the Italian middle class.

Modern Italy has always been poor. Capital was in land and unrealisable, but the governments of the monarchy did not only have to "make Italians," they had to transform the Italy which they had inherited from the powers and princes of the 1815 settlement. The Italian Kingdom was financed by the exploitation of the main source of capital—the public debt. Since the shareholders were also the members of the *paese legale*, Parliament became no more than a committee administering the affairs of a limited company whose directors' first charge was to maintain the rate of interest. The consideration of national interests depended on the ability of the President of the Council to enact legislation by granting favours to the interests represented in Parliament. This legislation would subsequently be passed to the real representatives of the nation—as something above parties—the bureaucracy. Politically, this programme was "Defence of the Institutions of the State" but in Parliament, though Destra and Sinistra existed in name until 1876, regionalism was the sovereign if occult force of Italian politics. "How can one form a Conservative party," Jacini complained, "when one cannot find anything to conserve outside the essentials common to all legal parties?" Consequently, defence of the institutions was solidified round the defence of the ministry and of its head. The first and only task of Parliament, as a political organisation, was to find the formula which would hold together

a majority whose members often disagreed with the programme of the ministry. The cement, not being of opinion, was of local or personal interest. *Per forza* Parliament was "corrupt."

It was his use of "corruption" which enabled Giolitti, the greatest Italian statesman after Cavour, to maintain his ministries during the *Età Giolittiana* between 1901 and 1914. Giolitti worked through a franchise, which, until 1912, limited the right to vote for Parliamentary elections to 6.89 per cent. of the population. But the development of industry, the decrease in illiteracy and, above all, the invasion of Marxist Socialism—Turati started *Critica Sociale* in 1891—made an increase in the size of the electorate inevitable and Giolitti realised that to counterbalance the extension of the vote to the literate urban workers of the north, it would be necessary to enlist the support of the parish priests. Accordingly, the "parallel lines" of Church and State began to converge. The electoral law of 1912 swamped the old *paese legale* of 3 million with a new electorate of 5½ million peasants and workers; the law of 1919 introduced universal male suffrage. Yet Giolitti still believed that it was possible to tame Fascism, absorbing it among the other Parliamentary groups. The problem of the organisation of political parties outside Parliament (made superfluous by "corruption" or, as it was called, "*trasformismo*") was reset. Mussolini alone realised that the problem and the solution were regional. His brigades were the unemployed and the frightened of every province: "White" trade unionists in Emilia, "Black" landlords in the south. The convolutions of Fascist theory are the result of the *ad hoc* basis of the Fascist régime.

By the use of naked force the Fascist régime solved the problem of reconciling universal suffrage with a country whose social structure is based on regional clienteles, whose national language is a foreign import at the expense of local dialect and whose Parliament was essentially a gathering of the leaders of these clienteles and interests come to Rome to bargain with the State. The theory of the Corporate State was the rationalisation of this situation. It was a restatement—with a dressing of the castor oil of demagogy—of the traditional antidote of lay and Catholic Conservatives to the threat of Socialism. In 1900, when the growth of Socialism was the master fact in Italian politics, Sidney Sonnino declared that the remedy was clear. The State, he wrote, must achieve the moral ends of Socialism by giving the worker and the peasant an interest in preserving existing institutions. The functions of the State must, therefore, be developed to keep step with the growth and articulation of society and there must be a "*fascio*" "of all those who do not wish the policy of the State to be conditioned by the interests of one or more classes to the profit of this or that group, but, rather, by the superior ends of the *collettività nazionale*." It was at this time that the theory of "Corporations" was being devised by progressive clergy, inspired by the tones of *Rerum Novarum* and the example of the Catholic co-operatives of the Lombard plain. The Concordat of 1929 between the Pope and the "man of providence" was no *mariage de convenance*. Behind the phrases of the Republican constitution, the Corporate State and the Lateran Pacts remain, *de facto*, the real constitution of the Italian State.

With Fascism defeated, the problem of organising mass political parties, which had been put on ice for twenty years, was reset. What is the position to-day? During the *Ventennio* the Church and the

Communists alone retained their political organisation though in theory Catholic Action was confined to the sacristy and the Communist cells did not exist. In fact they are the only two organisations with a national basis. To-day, Italian politics are the battleground of two great clienteles—the Communists and the Christian Democrats. Both are led by *élites* convinced that they have the monopoly of an infallible truth: both are supported by a trade union and electoral organisation. Between these extremes dither the minor Parliamentary parties; faint echoes of Italian history—Liberals and Republicans: the heirs of the Socialist defeats of the 'twenties—the Socialist cliques who competed for the blessing of COMISCO. The failure of the minor parties to unite and form a Third Force is the subject of weekly comment in the liberal and "democratic" Socialist papers with their dreams of a legal opposition, the nucleus of future governments. That the Third Force can be no more than a dream has been proved by the events of the last two years.

The General Election of 1948 was the critical point of post-war Italian politics. The cause of the crisis was not solely that the Communist electoral organisation would manufacture enough votes to give the party a relative majority in the chamber but in the nature of the Christian Democrat party—a coalition of predominantly conservative and regional interests. The fear that the more "progressive" parties might catch the non-conservative and anti-clerical vote made the Vatican (which has direct control of Catholic Action) decide to fight the election on the platform of East versus West. Both the Communists and the Christian Democrats profited from the decision. The Communists, by the use of the preferential vote, won a disproportionately large number of seats from their electoral allies the Nenni Socialists: the Christian Democrats, in effect, had the preferential vote of all anti-Communists. The problem of the Third Force has, therefore, become even more acute, for it is clear that the minor parties have no electoral organisation to compete with those of the two giants. The establishment of the Christian Democrat trade union the *Confederazione Italiana dei Sindacati dei Lavoratori* on May Day this year was a clear hint that the Government could not wait for the Socialist groups to unite while the Communists controlled the largest trade union, the C.G.I.L.

What are the prospects in Italy? In the last eighty years the State has become a vast insurance company covering the risks of all its members. Conquest of the State is therefore the first aim of political parties: not solely to reward the faithful from the widow's cruse of patronage but to make the translation of policy into action possible. For the State owns or shares ownership in all major industrial undertakings. Industrial insurance was nationalised in 1911 and since the slump of 1929 the State has been the strongest magnet for private investment: it was logical that modern Italian political theorists should concentrate on the problem of the State and the way in which it could be captured. "It is to Mussolini," Giolitti said in retrospect, "that I owe the knowledge that it is not against the programme of a revolution that a State should defend itself so much as against the tactics." Heirs of the State created largely by Giolitti, the Christian Democrats appear to have learnt the lesson, and their penetration into the whole machinery of the State has given them an incalculable reserve of power if they should be defeated in the next election: the opposition claim that the "majority" is becoming a régime. For this

hypothesis there is much evidence. The political theorists of Catholic Action desire "*integralismo*," that is a theocratic corporate State, in which the Communists would be outlawed. The nationalists and the Fascists still believe in the leading role to be played by Italy in the Europeanisation of Africa. For unemployment—the root of Italian political problems—is caused not so much by the lack of capital investment as by the size of the population, which increases by 400,000 each year. Between 1870 and 1918 emigration reduced to some extent the pressure on the land, but the middle classes did not emigrate: they found work in the bureaucracy and the professions. Their prospects have never been worse than at the present and it is sinister that the university students are becoming increasingly Fascist. In the last analysis the attitude of the Italian middle class will determine the future of Italian politics. Individualists, generals without a platoon, they are unlikely to appreciate the discipline of Communism.

JAMES CAMPBELL.

ARGENTINA REMEMBERS SAN MARTIN.

IN the Argentine 1950 is the San Martinian Year in memory of General de San Martin, one of the outstanding liberators of South America from Spanish supremacy, who died in exile a hundred years ago. To a European the scale and intensity of the tributes to San Martin are difficult to imagine, for they exceed anything seen on this side of the Atlantic. The whole of this year is devoted to his memory and every public or official function in some way associated with it. Every newspaper carries the words "Year of the Liberator General de San Martin" next to the date of publication. The same heading adorns cinema and theatre programmes, catalogues, advertisements and the envelopes of most private and business letters. Whenever a newspaper appeared without this mention—an oversight that often occurred in the early months—it was immediately closed down, sometimes for weeks. Public admiration of the liberator is "canalised" through a special "San Martin Institute," and only four approved reproductions of his photograph are allowed. A statue had to be removed and re-cast when the Institute discovered some minor discrepancies between the bronze uniform and the original.

The magnitude of such celebrations may seem a trifle exaggerated to people of more temperate climes. Not so to the Argentines. To them San Martin exemplifies the highest embodiment of gallantry, self-denial and devotion to duty. Nevertheless, it appears rather strange that such elaborate festivities are staged for one noted for his proud refusal of public honours and his dignified retirement abroad once his task was accomplished. If it be true that "No man is a prophet in his own country," that aptly applies to José de San Martin, who brought liberty to the Argentine, Chile and Peru, only to be denounced, reviled and misunderstood by the people he had freed. Of him it can truly be said that his greatest fault lay, if anywhere, in having been a staunch exponent of plans of government and Pan-Americanism which were too advanced for the Latin-America of the early nineteenth century. Far from being appreciated they aroused the hatred and suspicion of men politically immature. The

censure and misguided criticism did not, however, outlive the critics. With the passage of years the name of San Martin came to assume a new significance. Those whom he had served so well were tardy in acknowledging his merits. But once aware of their mistake they also realised the extent of the debt owed to one whose work will for ever entitle him to the name of "El Libertador."

José de San Martin was born at Yapeyu (Argentine), then a Jesuit missionary settlement on the Uruguay, on February 25th, 1778, the fourth son of a Spanish officer. Barely eight, he was taken to Madrid to be educated for a military career. There he remained for some time, subsequently entering the army, where he rose to be a colonel. Until 1810 his life had been chiefly that of a promising young officer who had shown his mettle in the wars against Napoleon, Portugal and the Moors. Then came the turning-point. In South America new forces were at work and a new political pattern was fast taking shape. The old Spanish order was everywhere being challenged by new rising States. This struggle for national independence was to find in San Martin an ardent and militant protagonist. In subsequent years his name was to become closely linked with those of Argentina, Chile and Peru. Resigning his commission, he left Spain in 1812 to offer his services to the revolutionary Buenos Aires Government. On the way home he broke his journey to visit Britain and while there conceived a deep admiration for the British people and their political system. On arrival in the Argentine he joined the patriot forces and before long won recognition as a resourceful commander in several actions against the superior Spanish army. But he soon realised that the permanent success of the independence movement depended on the liquidation of Spanish supremacy in all South American colonies. To carry out this plan he raised and trained a hard-hitting field force—including his famous Mounted Grenadiers—and enlisted the support of Bernardo O'Higgins, son of Ambrosio O'Higgins, the one-time travelling pedlar in Chile who eventually became Governor of that country and Viceroy of Peru. In January 1817 San Martin, by that time a brigadier-general, crossed the Andes at the head of a mixed force of Argentines and Chileans, a brilliant enterprise at the best of times, routing the Spaniards at Chacabuce (February 1817) and Maipo (April 1818), victories which ended Spanish rule in Chile.

After proclaiming the independence of Chile he declined to become head of the Government, and, handing over the reins to O'Higgins, undertook the conquest of Peru. With the help of Lord Cochrane he constructed a fleet, which, under the command of the latter, was to take part of his army across by sea, San Martin following with the remainder by land. In July 1821 he entered Lima, proclaiming the independence of yet another republic. It was characteristic of San Martin that he at first declined the post of "Protector" of Peru when it was offered to him by the Peruvians. No surer proof of his personal integrity was forthcoming than the reason underlying his refusal which he summed up thus: "We have come to liberate not to conquer. My promise to the peoples among whom I have fought has now been redeemed. I have brought them freedom. They must now elect the Government of their choice." In the end he agreed to serve as Protector, continuing as such for one year the better to complete his military campaign. For he knew his position to be precarious. The Spanish army though defeated had not been destroyed. La Serna, the Viceroy and C.-in-C., had withdrawn into the mountains to reorganise

his forces, and would stage a comeback sooner or later. The patriot army, depleted by disease and the lack of reserves, amounted to 8,000 men against 20,000 of the Viceroy's. Moreover, San Martin desired an early victory to end the prolonged war of independence which had already absorbed so much in men and treasure. The liberator of three countries was simultaneously a clear-sighted statesman who thought in terms of a vast Pan-American comity of free democratic nations. This was in striking contrast with the tenor of time when local *caudillos* and regional rivalries proved such obstacles to the survival of the new-born States. Unable to destroy the enemy with his numerically inferior forces, San Martin decided to seek the aid of Simon Bolivar—liberator of Venezuela, Colombia, Bolivia and Ecuador—who like himself was fighting the Spaniards in the northern half of the South American continent. This led to the fateful meeting at Guayaquil (Ecuador) on July 26th, 1822, where the two generals were to discuss joint action by their combined armies. The outcome of this meeting was disappointing. In background and outlook the two men were poles apart. Proud, ambitious and of a dictatorial temperament, Bolivar held views of his own and brooked no rival. His campaigns were inspired by motives different from those of his opposite number. The latter he regarded as a competitor whose offer of co-operation he rejected. San Martin then revealed the full measure of his superior intellect. Rather than jeopardise his mission through a quarrel with Bolivar, he proposed to serve under him. Bolivar again refused. Thereupon, San Martin took a step quite unique in revolutionary annals: he resigned, leaving Bolivar in command of the armies, making over to him the laurels of two decisive victories of which he himself had been the architect—Junin (August 6th, 1824) and Ayacucho (December 9th, 1824). Back in Lima he relinquished his authority as "Protector," and returning to the Argentine retired for ever from public life, a disillusioned and tragic figure, thwarted in the hour of victory.

This act of self-effacement which speaks for itself was completely misunderstood at the time. Both to his critics and many of his countrymen it appeared as a proof of cowardice. A spate of insults and abuse was set loose against him, coupled with vociferous charges of "incompetence," "treachery" and "personal ambitions." He never attempted to justify himself, making no contribution to political or military controversy. To the fulminations of his detractors he opposed a dignified silence: all he desired was the peace and privacy of retirement. These being denied him in his homeland he had no alternative but to seek them abroad. In 1825 he sailed for Europe never to return, accompanied by his little daughter, Mercedes, whose education now became his primary concern. They first went to live in Brussels, traditional refuge of so many distinguished exiles. In 1831 they settled at Grand-Bourg, in the neighbourhood of Paris, which became their second home. It was in France, the France of the Bill of Rights, that he spent the last twenty years of his life. Never did he cease to long for his native land, whose evolution and vicissitudes he followed from afar. He might have said of Argentina what the famous poet and patriot Adam Mickiewicz once said about Poland: "One cannot know all that it means to one unless one has had to do without it." But never did San Martin emerge from his self-imposed exile. The early part of it had been saddened by considerable financial difficulties, for the liberator of half a continent had retired enriched by not one

penny from public funds. It was only thanks to his friend Aguado, a wealthy and generous banker who undertook to provide for his needs, that he was spared further hardships. In 1848, blind and ailing, he moved to Boulogne, where he died on August 17th, 1850. His last wish was that his heart should be taken back to the Argentine. That wish was more than fulfilled. For when in 1878 the remains reached Argentina, a significant change of heart had taken place in South America. After the passions and polemics had subsided, San Martin and his work stood revealed in their true perspective. A new generation had grown up fully conscious that seldom had so much been owed by so many to one single man. His prophecy that posterity would judge him by what he stood for has come true. Argentina, Chile and Peru revere him as their "Libertador," as well as other countries whose independence was indirectly due to him. In each one of them a monument perpetuates the memory of José de San Martin. So does one in Boulogne, where an annual service is held in the little church to which he belonged, dedicated to the man who changed the whole course of South American history.

DORA INGBER.

Argentina.

THE MAYERLING DRAMA.

PERHAPS no personal tragedy of modern history has been the object of so many conjectures as the death of Crown Prince Rudolph and Countess Mary Vetsera on the night of January 30th, 1889. Only recently has it been taken up by the screen, with its supreme disregard for truth and likelihood. In the film, assassins appear at the decisive moment to kill the Crown Prince and his mistress. I have been told by someone who should know that this is so because otherwise the film could not have been shown in Canada, where suicides are strictly forbidden on the screen. But serious writers such as Maxwell Anderson have also tried to unravel the seemingly insoluble problem in terms of the theatre.

We know nothing with complete historical certainty about these events of such momentous importance to the fate of the Austrian Monarchy and to Europe. All research, particularly by such a careful man as Baron Oskar Mitis, but also by others who, after him, have tackled the subject in a serious effort to find out the truth, has only established one thing. Never perhaps did Emperor Francis Joseph act with such thoroughness and consistency as after his son's death. All documents have been destroyed. All eye and ear witnesses were pledged to silence by sacred oath. The State Archives contained a file with the very interesting title "Count Karoly's Visits to Mayerling." (Count Karoly was leader of the Hungarian Independence Party, with which Rudolph was reportedly closely connected.) The file was opened and was found to be empty. The then Prime Minister, Count Taaffe, was entrusted with the care of the most important documents by the Emperor. They were destroyed by a fire, the cause of which has never been determined. True, the memorandum of Count Hoyos, a member of the hunting and drinking party present during the fateful night, has been published verbatim by Baron Mitis, but no one can vouch for the veracity of this statement, which is essentially a personal apology.

So far as I know, there exist at present eight theories, all more or less supported by witnesses and depositions: (i) Double suicide out

of love for Mary Vetsera. This suggestion, made by none other than Katharina Schratt, is easily disproved by the fact that the Crown Prince had at least one more love affair at the time, and that this mistress not only received passionate love letters and accompanied him during manœuvres, but also visited him at the Hofburg immediately before the fateful night at Mayerling. She, too, as well as four or five other people, was asked by Rudolph to die with him ; (ii) Having discovered Rudolph's infidelity Countess Vetsera inflicted a horrible injury upon him while he was sleeping in order to punish him for his sin. Waking up in great pain, the Crown Prince shot his mistress and then himself ; (iii) After a wild drinking bout a fight broke out, and one of those taking part threw a bottle at him which killed him. Countess Vetsera then took her own life ; (iv) Rudolph was murdered by a Mayerling gamekeeper, whose wife he had seduced. According to one version of this theory, Rudolph first killed the gamekeeper and was subsequently shot by his son ; (v) During the night two men—relatives or friends of the Crown Prince's mistress—suddenly arrived at Mayerling and perpetrated the bloody crime on the defenceless couple more or less as the film has it ; (vi) The Catholic church or, according to the seventh theory, the Emperor himself, liquidated the dangerously Liberal heir to the throne. Only one assumption is missing among this chaos of views, namely that the Jews or the Freemasons assassinated the heir to the throne.

However, there are points which bear out the view that it was a double suicide, though by no means out of romantic love or out of the desire to marry such an insignificant, though charming, person as Countess Vetsera. This view is supported, above all, by the farewell letters not only from the Crown Prince himself but also from his mistress. Months before Rudolph told one of his friends that it was not he who would ascend the throne but Francis Ferdinand. Before leaving for Mayerling he wrote the farewell letter to his wife, Stephanie of Belgium, which was published in her Memoirs. In it he expressed the intention to relieve her "of all pain" by committing suicide. "Only such a death could save his good name." Even more determined are his letter to the Empress and his latest message to his closest friend and assistant, Herr von Szögeny.

It has been established that the Crown Prince's feelings for Countess Vetsera were by no means such that they must lead to a love tragedy. He had also asked his other mistress, Mlle Kaspar, to meet death together with him. Though the statements of Count Polzer-Hoditz, Chef de Cabinet and confidant of Emperor Charles, show that he was already fed up with Countess Vetsera, it is beyond doubt that she was the only one who listened to his appeal to die together. She cannot possibly have invented the scene which she relates of the couple drinking plenty of wine and talking about death while listening to sentimental Viennese *Lieder* which the cabman Bratfisch played in such a masterly fashion. The almost childish, half-frivolous words flow from her pen : "We are already curious to know what it will be like over there," i.e. on the other side. The same Count Polzer has supplied the only conclusive evidence in favour of a double suicide. On taking over the Cabinet he also received the Crown Prince's locked suitcase. It contained, in addition to several worthless objects, a flat onyx ash-tray on the inside of which was written in Mary Vetsera's handwriting : "Rather a revolver, not poison, revolver is more certain. . . ."

A double suicide is thus to be regarded as highly likely, but the motive is still obscure. To be able to see more clearly in this respect, it is

necessary to know more about Rudolph's character and about the situation in Austria-Hungary in the beginning of 1889. He was no doubt the most gifted Habsburg of his time. Though he had to suffer under a teacher who treated him as a sergeant-major treats a recruit, the system was changed after an ultimatum from the Empress, and he was given the very best teachers. They may even have overdone it in an effort to feed this hungry soul with all possible kinds of knowledge. I knew one of his teachers, Professor Carl Menger, one of the founders of the so-called Vienna School of Political Economy. He was a man of kindness and dignity, who never lost his temper in face of the Crown Prince's boyish pranks and who—he has said so himself—held a high opinion of Rudolph's gifts and character. His relations with Count Latour, who was in charge of his education, were also very cordial, and they remained close to each other long after his education was completed. He felt much more at ease among his merry fellow officers than in the gloomy rooms of the Hofburg under the pressure of his father's unbounded authority and the growing strangeness and melancholy of his mother, to whom he was very devoted in early youth. His stay in Prague as a kind of unofficial governor-general was equally promising. He quickly took a liking to the Czechs for their tenacity, sincerity and national energy. This sympathy was mutual, and it seemed possible that that which Francis Joseph unfortunately never seriously pursued, i.e. national peace in Bohemia, would be created with the help of the heir to the throne.

In other respects, too, the Crown Prince showed surprising maturity. Together with others he produced an encyclopædic work entitled *The Austro-Hungarian Monarchy in Words and Pictures*. For this, now classical, encyclopædiâ he wrote articles himself, particularly on Austrian birds, with a complete command of the subject. He went on a journey to the Middle East, and the result was a book full of lively pictures of what he had seen and the style of which is characterised by surprising calm and clarity.

But he had more ambitious aims. Like Crown Prince Frederick in Bismarck's Germany he wanted, with all the ardour of a young man, to pave the way for Liberalism in Austria, and, if possible, not only in Austria. Though the Foreign Minister, the cautious and wise Count Kalnoky, showed him documents, particularly those referring to the relations with Russia, he felt himself to be insufficiently informed; he, the heir to the throne, set up an information centre or news agency of his own by associating with Liberal journalists. In this way he not only got to know what was going on behind the scenes but, also active as a journalist himself, suggested articles and even sent, under the cloak of extreme secrecy, articles he had written himself to the newspapers. It was a fanfare when, at the opening of an electric exhibition in Vienna, he uttered these words: "May a sea of light flow over this city." No wonder that Francis Joseph, who was hostile to the Liberals, particularly since their opposition to the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, disapproved of these activities which he knew of or suspected.

Nothing could be more inconvenient to the Emperor than a Crown Prince with independent opinions, which, moreover, in the final analysis, were dilettantish, incoherent and Utopian. For what did Rudolph want? He saw clearly—and this must be put to his credit—the inherent weakness of the Monarchy and the danger of its fall. But could a continuation of the German Liberal course, such as he envisaged

despite his Czech sympathies, prevent this fall, and would it not be necessary to find a reconciliation with the Slavs, though not on the road of *laissez-aller* and respect for bureaucratic mediocrity shown by the Taaffe régime? What was Rudolph's leading idea and how did he envisage the future of the Monarchy and its preservation? He saw only one possibility—war. First, preventive war against Italy, of which he rightly was very distrustful, and then—this is the central point—war against Russia. He recognised how sharp the differences between the two countries and between the two ideologies were. He maintained in his great memorandum to the Emperor that it was the task of Austria to spread civilisation and freedom in the Balkans. Therefore, she had to defeat Russia, not in order to enslave the Balkan countries but to liberate them. As will be seen, he foresaw, twenty-five years before the outbreak of World War I, that the situation in Serbia would force Austria to take action against the Karageorgevitch Dynasty, which was hostile to Austria, and that this would lead to war with Russia. But, correct as were his premises and surprising his foresight, his conclusions were scarcely logical and consistent, for he hated not only Russia but Germany, with which Austria was already closely allied in the Triple Alliance. In this respect, too, his almost uncanny perspicacity is surprising, for he was not for a moment blinded by the splendour of the Bismarckian monarchy or by its growing military and economic power. He had the feeling—certainly a correct one—that this monarchy was too dependent on old men. He pronounced a crushing opinion on William II, saying: "This arch-reactionary, who combines pig-headed obstinacy with the arrogance of a Junker, will bring Germany to ruin!" For, in the middle of war ideas, Rudolph was—and this is also a mental contradiction—a pacifist; and believed in disarmament and the unity of the peoples at a time when such ideas were only regarded as romantic dreams. He faced Bismarck with all his youthful frankness and tried to convert the Iron Chancellor to his own ideas and hopes. The Chancellor praised his maturity, and Queen Victoria was also delighted and charmed by his amiability.

This was, however, not the way to carry out the "grand design" of fighting and defeating Russia. Nor did the secret talks with Clemenceau, conducted with Rudolph's journalistic confidant Moriz Szeps as intermediary, lead to the goal, for Clemenceau maintained his claim for the return of Alsace-Lorraine to France, and for this the help of Russia was, of course, needed. No wonder that these confused ideas caused the Emperor to say, smilingly but grimly, "Rudolph is talking nonsense again. . . ."

The Crown Prince's foreign plans had thus reached a deadlock, and his efforts to save the Monarchy through internal reforms fared no better. The Emperor followed the legitimate course of weakening, through a cautious approach to the Slavs, the centrifugal tendencies, i.e. pan-Slavism and the attraction of Russia. Rudolph regarded this policy, prematurely and with hysterical violence, as the ruin of the Monarchy. His nervous vehemence became increasingly evident after a serious illness. It found expression in haughtiness, cynicism, alcoholism, morphinism, carousing, and a certain morbid predilection for the weird and the macabre. A skull and a revolver could always be seen on his desk. Since, as a result of his differences with Archduke Albrecht, the Emperor's reactionary brother, he also felt himself paralysed in his military activities, he regarded himself, to quote his own words, as "condemned to do nothing."

But what was the decisive motive? Why did he, a thirty-year-old man, declare that he had to die, that he owed this to his honour, that he no longer was worthy to live? Most historians assume that it was his connection with the Hungarian opposition, the so-called Independence Party, and its leader Count Stephan (Pista) Karoly that led to the catastrophe. This party was then carrying on a violent struggle against the new conscription law, which, though in cautious terms, made the German language official in the army. It has been assumed that Rudolph made this party promises inconsistent with his oath of allegiance to the Emperor and with his position as heir to the throne and as an officer. In particular, it is maintained that he had promised to intervene personally if, as became the case, street demonstrations were to be met with armed strength. Here again we are confined to symptoms and one-sided witnesses, but two facts are irrefutable. There was a file, dealing with "Count Karoly's Visits to Mayerling," but it was found to be empty when it was opened. And the second, even more important, fact, the Crown Prince sent farewell letters to all his close relatives and even to his valet. The only one for whom he did not have a word to spare was his father; to him he did not find the slightest expression even of conventional cordiality. This can only be explained if there had been a most unpleasant clash between them as actually had been the case according to reliable witnesses, particularly Herr von Szögeny. During it, Emperor Francis Joseph is said to have fainted for the first and last time in his life. Baron Mitis has related an incident which took place during a shooting party on January 3rd, 1888, a year before the tragedy. The Crown Prince suddenly left his position, something which is never tolerated by trained sportsmen, and then fired a couple of shots from among the beaters. One of the bullets missed the Emperor by only an inch. Baron Mitis draws the conclusion that his mental condition even then was not normal.

Very far-reaching assumptions are conceivable as to how far the plans entertained by Rudolph, dreamer and decadent, went. Did he wish to make himself King of Hungary as had been the case with the heirs to the throne in previous centuries? Should we take seriously the story of the often mendacious Countess Larisch, who tells us, in the style of Dumas, of a box which Rudolph handed to her before his death? She purports to have given the extremely compromising documents it contained to the Crown Prince's friend Archduke John Salvator, who destroyed them before he left the Imperial court under the name of Johann Orth and was shipwrecked near the coast of South America. It is useless to inquire into these rumours. It is certain that, on the evening before the catastrophe, Count Karoly sent an evidently ironical telegram of congratulations to Rudolph following the Government's victory in the bitter struggle about the conscription law. Rudolph showed it to a member of the Mayerling party. On receiving the news from Hungary he also uttered these words, which seemed enigmatic to those present: "Yes, it has to be."

Is the reader now any wiser and better informed than before? The Socratic truth, "I know that I know nothing," is always the most honest. But I believe that, even without definite knowledge, it is useful to give a picture of the character and aims of a man who, if he had had the gift of waiting calmly, might have done much good for Austria when his ideas had become clearer. That he lacked patience and tenacity, that he wished to do too much and could do too little

—this Hamlet fate of so many Crown Princes was the real cause of the Mayerling drama, no matter how it actually happened. A year later Francis Joseph paid a visit to the place of the tragedy, which had been turned into a convent. He told Katharina Schratt about it, calmly, indifferently, without a word of regret, without a "*mea culpa, mea maxima culpa*." He would have been obliged to say so had he been more a human being than a monarch.

ERNST BENEDIKT.

GERMAN SETTLERS IN TANGANYIKA.

THE German colony of Tanganyika was ceded to Britain under the Treaty of Versailles, and it was laid down that the German Government was to pay compensation to the expatriated German settlers for the loss of their property. In 1925 Tanganyika became a mandated territory under the Covenant of the League of Nations. The German settlers were readmitted, their former properties being replaced by allocations of land, mainly in remoter areas. Envisaging permanent settlement, most of them, whether former settlers or not, had disposed of all property in Germany, needing all the funds they could raise for their fresh start in Tanganyika.

In 1939 the German population of Tanganyika numbered about 2,500, out of a European total of 9,000. On the outbreak of war a large number of "non-combatants" were deported to Germany. The remaining settlers were interned, 350 in Tanganyika (some were released on parole) and 900 in Southern Rhodesia. Families left in their homes were interned later, but separated from their menfolk till 1943. What happened meanwhile to the German settlers' homes, lands and other property? In some cases the wife, when warned of impending internment, received a letter from the District Commissioner mentioning that "none of your property will be sold during your absence and all belongings . . . will be looked after by a caretaker." The D.C. no doubt acted in good faith, but Colonial Office orders reflected a very different intention. Movable property was soon put up to auction. Even rare books were included in lots sold at 5s. per 100. They had become waste paper.

In 1947 the Colonial Office issued a memo. suggesting that in 1925 the German farmers and other settlers returned not as breadwinners but as political agents; "to gain a footing in Tanganyika the better to overthrow it"—to quote Mr. Ivor Thomas in his report (April 1947) to the Trusteeship Council, the body which succeeded the Permanent Mandates Commission. "German infiltration," says the C.O. memo., "started with a rush as soon as the restrictions were lifted in 1925. . . . By September 1926 already 450 German families . . ." (Most of these families, however, were of former settlers who lost their homes in the war but had clung to the hope of return and resumption of their vocation.) The memo. proceeds: "There is clear evidence that (they) were heavily subsidised by the German Government." Again it is not mentioned that the Agency which helped the German settlers did so avowedly, using the compensation funds obligatory on the German Government.

The memo. describes the development of Nazi designs, directed from

Berlin, for an eventual *coup d'état*. In 1936 the Nazi Party began to hold "military parades, route marches and exercises." (Crude revolutionaries it would seem, thus to advertise their intentions!) The general principle is stated that Germans who had held "Nazi or hostile sympathies" should not be allowed to return. In 1946 the Governor had appointed a committee of four, including the Solicitor General, which "considered each individual case in detail." As a result only 350 were to be allowed to remain. More details were given later by Mr. Thomas in his report to the Trusteeship Council. All but sixteen were among the Germans retained in Tanganyika, and they were "interviewed personally by members of the committee." Unfortunately no member of the T.C. enquired why, on the other hand, the 900 Germans interned in Southern Rhodesia were to be judged unheard. Attention was specially drawn by Mr. Poynton, of the Colonial Office, to the right accorded to the Germans of appeal to the Governor. Most of them, however, never heard of it till after their final deportation. A few had already appealed, and "in a number of these cases an original decision in favour of exclusion was rescinded" says the memo.—a fact which, in itself, proves that the committee's "careful examination" was, after all, no adequate method. How could it be in the absence of the accused parties?

A number of internees had availed themselves of the right to send petitions to the Trusteeship Council. But they were left unread. The Council relied on Mr. Thomas's exposition of the British case, and his assurances that British policy was being "carefully and humanely administered." Thus exceptions to repatriation were made in cases where it would involve "extreme personal hardship." The policy of expropriation without compensation was not mentioned. "No German will be compulsorily repatriated if he can find some other country willing to receive him"; but "the great majority," said Mr. Thomas, "must make their future lives in their own country. Why not?" The petitioners were averse to repatriation "because Germany is to-day devastated by war . . . (but) they did not lift a finger in protest when German forces were making Poland a desert . . . or raining destruction on the towns of Great Britain. . . . These petitioners are involved in the crime of their country." This reference to collective guilt as the real basis of British policy passed unchallenged—except by the Chinese representative. All agreed that persons engaged in "disruptive or treacherous activity" must be "repatriated." At the same time some pertinent questions were asked: What provision had been made for their reception in Germany, for "their housing, employment and sustenance?" Had the internees been informed of the reasons for the decision against them? Might not permits granted to petitioners to settle in South Africa and elsewhere arrive too late if the applicants were being "sent back to Germany by force"? To this last question Mr. Poynton's reply was inconclusive; but he gave the assurance that the Control Commission would make arrangements for reception in Germany and would warn the next of kin of the arrival of their relatives. Within four weeks of the T.C. discussion 850 settlers were sent to Cape Town *en route* for Germany. Both British and South African people who had heard their story did their utmost to stay this policy of indiscriminate extradition. Members of both Houses pressed the Colonial Office to reconsider it. General Smuts wired to Mr. Attlee asking for a month's delay so that these 850 Germans, who responded to his offer of temporary asylum in the Union, might be screened.

No reply arrived. He telegraphed a second and third time—still no reply. Undeterred, General Smuts sought permission for applicants to be screened at Southampton; the request was refused. As a last resort he asked that the S.A. Selection Board might deal with them after arrival in Germany. It was in vain; and Mr. Poynton's assurances to the Trusteeship Council were vain. The principle of collective punishment for collective guilt had the prior claim.

British policy was "repatriation" without compensation. A special ordinance was passed (May 1948) for the "realisation of German property and distribution of the proceeds." Title deeds became waste paper; shares and securities could be disposed of regardless of "Articles of Association"; any procedure could be used "notwithstanding anything to the contrary in the law" and expenses met out of the proceeds. Many of the deportees were landed penniless in Germany. The "provision" of the Control Commission consisted in a free railway pass together with a few marks. But where were they to go? Contrary to the British assumption many settlers had no next of kin left in Germany. In any case what help could possibly be afforded them? They had to compete for accommodation and for jobs with eight million other homeless refugees (expropriated by Poles and Czechs) and many of these were already inhabiting cellars, stables and ruins. "I myself with my wife and our family of four small children," wrote a former planter, "found ourselves in a ruined building without a single bed or chair or stove or lamp." Winter was approaching and he had no means to replace even the light shoes in which his children had left the tropics. Why is the eighteen-year-old son of one of my own correspondents threatened with T.B.? The German climate after life in the tropics is a severe test of health, and the father could not provide overcoats either for his son or himself. No wonder that numbers of the settlers have already paid the supreme penalty. For those who sit at office tables it is easy to ignore the brass tacks of life. Total expropriation (without compensation) may mean death, or worse than death, and the children share in the price paid. To-day some of the most respected men, who had contributed much to the development and welfare of the territory, are suffering what amounts to life sentence. They have been penalised on an allegation of "sympathies," the evidence for which is withheld.

In justifying British policy Mr. Thomas sharply criticised certain petitioners who frankly avowed they had joined the Nazi Party because "seen from a distance" it appeared to be working for Germany's welfare. It is therefore only right to recall that Mr. Churchill himself in *Great Contemporaries* (1936) expressed himself as uncertain whether Hitler's régime would finally work out for good or for disaster. Various well-known British persons did not hesitate to visit Berlin and shake hands with Hitler. It was in this earlier period that many Tanganyika Germans joined the Party; later on fear of trouble (both present and future) withheld some of them from resigning. Up to 1939 it certainly appeared that the British Government itself treated Hitler with respect. Hitlerism in its darkest aspects was certainly less easy to gauge in the backwoods of Tanganyika than it was in Downing Street. Some residents, however (as in Europe), joined the Party in the hope of exercising a moderating influence.

At what point do political opinions become criminal? Presumably when they directly promote violence or other definite breaches of the law. But for the majority of German farmers, widely scattered over a

vast area, their interests lay in securing a living out of their land in peace. The recovery of colonies was a feature of the Nazi programme. If some of the settlers welcomed it this was quite natural and no evidence of treachery. A number of objectively minded British investigators had long supported the idea. The U.N. Charter (Article 75) lays down as a basic object of the Trusteeship system "to encourage respect for human rights and for fundamental freedoms for all without distinction as to race." These principles have to some degree been embodied in British law. But our time-honoured principle that innocence must be assumed until guilt is proved has suffered a serious reversal. On all grounds, whether legal or humane, it falls to us to ask: Is the damage done entirely irrevocable?

DOROTHY F. BUXTON.

TENSION IN PERSIA.

WILL Persia, one day, become the Korea of the Near East? In 1946 Persia was the subject of the first major clash in post-war political issues between the Western Powers and Soviet Russia. Since then, however, the "war of nerves" has swung towards other centres. But no one, either inside or outside Persia, fully trusted the quietness which, with one or two minor exceptions, prevailed during the last four years until recently, when it was rudely disturbed. A few weeks ago diplomatic notes were exchanged between Teheran and Moscow about the increasing Soviet propaganda in Persia, the jamming of Radio Teheran, and about the "alarming" activities of foreign oil prospectors in the Persian frontier province of Azerbaijan. Questions were fired at Secretary of State Acheson during his Washington Press conferences and at British Ministers in the House of Commons. It is now generally realised that Russia's change of attitude towards Azerbaijan, the largest and most populous Persian province, and Persia as a whole was anything but permanent.

"When the British Lion and the Russian Bear move together, the fate of Persia is sealed; when the two Powers clash over Persia, the country will fall easy prey to the victor." These were the words of Shah Reza Khan, father of Persia's present ruler. Shrewdly, he brought a third Power into the game of political chicanery: Germany. Inspired by his friend and neighbour, Kemal Ataturk, Reza Khan Pahlevi, then an officer of the feared Persian Cossacks, marched on Teheran and succeeded, in 1925, in overthrowing the 150-year-old dynasty of the Kajars. He made himself the "Shah-in-Shah." Rather than set himself the task of developing his backward country, with its poverty-stricken and almost entirely illiterate population of seventeen million, the new ruler indulged in the intrigues of playing British and Russian interests in Persia against each other, hinting all the time at an imminent alliance between his country and Germany. His career ended in 1941, when both British and Russian armies invaded Persia which, incidentally, had been renamed "Iran" by the Shah-in-Shah. A few years later the ex-Cossack Shah died on the remote island of Mauritius to which he had been deported. In his youth Reza Khan had seen the British Lion and the Russian Bear move together. In 1907 Britain and Russia agreed, under the famous "Persian Deal," to bring Persia's north under Russian dominance, and the south was to become a British

sphere of influence. The centre and the east, consisting of little more than sands and stones, remained untouched by foreign ambitions. This agreement was annulled by the outbreak of the Russian revolution in 1917.

The feeble efforts in Persia to move, on her own initiative, from despotism to democracy, which had first made themselves felt in 1906 when the Shah allowed a Parliament, the Majlis, with 136 elected members, to share with him the responsibilities of government, made little or no headway in the thirty-five-odd years until, during the second world war, the Allies marched in to safeguard a supply route from the Persian Gulf to Russia. The first big clash between the Lion and the Bear occurred in March 1946 when the Russians failed to fulfil the Four-Power agreement under which all Allied troops had to evacuate Persia six months after the cessation of hostilities. Strong protests from London, Washington and Paris brought the Kremlin to realise that insistence would undoubtedly lead to a bloody showdown, and the large Russian garrison was belatedly withdrawn from Azerbaijan and the other four northern provinces, which, moreover, are Persia's granary. About that time the world learnt for the first time of the existence of the Tudeh, a strong political party in Persia which, if not outright Communist, is unmistakably pro-Russian. Street demonstrations were staged against the withdrawal of the "Russian protectors from Persia's despotism," and agitators clamoured for the creation of a "People's Republic of Azerbaijan" as an independent State. When, towards the end of 1946, the new Shah sent his army to quell the unrest in Azerbaijan, much to the surprise—and relief—of the entire world the Kremlin refrained from any interference, and no more was heard of an autonomous Azerbaijan. Recent events, however, show quite clearly that Moscow still has keen ambitions to link her own Caspian province of Azerbaijan with the Persian boundary province of the same name. The 365-mile frontier and, immediately to the east, the 550 miles of Persian coastline on the Caspian Sea, are the scenes of a new cold war. No land or sea traffic is allowed to cross the frontier, and the Russians like to remind the Persians of their might by holding military exercises within sight of the Persian frontier guards and by showing them, on the Caspian Sea, armed vessels of up to 3,000 tons, and submarines which come from the Black Sea through the new Don-Volga canal.

Twice in recent years, in 1944 and 1947, Persia rejected Russian requests for oil concessions in Azerbaijan. The Teheran Government hinted at their distrust of the Russians when they speak, as they do, of aiming at a peaceful economic development of Persia's north-western province of Azerbaijan by merely wishing to extend, "for Persia's good," the Russian oilfields in Soviet Azerbaijan southwards across the frontier. Even the Moscow-inspired Tudeh Party do not always deny that Russia's real aims are the creation, at Persia's expense, of a "safety cushion" at the back door to her own rich oilfields around Baku and on the western shores of the Caspian Sea, and, secondly, better land communications between Russia and India. The present thirty-one-year-old Shah, Mohammed Reza Pahlevi, is an enlightened ruler who, last autumn, made a bold move by travelling, in the full splendour of a modernised Oriental monarch, to the United States and other Western countries. It was—and the Shah himself never denied it—a business trip with a distinct political flavour. Not only did the young Shah impress the Americans by his skill as an accomplished pilot and as a

sportsman in many fields ; he also succeeded in receiving material aid for his seven-year plan for the development of Persia's neglected agriculture and industry, for which he needed \$650 million. He showed every willingness, on his own part, finally to depart from the custom of his predecessors and treat the \$100 million received annually from oil concessions paid by the British-owned Anglo-Iranian Oil Company not as his personal property but as that of his nation. Until fairly recently seven-tenths of the national revenue from taxes were spent on the upkeep of Persia's 150,000 civil administrators and her goose-stepping army of 200,000 men. The remainder, plus the oil royalties, officially largely unaccounted for, were used at the free discretion of the Shah.

Moscow did not like Reza Pahlevi's pilgrimage to America, and is jealous of the British oil concessions in southern Persia, under which Persia became the fourth largest producer of oil in the world with an annual output of 35 million tons, and which bring great wealth to both Persia and the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, of whose ordinary share capital the British Government themselves hold 55 per cent., worth some £80 million. Russia grudges the West these highly valuable assets, strategically and economically of the greatest importance to the British Commonwealth, and she also disapproves of the huge new refinery at Abadan on the Persian Gulf as well as of the planned pipelines from Abadan to ports in Syria and Lebanon. Oil, indeed, is at the root of Russia's ambitions in this part of the world. Moscow even tried to gain influence, psychologically, through agents in the rank and file of the Tudeh Party in Azerbaijan and elsewhere in Persia when, a few years ago, the Shah divorced his wife, Queen Fawzia, one of the four beautiful sisters of the King of Egypt, because she had borne him no heir to the throne. Again, when, more recently, the Shah strongly disapproved of the marriage of his sister, the twenty-two-year-old Princess Fatima, to the non-Mohammedan American journalist Vincent Hillyer, Russian propaganda claimed that the present Shah, although "pretending" to be a modern king with his country's development and welfare at heart, was, in reality, no better than any one of the dreaded potentates who had oppressed Persia ever since Alexander the Great, in 334 B.C., destroyed the ancient Persian Empire of Cyrus and Darius. The Russians tried a perhaps even more primitive method by promising, for the time being only in Azerbaijani, the abolishment of the recently introduced anti-opium laws, not mentioning, of course, the fact that these laws, though unpopular among the uneducated population, are aimed at checking the high death rate from excessive opium smoking. It is true that during the Russian occupation of Azerbaijan from 1941 to 1946 road communications were vastly improved, schools and hospitals were built and electricity was first introduced in a few townships. But it is equally true that when, four years ago, the Russians failed to come to the support of the separatists in Azerbaijan, they lost millions of sympathisers who have since looked at the Shah in Teheran to lead the way out of the country's backwardness. But all the same, in Azerbaijan to-day the tension is felt by everyone. New and more determined moves by Russia are expected. The Shah has clearly decided in favour of the West. Government and Parliament are mostly on his side. But the fact remains that in Azerbaijan Russia is just around the corner, while the Western world is almost as far away from the shallow waters of the Caspian Sea as is Korea from California.

H. RIVER.

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THE PROBLEM OF FAUST.

"The point is that the individual masses should be significant and clear, while the work as a whole continues always incommensurable, and thus ever lures mankind on to repeated investigation like an unsolved problem."

Goethe in *Conversations with Goethe*, under February 13th, 1831.

"Je me figure quelquefois que ce grand charlatan entendait à merveille qu'il ne s'entendait pas et riait en lui-même des pauvres nigands qui se creuseraient un jour la cervelle pour trouver le mot d'un énigme qui n'en a point."

Lamennais. Quoted in P. Hume Brown's *Life of Goethe*.

ONLY one versed in German letters and in the colossal mass of literature which clusters round the life of Goethe, and his greatest work in particular, can hope to do full justice to this portentous subject. Writing not many years after the poet's death, Düntzer already cites over a hundred authorities on *Faust*. Karl Goedeke's bibliography of Goethe literature in general had reached fifteen hundred pages twenty years ago, and since then a large number of writings have accumulated under the stimulus of the two anniversaries—1932, the centenary of his death, and 1949, the bicentenary of his birth. Moreover—not to speak of the voluminous diaries and letters of Goethe and his friends—the student must master not only the legend as it appears in Marlowe, in the chap-books and puppet-plays of Germany, and in other efforts at dramatisation before Goethe's time; he should also take some note of how his work has struck not the commentators merely but men and women of the world of letters—and even music—who have criticised or discussed it—Madame de Staël, Byron, Pushkin, Balzac, Georges Sand, Mickiewicz, Ibsen and the rest. For, of course, no single work by a single author has ever in the history of the world been so imitated and commented upon as Goethe's *Faust*. Perhaps the very magnitude of an adequate study of the subject may be allowed to excuse an attempt to reintroduce it in a more simple manner to those who would be repelled by an alarming display of erudition.

Macaulay has said that the great plays of Shakespeare would lose less by being deprived of all the fine passages than the latter would lose by being read by themselves. This would hardly be true of *Faust*. Take away from the first part the touching Dedication, the poet's pathetic recollection of his youth in the first Prologue, Faust's beautiful dream of accompanying the sun in his journey to illuminate another world, Mephistopheles' humorous directions to the Freshman how to become a successful doctor, and Faust's own magnificent soliloquy in the Forest and Cavern—some would add his reply when asked if he believed in God—take away the lovely lyrics, and take away half a dozen memorable lines which have passed into the current coin of quotation, and our pleasure in reading might well be halved. But taking *Faust* as it is—as a series of almost unconnected scenes—it is incomparable. There are, of course, exceptions. One is frankly bored with the Witch's Kitchen scene, as Faust appears to have been himself, composed as it was in a garden in Rome—an unlikely place for the inspired treatment of Lapland or any other "witches." One is bored with the Walpurgis Night. A good deal in both parts that is rather tedious and unnecessary seems to have been introduced for no other reason than because Goethe found something like it in the traditional story. For instance, the scene in Auerbach's Cellar is an adaptation of a part of the original legend, and in the second part the curious

introduction of the Emperor and his Court in the first and fourth Acts owes its origin to the traditional appearance of Faust before the Emperor Charles V. Another passage, the Forest and Cavern soliloquy, as fine a passage as any in the whole work, owes its place possibly to another instance of Goethe's faithfulness to his originals. It stands by itself in blank verse, contrasting with the rest of Part I; besides being difficult to reconcile with the Earth Spirit scene at the beginning of the play, it was composed separately from the rest, and Goethe was at first uncertain where to put it. It has little connection with what precedes or what follows. The fact is that those, such as Marlowe, who followed the old legend invariably introduced scenes in which Faust endeavours to repent, and is prevented by Mephistopheles. This did not precisely suit Goethe, but at least he was able to introduce a scene in which Faust succeeds for a while in forgetting his designs on Gretchen while he steepes himself in pantheistic mysticism. Ill-placed as it is, we would not lose a word of it. But we can well do without the Walpurgis Night and the dream which follows. A satire on some of Goethe's contemporaries, a part of it was originally written for the periodical called the *Müsen-Almanack*, but Schiller, who was the editor, thought it too polemical. So it was brought into *Faust*, where it is considerably less appropriate than a couple of hundred lines of the *Dunciad* would have been in the *Essay on Man*.

With these exceptions—the Witch's Kitchen and the Walpurgis Night and Dream—we have in *Faust*, Part I, a succession of magnificent scenes which may well content us even if we find it difficult to detect, as Eckermann did, the thread running through them. And many of the scenes are highly dramatic. The favourite is, perhaps, the second garden scene. But the greatest, as well as the most pathetic, is undoubtedly the last, where the ravings of Margaret are gradually converted into sanity by the presence of her beloved, while she yet holds firmly to her conviction that she must not take the opportunity to escape from prison, she must meet the executioner's axe, she must "dree her weird."

Of the second part—that wonderful miscellany in which every creature human and mythical is brought on the stage—Goethe seemed astonished at his own moderation in not introducing a Minotaur among them, for, after all, were there not elephants on the Berlin stage?—there is not so much to be said. Honestly, one would gladly give it for another Iphigenia, or even a Tasso or an Egmont. But it is necessary to have it. *Faust* when published as the "Fragment" in 1790 was simply the Faust-Gretchen tragedy. But when the first part was completed in 1806 it contained, among several other additions, the Prologue in Heaven. Mephistopheles has wagered with God that he will win Faust. He cannot be allowed to triumph as he appears to do in the "Fragment" and in the opera, and a second part is clearly foreshadowed. Goethe was a long time writing it, and the public grew impatient. One aspirant, with the astonishing self-confidence of youth, went to Goethe and offered to write it, if he would only show him his plan. F. Th. Vischer, even bolder, outlined it as it should be written, and Klinger completed it—a very poor production. At last Goethe, who was now nearing eighty, felt that he must do something. In 1828 he published the *Helena*, which appeared afterwards as Act III of the second part, and then went to work on the other four Acts, completing the famous last eight lines, according to a plausible theory of Stawell and Dickinson, ten days before his death in 1832. Writing not many years

after, Düntzer observed that it had been suggested that Act V might as well have come immediately after the first part, the other four Acts being omitted. Whether we agree with this or not, it is here, if anywhere, that the only solution of the problem of *Faust* is to be found.

"Lass du den Herr Gott aus dem Spass" was Valentine's cry, and if we do so, and "leave God out of the game" altogether, the whole subject is simplified. Düntzer indeed suggests that the Prologue in Heaven was unnecessary, and Georges Sand dismisses it as in bad taste. One can do this, and read it as the "Fragment" was by the young enthusiasts of Germany at the time. For them it was the typical tragedy defined by Aristotle as purging the mind through pity and fear. But this would not be doing full justice to Goethe, who soon realised, even if he had not done so from the outset, that the mere portrait of a man selling his soul to the Devil—or in more rationalistic terms plunging into sordid dissipation as a relief from the wearisome frustrations of the world around him—was not enough. When he wrote *The Sorrows of Werther* Goethe may have imagined a homœopathic cure of sufferers from a foolish pessimism—the *Weltschmerz*—but in point of fact his novel seems to have caused more suicides than it prevented.

"People come and ask me what idea I had embodied in my *Faust*. As if I knew and could explain it." We may take this as a warning to us not to be schematic. One can well imagine what Goethe would have said had he heard of some of the strange theories attributed to him since his time: "Die Kritiker sind wunderliche Leute. Sie suchen in allen dramatischen Werken irgendetwas philosophische Idee, gleichwie unser Heinrichs erfand in der Antigone ein Konflikt zwischen die Ideen von Familie und Staat." But in spite of all this, and in spite of what Karl Viëtor says of *Faust's* character remaining unchanged throughout, in that excellent biography published last year, and in spite of what Professor Roy Pascal has rightly said about his oscillations, it remains true that, as Goethe told Eckermann, there was in *Faust* an ever higher and purer activity, subconsciously aware as he was—for so God implies in the Prologue—of the right way. And "incommensurable" as the drama appeared even to its author, it may perhaps be suggested that he was better able to understand it than anyone else. There have recently been some very curious theories. Gundolf, writing some thirty years ago, apparently found the key to the *Faust-Gretchen* tragedy in the relations of the poet himself with Frederike Brion; but on this bizarre theory one may perhaps accept the opinion of Edmond Vermeil in *Spiegelungen Goethe's in Unserer Zeit*. True Vermeil's own view in the article, "Revolutionary background in Goethe's *Faust*," is equally perverse. Goethe's hatred of revolution is well known—the July Revolution of 1830 he more than hated; he treated it with Olympian indifference. But Vermeil goes painstakingly through scene after scene of *Faust* to show that almost every line has some reference to the French Revolution or some other revolution in the minds or aspirations of his countrymen. The beautiful picture of rich and poor escaping for an Easter holiday, for instance, is "in no way an idyll." "There is struggle (*Kampf*) everywhere." But this portrait of Goethe as a sympathiser with revolution has been much improved upon. Three years ago he appeared in Lucacz' book as a Marxist, and a couple of years later Ernst Fischer embraced the opportunity of the bicentenary to lead Goethe's admirers triumphantly to the conclusion that Mephistopheles is Capitalism and to "Goethe

und Marx Vereint." This has, of course, found an echo in the Russian Lunacharsky. On the other hand, Böhm, who seems to have been in partial agreement with Santayana, and has been followed by others since, holds an equally strange view of the conclusion of the second part. Faust is incorrigible. That blind centenarian's admission of the foolish wildness of his youth is too over-strained to be taken as genuine, and his zealous exhortations to his workers to dig for victory, and win the "all-fairest prize" for the helpers and friends of mankind, are only the feverish explosions of a dotard.

A word or two seems apposite on three other views of Faust. As early as the publication of the "Fragment" Fichte's scholars are recorded as having hailed Faust as representative of humanity. (These must have been among the young enthusiasts who, in Madame de Staël's words, "occupied themselves with the universe having nothing to do.") The same might be said of others—Odysseus, for instance, and Hamlet, in whose honour the Italians have coined the word "Amletismo." Faust can only have represented humanity in a very special sense. The real Dr. Faustus died, and his body was, by report, carried off by the Devil, between 12 and 1 a.m. on October 24th, 1538, and therefore at a time when a savant must have felt, like Wagner, that a new intellectual world was bursting upon the old. Others lay stress on the autobiographical character of the work. But this is not much of an explanation. It is better to view men's lives through their works than the other way about. Many, in the third place, have exalted the allegorical character of the drama, particularly of the *Helena*. This does not satisfy us. We English do not care much for books which need a symbolical interpretation. We have only three great allegorical works in our language—the *Faerie Queene*, the *Pilgrim's Progress* and the "Sin" and "Death" episodes in the second and tenth books of *Paradise Lost*—so adversely criticised by Addison.

There is a famous passage in Wilhelm Meister's *Wanderjahre* in which a Christian is represented as not only recognising humility and poverty as divine but extending that sentiment to sin and crime as "furtherances of what is holy." Perhaps we may for once take Viëtor's advice, and endeavour to explain *Faust* in the light of that passage. If not poor, the centenarian Doctor is at all events humbled. He does not even see the end of his own work of reclaiming land from the sea, and it is in this sense, as Stawell and Dickinson have pointed out, that he is dissatisfied up to the end and that Goethe was able to tell Schubart that Mephistopheles has only half won his wager that he would reduce him to an effortless contentment with the passing moment. Faust's character certainly changes in the course of the poem, and so do his relations with Mephistopheles, who gradually has less and less power over him. Near the beginning of the Fourth Act of Part II, in answer to the evil one's dazzling offers, Faust replies that this earthly sphere gives enough room for great actions and that action is everything, not the glory of it. In the next and last Act he has resigned himself to be a man among men, and to devote himself to the useful if not very glorious labour of reclaiming land from the sea and so surrounding himself with a happy people by Mephistopheles' help—and hindrances. Faust is redeemed because he is a worker—and worker for mankind like Goethe himself, whom one has seen compared with that devoted man Albert Schweitzer.

Wer immer strebend sich bemüht
Den Können wir erlösen.

Sing the angels, and it is this, the keynote of Faust's deliverance, as Goethe told Eckermann, and not the comic struggle for his dead body, or the effluence of Divine grace (which could have meant little to Goethe), wherein we must look for his final acceptance. Whatever he thought of Divine grace, the poet believed in the immortality of the soul, and that the work would go on after death.

O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain.
Somewhere, surely afar
In the sounding labour-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm! —

Wir werden uns wieder sehen;
Aber nicht beim Tanze.

A. F. FREMANTLE.

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE.

Who would listen to the lay
Of the captive old and grey?

THIS is how the old French minstrel introduces one of the world's great love stories, *Aucassin and Nicolette*, in form a delicate cameo classic of romance. The road over which the spirit of romance travelled to the modern world was a long one, stretching back into the mists of time. It touched the East and then wound its way through colourful Mediterranean lands to softly veiled Celtic shores and then northwards; and everywhere the minds of men opened in its warmth. It saw the dawn of chivalry and of all the graces in the art of living: the spirit of romance gave birth to the romances in verse and prose, whose native soil was France and whose all-absorbing theme was love. Following the heroic age of the national epics, by the twelfth century, civilisation and learning, refinement and love of beauty, the desire to make life poetical—all these appear in French literature before they do in other western countries, and with breath-taking suddenness. Woman comes into her own; the knight serves his lady, as well as God and the feudal lord. The new courtly lays and epics were verse romances composed by noble *trouvères* and meant to be recited within the castle walls or retold by minstrels to popular audiences beyond. Thus the Celtic tale of *Tristan and Iseult* and the deeds of King Arthur's knights were spread in Britain as in France. Side by side with these subjects were heard the troubadour lyrics of sunny Provence, and the passionate love songs of Abélard to Héloïse were known to revellers on the banks of the Seine. Yet the light and brilliance of the Middle Ages threw deep shadows. There was gallant display and gaiety, but much that was wretched and sordid in the poverty of the people. Our minds may conjure up old parchments with gilt and florid initials, young knights and fair ladies, a king on a dais with gold lilies for background and kneeling minstrels before him, jousting and dancing and hawking—dainty circumstances of a narrow world of sheer beauty in the great age of cathedral building in honour of Our Lady. A dream of loveliness was rooted in slime and squalor, the tormentor and the

witches' Sabbath, a brutalised and starving peasantry, and the plague-infested narrowest of streets.

The three loyalties of knighthood are each reflected in literature : the first, that to God, in the lives of saints like Alexis ; the second, that to the liege, in the eleventh century, by noble national epics like "The Song of Roland" ; the third, to the knight's lady, in the romances of chivalry, Chrestien's, Thomas's and Béroul's courtly romances and the Breton lays of Marie de France ; and in the unique *chante-fable*, that of *Aucassin and Nicolette*, a narrative in mingled verse and prose. Since Walter Pater and Andrew Lang, it has taken its place in literature and has often been modernised and translated. It belongs to the end of the twelfth century and the only manuscript preserving the tale is unmistakably in the dialect of Picardy ; the author may have been a native of Arras. The snatches of verse are generally in assonance and form part of the story, so designed for recitation to musical accompaniment and to vary the monotony of a mere prose narrative, a device for which there were models in Moorish romances that may have travelled through Spain to France. Whilst the prose sections tell most of the story, grief or passionate feelings are realistically expressed in songs. The scene is laid vaguely in Provence ; the style shows the ease of long practice and the mastery of a professional reciter and some conventional phrasing. The metre of the verse reads as a four-stressed trochaic measure and has been set to music ; but the prose is even more poetic in this enchanting world of youthful love, overmastering, without care of aught but the beloved.

Aucassin, perfect lover, rides into battle seeing Nicolette shining among the stars in heaven ; yet he disdains the very joys of paradise, since these exclude, he thinks, the joys of loving. "What have I to do in paradise ? I seek not to enter there, so that I have Nicolette, my sweetest friend, whom I love so well. But to hell I will go ; for to hell go the fine scholars and knights, who died in tourneys and great wars, and the brave soldiers and free-born men—with them will I go, so that I have Nicolette, my most dear love, with me." The little work is not all sentiment and dreams. Interspersed are episodes realistic enough, contrasting ; or, as in the case of the Torelore incident, manifestly absurd and farcical, almost Rabelaisian. Thus, and also by the use of vivid dramatic dialogue, the artist keeps in touch with actuality ; he also possesses a pictorial quality. Witness the description of Nicolette on that still night when she escapes from her prison, hurries from the garden, killing her skirt against the dew as she steps out over the grass in her naked feet ; the daisies, as she treads on them, showing dark against her whiteness. Or, again, the scene of the ruined tower, in whose kindly shadow, having been warned by the faithful nightwatchman, she remains hidden, whilst the men of the watch, with orders to kill her, march along the moonlit street, their swords beneath their mantles ; or that leafy bower of branches, built by her own white hands, through the trelliswork of which her lover, wounded and weary from his search for her, looks upon the stars. Most vivid is Aucassin's meeting with a young peasant in the woods, ugly, hideously deformed and wild-looking, sorrowing for his lord's white hound and an ox which he had lost, not daring to return to the town where prison awaited him and his mother lay destitute.

Yet no critic should mistake the leading motif of this old poet who cares only for youth, love, spring flowers and bird song ; the

"incidents" are business done casually to please an audience eager for adventure and blows and jests. Andrew Lang's interpretation is the most perceptive and wisest, as he catches in the nameless minstrel's tale the tone of Thackeray, when Thackeray is tender. What lives on is the touch of poetry, of longing, of tender heart, of humorous resignation. The tale lives and always must live, while the nature of man is the same. The story is a trifle hackneyed, and not unlike that of *Floire and Blanchefleur*, except that here the hero was the Saracen and the heroine the Christian. Aucassin, only son of the Count of Beaucaire, against the latter's wish, loves Nicolette, a beautiful girl of unknown origin, bought as a slave from the Saracens. The poet tells of the young lovers' adventures and tribulations until their fidelity is rewarded and Nicolette revealed as the daughter of the King of Carthage—

Listen and your cares forget.
Never man or malady
Torn or tried so grievously,
All cast down, by men mispraised,
Sick in body, sick in soul,
Healing shall be glad and whole,
And is full of joy again—
So sweet the tale.

Aucassin was laid in prison, says the poet, and Nicolette was in her guarded chamber. It was the summertime, when the days are hot and long and clear, and the nights quiet and still. And as she lay upon her bed and saw the moon shine through the window, how bright it was, and she heard the nightingale sing below in the garden, and she fell a-thinking of Aucassin—she said, "I will tarry no more." And she took the sheets and the towels and knotted them together, and made a cord as long as she could, and tied it about a pillar of the window. Then she let herself down into the garden. And she took her silken gown in one hand before her and with one hand behind her, and tucked it up because of the dew thick upon the grass, and so passed through the garden. Thus this idyllic romance, with a touch or two of stark realism, goes on its way, until the lovers, after spending so many unhappy days and nights apart, at long last come together, and "length of days and joy did win." And we, as we read this masterpiece, will think, too, of the minstrel with the grey head and green young heart, before to him there came "a little folding of the hands to sleep."

L. A. TRIEBEL.

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THE DRAGONFLY.

NOW, above the nearest stream or millpond, the dragonfly, most romantic and most beautiful of insects, performs amazing aerial feats. In order to see this creature, the day must be sunny. You will seldom see him on a dull day, for he and his family are all sun-worshippers. In bright, sheltered places dragonflies rest, with sparkling gauzy wings projecting forward, their heads bobbing up and down ludicrously. Eventually one of them is chased away and the pursuer then occupies the sunning place. The very name breathes romance. It is certainly a very old name, for it is mentioned in English literature four hundred years ago. This means, of course, that it is much more than four centuries old. Country folk know dragonflies as "horse-

stingers" and believe them to be a danger to man and beast. This fancy, however, has no foundation and the insects are quite harmless, possessing no stinging apparatus. Indeed, they are a friend to man, for they devour countless mosquitoes, wasps, moths and other injurious insects. However, never let it be said that dragonflies lack ferocity. Not even the weasel, for all its blood lust, has anything quite like the rapacity of a dragonfly. Statistics are incomplete, but a scientist named Beutenmuller in two hours fed a captive dragonfly forty-two house flies without satisfying its appetite. Others have observed that if a dragonfly's tail is twisted around and pointed to its mouth, the creature will begin gobbling its own body and continue until it has eaten all of itself that is within reach. Even the most fantastic story cannot produce a dragon more blood-thirsty or more extraordinary in its behaviour than the dragonfly.

It is obvious even to the most casual observer that there are many different kinds. The biggest have long bodies and some are a good three inches long. Others have broad, rather flat bodies, and there are several with short stick-like bodies. All have large, globular compound eyes (each with as many as 30,000 lenses) occupying the greater part of the head and face. In addition, they are provided with three single eyes on the top of the head. These dragonflies belong to the sub-order *Anisoptera*. The second sub-order, the *Zygoptera*, or damselflies, have slender, cylindrical bodies, button-like eyes set wide apart, and they keep their wings folded when at rest. The name of "mosquito hawks," given to the big *Aeshnas* by the Americans, is much more fitting than that of "horse-stinger" as our country-dwellers know them. Such name is a gross libel and the origin is unknown. There are forty-three different species in the British Isles. The headquarters of the order of dragonflies is in the tropical belt and most of the dragonflies find the British Isles too far north. Southern England possesses several species not found breeding in the north. Compared with other groups of insects, the dragonflies are not a numerous family. About two thousand species are known and, of these, forty-three may be termed British. When we remember that there are four thousand beetles and two thousand moths in this island, a mere forty-three dragonflies is very small. The largest, known as the emperor, or great blue dragonfly, measures between four and five inches across the wings and its body is more than three inches long. Much bigger species are to be found in the tropics, and fossil remains of dragonflies, with a wing span exceeding twenty-four inches, have been discovered in carboniferous rocks in different parts of Europe. Even though the giants are no more, we can appreciate their impressive appearance.

The real "dragons" are the larvæ who live in the mysterious green depths of the pond. Ugly in shape, they crawl along the muddy bottom and hide where water-weeds are thickest. It is equipped with a device that is surely unique in the whole insect world. The lower lip of its wide mouth develops into a pair of pincer-like hooks. They are specially designed by nature for seizing prey. When not in use the hooks, which are hinged at the base and fold near the middle, are held close to the face. This apparatus is known as the "mask." These "nymphs," as they are termed, live on minute *Polyzoa* and crustaceans. They possess three long swimming tails used for breathing and to propel them through the water. This underwater stage of all dragonflies is similar to the combined caterpillar and chrysalis stages of butterflies and extends from nine months to two years. As the nymph develops, the other denizens

of the pond are made to take notice. Indeed, so ferocious does the nymph become that a reign of terror is imposed upon the other creatures. Tadpoles, snails and even small fishes are never safe. Even *Dytiscus*, the large water beetle who is capable of killing a frog, keeps a wary eye on this deadly "dragon." During the long period when a maze of water-weeds is their home they change their skins many times and each time they emerge a little larger. Finally they become a little more than an inch in length.

The nymph has been known to resort to cannibalism and to devour its own kind. There is not the slightest resemblance between the hideous-looking nymph and the darting beauty of the sunlit world into which it develops. For the greater part of its life it is lethargic and sulky. It is able to breathe without coming to the surface of the pond and develops additional organs for use in the world above. Damsel nymphs breathe through their backs, while dragon nymphs breathe through their tails. In the development of a dragonfly's life there is no stage, as among many insects, of arrest and quiet, no time spent as a pupa between the larval and adult periods. As soon as it emerges from the egg the dragonfly is equipped and ready to pursue its destiny. At last, on a lovely June day, the fully fed nymph climbs up a reed or other plant for the last time. It pauses half in and half out of the water to breathe water through its tail and air through newly formed breathing tubes or spiracles. When he is satisfied with his anchorage, he awaits the most important event of his life. His ugly skin splits down the back and after an hour or two of desperate struggling the perfect dragonfly is drying in the June sunshine—four transparent wings shimmering like cellophane, a pair of exquisite enamel green eyes—the great black, golden-ringed dragonfly.

As generally obtains among insects, the males are brighter in colour than the damsels. Yet despite the scintillating reds, greens and blues of the dragonflies, with their strong gauzy wings, they have a really menacing look when in full flight. Unlike the butterfly, whose wing covering is external, and therefore retains its fresh colouring for years, the colouring of a dragonfly is chiefly in the body and, therefore, fades very quickly after death. This explains why the majority of the specimens of dragonflies in museums are but poor representatives of the brilliant, agile creatures that inspired Tennyson and Rossetti. The latter captures its splendour in his lovely lines :

Deep in the sun-searched growth the dragonfly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky—

Severe weather is, perhaps, the dragonfly's greatest enemy, although swallows and hawks take their toll. Nymphs are destroyed by fish and water birds. The eggs, however, suffer most, for these are deposited into the water by the females where they are left to chance.

The pairing habits of the dragonflies are unique. The peculiar characteristics of their reproductive organs make it impossible for the different species to pair. Hybrids in the insect world are rare and this is realised by only a few people. The love-making approaches of the male savour of the he-man. He seizes his lady by the back of the neck with a specially provided pair of claspers and whisks her off to an adjacent tree or shrub, sometimes looping the loop while *en route*. Here he will remain with her for anything up to half an hour. Individual dragonflies will pair several times and this frequently happens in mid-air. After separating, the female lays her pale brownish torpedo-shaped eggs in the water while her partner goes off in search of further

prey. In other species, such as the *Sympetra*, the united pair stay together during the time of egg laying, when the male assists his mate while she deposits the eggs into a slit in the stem of a water plant or between the folds of its leaves. The flight of the dragonfly is deceptive in that almost every movement is carried out at an acute angle. Actually its normal speed is about thirty yards a second. It can even go into reverse and fly backwards, a feat which humming birds and wasps can achieve. How sad it is to see a dragonfly, with wings now frayed, sunning itself before its brief life-span of weeks draws to a close! It means also that summer's glory is almost ended. An interval of eight long months must elapse before we can again watch these tiny jewels glitter in the warm sun.

F. W. SADLER.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE UNITED NATIONS AND SPAIN.

ON October 31st last the United Nations in effect put an end to one of the more unnecessary of the absurdities that have added to the confusion of this time. By thirty-seven votes to ten, with twelve abstentions, the political committee of the United Nations on that day accepted the proposals made by a group of Latin-American States and the Philippines to revoke the resolution of 1946 which ostracised Spain from the comity of nations; and on November 5th the General Assembly, by thirty-eight votes to ten, with twelve abstentions, duly confirmed the committee's decision. The details of the 1946 resolution and of its attendant circumstance were given in this section of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW of September last. The two main prohibitions that had been in force since December 12th of that year were that Spain should not take part in any of the work of the United Nations, and that the members of the United Nations should withdraw their ambassadors or ministers from Madrid.

In words which with the passing of the years have seemed odder and odder in their perversity the 1946 resolution prescribed "That the Franco Government of Spain be debarred from membership in international agencies established by, or brought into relationship with, the United Nations, and from participation in conferences or other activities which might be arranged by the United Nations or by these agencies, until a new and acceptable Government was formed in Spain. If within a reasonable time there was not established a Government which derived its authority from the consent of the governed, committed to respect freedom of speech, religion and assembly, and to the prompt holding of an election in which the Spanish people, free from force and intimidation and regardless of party, might express their will, the Security Council should consider the adequate measures to be taken in order to remedy the situation. That all members of the United Nations immediately recall from Madrid their ambassadors and ministers plenipotentiary accredited there, and that members report to the Secretary-General and to the next session of the General Assembly what action they had taken in accordance with the recommendation."

To put an emphasis on the irony of such a document—chiefly inspired by Russia and her satellites and actually launched by the Polish delegate, Dr. Lange—would be to do violence to the essence of irony itself, which needs a certain delicacy in the touch. The clumsy offence of the

performance almost baffles explanation. That Russia should have been able, and should have been helped and supported therein by the Western nations, to lord it over Spain and to demand in the chastisement that a reformed Spain must grant to her subjects such human rights as the freedom of religion: has modern history presented any other pantomime quite so grotesque? The error is now in part corrected; but though Spain, a Western Power essential to the dominant Western purpose at this time, is brought again into normal diplomatic relationship with the West, and may be invited to participate in the work of the various "agencies" or "conferences" of the United Nations, she is not yet allowed to become a member of the United Nations.

During the last four critical years, when the revolutionary issue throughout the world has lain between the imposition of a Bolshevik atheist tyranny on the one hand and the continuance of the old civilisation based upon the Christian tradition on the other, the defendant cause of Christian freedom and dignity has been baulked and compromised by the incomprehensible complex which gave a seat to the enemy and refused admission to the friend in the counsels of the free nations themselves. To an ordinarily balanced mind brought suddenly to bear upon this situation and innocent of its background the summary account here given might understandably be suspect. How could it possibly happen, the question might irresistibly present itself, that so nonsensical, so foolish a state of affairs could be established and prolonged by the very nations who have stood to lose by it? Surely there must have been an explanation not vouchsafed in the special pleading of those who thus sweepingly ridicule it? Surely it is not true? But surely it is true; though no intelligent person can be expected at first sight to believe it. Those on the other hand who, for their sins or from another cause, have had to study the vagaries of high diplomacy in our time are chastened enough to believe in the possibility of almost any extreme of folly in that astonishing field of human affairs. Experience itself substantiates the case. Yet no human error is ever final. Something happens in the normal flow of things to correct the more flagrant absurdities; even though correction itself may lack the clean-cut precision that common sense would welcome.

On October 31st, for instance, there were twelve abstentions from voting. One of the abstainers was Great Britain. It would call for some sprightly exercise of ingenuity to explain what the motive can be for refusing to vote in such a case. There was no subtlety in the issue itself; do you, or do you not, want Spain to participate in the work of the United Nations; do you, or do you not, want to have an ambassador in Madrid? One could understand the United States answering Yes, and Russia answering No; for West is West and East is East, and never the twain shall meet. The British answer in effect was: I don't know.

Now in the ordinary approach to international problems it is the usual practice to think out a policy, to decide at any rate what you want. When it is found in a given case that in fact you do not know what you want, that you are neither for a thing nor against it, the explanation must be one of three: either that on its merits the issue is neutral, the argument cancelling itself out, or that for some reason or other you do not want to reveal your opinion, or, thirdly, that your own position in the matter is compromised, and you are hoist with a petard of your own.

In this matter of Spain the issue could fairly and honestly be thought

neutral only if you believed that Spain was as Communist as Russia or Jugoslavia ; an acrobatic feat of mental gymnastics such as did not fall within the intention of the United States on the one part nor of Russia or Jugoslavia on the other. The hypothesis may be dismissed, except as a joke that fails to amuse. Then did Mr. Attlee's Government want to hide its opinion ? That theory in its turn destroys itself because the British Government in the upshot will either have to send an ambassador to Madrid or not send one. You cannot both send an ambassador to Madrid and not send one. And when you make the decision, as you must, between sending or not sending, you cannot conceal the decision you make because there will either be an ambassador, or not, in Madrid. There remains the third alternative : that the British Government refrained from voting at Lake Success and at Flushing Meadow because its policy in this matter is compromised.

The latest prevailing phase of the mixed cold and hot war between Communism and civilisation centres upon the " People's Government " of Peking, a puppet of Moscow. No sooner was Moscow's North Korean puppet thwarted in its attempt to annex the whole of Korea to Moscow's empire than the Chinese puppet was set in motion at two points, namely on the Manchurian border, in an eleventh-hour attempt to turn the tables upon the victory of the United Nations, and in Tibet, where a new aggression was launched. The Russian challenge is thus renewed and enlarged. Great Britain is a member of the United Nations, and far from wanting to conceal that fact flaunts it as a cardinal point of principle and of policy. But Great Britain precipitately recognised the Peking Government when Russia installed it, and is therefore in friendly diplomatic relations with the new aggressor against the United Nations.

Moreover, it is not in the international scope exclusively that the British Government is compromised. It is compromised in its national or domestic scope. The poison of Communism has seeped into the foundations of British commercial, industrial, moral and social life to an extent that makes honest men sit up and take notice. The Government protests its opposition to Communism, even institutes a purge of Communists from the ranks of its own Civil Service ; but the promised purge takes little or no effect and the Communists remain in their key positions.

There are two questions involved. One is the extent—for it is a matter only of degree—to which the Government itself is tainted with the poison of political tyranny. The sort of control it maintains and seeks to perpetuate over the individual subject is of the very essence of Bolshevist tyranny, though the degree of its incidence be as yet smaller than that of the Russian practice. Greed of power is common to both. Control of the people's food, the registration on one pretext or another of all individuals in the books of Government Departments, the system of permits in almost all the fields of activity ; this is the normal machinery and paraphernalia of Bolshevism. When a Minister of the Crown in the routine course of his function gets up in the House of Commons to announce a change in the amount of pork to be allowed in the making of sausages the spectacle is neither funny nor unimportant. It is bone of the bone, flesh of the flesh, so to speak, of Bolshevism.

The other question is, how far is the Government dependent on the votes of Communists in its electoral fortunes ? Even apart from the growing number of Communists who in default of a candidate of their own cast their vote for the nearest equivalent, there is in the orthodox

trade union ranks themselves a large number of electors who on a Communist or near-Communist motive are filled—this is where the domestic and the international strands are intertwined—with unreasoning and illogical hatred against Spain. Great Britain's vote in 1946 was largely and probably decisively influenced by pressure from the Trades Union Congress, which had called even for the severance of economic as well as diplomatic relations with Spain.

It may be that Mr. Attlee and his men, or some of them, are secretly pleased that at Lake Success on October 31st Spain was welcomed back as an ally against Russian aggression, though they dared not for the domestic and international considerations aforesaid contribute their part to the welcome ; for it is possible for a Government tending in some degree towards Bolshevist practice to be at the same time anti-Russian. We have the classic instance in Yugoslavia of a fully ideological, atheist, Communist Government that is anti-Russian on subjective, as well as anti-Spanish on objective, grounds. The difference in this point of view between the Tito and the Attlee Governments is that the former is not compromised in its ideology, and at Lake Success voted outright against Spain, while the British Government, as it were, fled from the ballot box. Mr. Hector McNeil a year ago argued in defence of his Government's policy—or lack of policy—that a vote to annul the prohibitions against Spain might be construed as approval of the Franco régime. On that argument—the British Government's own argument—the maintenance of diplomatic relations with Russia implies approval of the Russian régime. Yet the said Government almost daily protests its disapproval of the Russian régime.

It is a humiliating day in British diplomatic history when the Government propounds contradictory policies, and reduces its own argument to an absurdity. It is worse than a humiliation, it is a menace of lasting import, when that Government undermines the free tradition of individual dignity and competence, ironing out enterprise and reducing the masses to the dead level of slaves, docketed and pigeon-holed; doing only what they are ordered to do, or permitted to do, by the political authority.

GENERAL FRANCO IN THE ARENA

It is now certain that General Franco's Government for the first time will be allowed to contribute its part to the defence of Christian civilisation and freedom against the threat of Communist tyranny. It is a woeful fact that the ordinary man and woman in France as well as in Great Britain knows practically nothing about General Franco or his Government. The subject has been hushed out, as one might try to avoid the contamination of something unclean. What impression there is in the popular French or British mind about Spain and its works is that Franco is a wicked and cruel tyrant, a Hitler of the Hitlers and a Mussolini of the Mussolinis, his subjects mostly in gaol, the remaining few ground down in poverty and distress.

The facts and in particular the spoken expression of Franco's thought and purpose have found little place in the British Press. Some account of both was given in this section of the September CONTEMPORARY above referred to. To it may be added an extract or two from a long and carefully thought out statement made by the Caudillo to a correspondent of the Naples paper *Roma* ; for in that statement he happened to answer some of the very questions which will be generally asked as the result of the United Nations' decision of October 31st and November

5th. The full text of the statement is given in the *Spanish Cultural Index* published in Madrid on October 1st.

"In face of the real aggressions Communism has been making against other nations by Cominform activities, by national Communist agents paid for from abroad, and by the oppression and systematic destruction in the occupied countries of all spiritual, patriotic or intellectual values that might put up a resistance to Communist absorption, which to-day is backed by a policy of war and armaments—in face of all this Spain coincides with the rest of the Western world in recognising this peril and this menace to the civilisation of the West and to the independence of nations; but in the ideological order she is bound to make great reserves about the ideals that this Western world may seek to represent in the political and social fields." He affirmed, though it seems unnecessary to have said it, that "the Spanish Movement's action against Communism is just as fresh and effective as it was at the start. Its effectiveness is emphasised by the attention Russian Communism pays to it."

While, however, he postulated the utmost military preparedness and determination against possible Communist aggression—"for it does not pay any aggressor to attack nations that are resolved to resist stoutly"—he added an observation that recalls President Truman's similar observations about the essentially spiritual quality of any true or effective resistance to Communist inroads. "Communism the idea," he said, "cannot be beaten except by opposing it with other ideas that provide the greatest achievements in the social order, side by side with service of the national idea, and dominated by the eternal values of the spirit." In another part of the interview, he repeated, "Only by restoring spiritual principles can the unity and confidence of the nations be reasserted."

He outlined his general policy in the international field. He was asked, for instance, which he considered to be the more dangerous—the international Bolshevik imperialism directed by Stalin or the national Communist system of Tito? He answered: "Side by side with the want of spirituality into which the Western world has been sinking, only the sense of nationality and independence remains deep-rooted. It is not in vain that the nations in danger forged their nationality several centuries ago. Russian Communist imperialism is unanimously rejected by peoples, but the same does not occur when it disguises itself under a national spirit. As against the inefficacy of the old systems, which are to-day worn out and inoperative in many countries, Communism looks stronger and more efficacious, and if it is given a national name there may be many people whose desire for efficiency causes them to fall into the snare spread for them by Communism, for the horrors of Communism have to be lived to be known."

On the subject of Spain's own treatment at the hands of the Western Powers he had something to say which deserves the attention of impartial people in the West. "Spain's great sin," he said, "has lain in not being willing to hate Germany or Italy and in having kept herself outside the general hatred for five years. Now to-day Italy and Germany are helped and Spain is ill treated. . . . It must not be forgotten that over and above the politics of peoples and the actual will of nations there are still a number of wills and interests to which many rulers are subordinated. The present case of the declaration of the [British] Labour Party, whose intentions were already known to us, with its dream of trying to unify Europe under a Socialist imperialism

with headquarters in London, seems to us on a par with Stalin's Communist imperialism with headquarters in Moscow." The last sentence is an example of Franco's recurrent silliness, indulged in with a deliberately provocative intention ; although there is some slight underlying substance in it in the present instance.

He was asked, of course, about the far-famed political prisoners who filled the Spanish gaols. He said : " There are no political prisoners in Spain. The Spaniards' Charter (*Fuero de los Españoles*), promulgated several years ago, sanctions the same rights as the constitutional charters of most countries confer on their nationals. By the provisions of this charter no person may be detained in prison for more than seventy-two hours from the time of his arrest without being charged before the competent magistrate. Hence such few prisoners as exist in Spain are detained by sentence of the competent judicial authorities who administer justice by the same codes, courts and even, in some cases, the same persons as under the Monarchy and the Republic, for the judicature in all its branches is constituted by the same upright, honest and independent judges as were respected by those several régimes in Spain. . . . The present prison population of Spain, out of the nation's twenty-eight million inhabitants, is 33,357, which is lower than that of either the Monarchy or the Republic."

It cannot be denied that there are many people in our country and in France who genuinely abhor what they understand to be the " dictatorship " of Franco's Government. The horror of dictatorship is in itself, and other things being equal, a healthy sentiment. Yet the history of our times should be enough to counsel caution against generalities divorced from their context or dominated by thoughtless clichés. It is high time that a little more realist thinking were undertaken by the glib politicians who talk about " freedom-loving " governments and " democratic " principles. There are those in our own country, for instance, who with good ground question the extent to which our own Government can fairly be described as " freedom-loving," though the honied words fall so pat and so regularly from the lips of its supporters ; and it can be argued with little possibility of true rejoinder that that Government in its political philosophy has no inkling of what is meant and implied in the true principle of democracy.

If it were in fact and in truth the case that a mere majority of votes justified the actions thereby made possible, what essential difference would there be between democracy and dictatorship ? Would not they both be founded upon *force majeure* of one kind or another ? And does the fact that out of ten people six want one thing and four want another prove that the six are therefore morally right ? Since when have majorities been held to be necessarily and automatically right and minorities necessarily and automatically wrong ? *Vae victis*, indeed ! It is true that a majority can impose their will upon a minority in the materialist field. But the whole issue in the modern world is precisely the dictatorship of materialist superiority in force over the weak. What is lacking, and what the true freedom-loving world seeks to restore, is the moral law which guards and preserves the weak as well as the strong, the minority as well as the majority. *Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos* ! And this can be done only if those who wield the power, however achieved, wield it as a trust from God, holding themselves as answerable for the exercise thereof only to God : not to an electoral majority.

What may fairly be argued is that the machinery of democracy is

less likely to produce a materialist tyranny than a revolution of force, or a dictatorship set up by the cruder forms of force than that of the ballot box. The case of Russia is the classic modern case. But the case of Spain, still less the case of Portugal, is not to be catalogued with that of Russia. Portugal indeed is far more democratic even in the machinery than some of the "democracies" which exclude all considerations outside the ballot box; and in the spirit and essence of government is immeasurably nearer to the true ideal of democracy, conceived as a trust from God. The overriding issue in the world to-day is the threat of atheist materialist tyranny. To the defence of Christian civilisation against that threat Spain has already made an outstanding contribution for which the civilised world ought to be lastingly grateful. If Franco's Spain had not defeated the Communist insurrection in the 'thirties Russia to-day would probably be in command of the Mediterranean, and would be stronger even than she is.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

November 11th, 1950.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

THOMAS MANN ON FREEDOM AND BONDAGE.

In his latest publication* Thomas Mann, by way of picturing his mental development within his generation, gives a concise philosophy of history. He deals in all his books with the problem of freedom and bondage, and his new book can only be really understood when read with them in view. Freedom, he states, "is an alarming problem, alarming to a degree that one may ask whether man, for his own sake, does not prefer terror to freedom." Equally cautiously he states that "almost from the day of its birth freedom was tired of itself and was looking out for new bondage, for some absolute command." In his *Doctor Faustus* he speaks of that counter-current, not only in the political but also in the spiritual and artistic field. We read there of "the separation of art from the liturgical whole, its liberation into solitary individualism and self-contained culture," and on the other hand, of "the never extinguished nostalgia of music for its origins of religious bondage." And as a contemporary result, we follow the development, as it were, of a totalitarian musical form in which "every note of the whole composition would have to prove its relation to a pre-arranged fundamental pattern, and there would no longer be a free note." Of National Socialism we hear that under it "freedom was given to thought in order to justify force, just as seven hundred years ago reason had been free to discuss faith and prove dogma." In *Joseph* the Egyptian high-priest is both a National Socialist and a Catholic, while in *The Magic Fountain* we meet a Catholic who is also a Communist, and confesses his totalitarian creed accordingly: "The proletariat has taken up the task of Gregory the Great, his religious zeal burns within it, and it can withhold its hand as little as he from the shedding of blood. Its vocation is terror for the sake of man's salvation and the achievement of a stateless and classless society, man's status as a child of God . . . Not liberation and the development of the Ego are the secret and the commandment of our age. What it needs and is longing for, what it will create, is terror."

Both these forms of totalitarianism have also other things in common. To show this Thomas Mann quotes a passage, apparently out of Gregorovius' *History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages*, to the effect that in each religion traditions and legends had become facts as soon as the world had acknowledged them. To which he adds somewhat horrified: "So myths, fairy tales, falsifications, lies can become the basis of historical reality?"

* *Meine Zeit* and *Die Entstehung des Doktor Faustus*. S. Fischer, Amsterdam.

This, then, is perhaps the real and essential achievement of history? " And he goes on: " It was, however, exactly this, namely, that lies can, by force, become truth and the basis of life, which the new totalitarianism has learned from history," and it " decrees and enforces belief in myths claiming the monopoly of all means of grace." In *Doctor Faustus* we hear Nazi intellectuals assert " that the masses would have to be provided with mythical fictions, and popular myths would become the vehicle of political movements." All these facts force upon him the melancholy question " whether history had ever been a realisation of truth." In his latest publication he speaks of totalitarianism in Catholic and Communistic terms at the same time: " The totalitarian statesman is the founder of a religion, or rather of an infallible, inquisitional dogmatism based on legends and suppressing all heresy by force . . . As this church is also a state, it makes power politics. Each faith is out to conquer the world even at the risk of becoming the mere vehicle of world conquest."

After having thus put Communism in its proper historical place, Dr. Mann tries to look at it as objectively as possible. He does not identify it with Fascism and National Socialism, both of which he calls " purely reactionary and silly imitations of Bolshevism without any relation to the idea of mankind and its future." About the new phase in the eternal struggle between freedom and bondage, the hero of *Doctor Faustus* says: " Freedom is but another word for subjectivity . . . It always inclines to dialectic reversals. It realises itself very soon in bondage, fulfils itself in subordination to law, rule, force, system—fulfils itself, i.e., it does not cease to be freedom." Of his totalitarian musical style he says that it is " bound by a self-imposed compulsion to order, hence free." To this way of reasoning a secular humanist answers in the name of Thomas Mann: " In your opinion. But actually it is no longer freedom, just as dictatorship born out of revolution is freedom no longer." In *Meine Zeit*, Dr. Mann adds: " Every reasonable man is a moderate socialist. Liberal democracy must become a social democracy." A new political equilibrium can only be achieved by the United States giving up " the superstition that they must keep down socialism everywhere and rather ally themselves with Fascism than allow free enterprise to come to grief anywhere." He blames both America's " nonsensical hysteria " and Russia's " Sarmatian wildness," and calls the struggle between " the two imperialisms a sinister crisis of history." If the democracies should " yield to the temptation of exorcising the Devil through Beelzebub, i.e. taking Fascism as comrade-in-arms, fostering and nurturing it again," what other result could this have than " destroying democracy also at home? Bourgeois democracy should remember the words: For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? "

Although Thomas Mann, in his recent book, *Die Entstehung des Doktor Faustus* (Bermann-Fischer, Amsterdam), is primarily concerned with giving the literary background of his great and enigmatic novel, he is also definitely at pains to picture in it the political scene of the last years. When, some ten years ago, an exile from his barbarised native country, he decided to settle in the United States, he did so with great hope in the future of American democracy. He toured the country lecturing about the need to preserve the ideals of personal freedom, and, at the same time, to transform unrestricted capitalism into some sort of social democracy. He set all his hopes on Roosevelt's reforms, and so we find him confessing that he liked to move in the circle of Henry Wallace, calling it " the men of my confidence." In 1944 he took out his naturalisation papers, and in retrospect he states now: " I like to think that it was still under Roosevelt, in his America, that I became an American citizen." When Roosevelt died, he felt: " An epoch has ended. It will not be any longer the America to which we came." But already much earlier he entered in his diary: " With friends about America's bad relations with Russia . . . Impression that it is hardly this war that matters any longer but the preparation of the next." When he looked round him he saw only " hatred of Jews, Russians, the English—not of the

Germans whom we have to fight." His disillusion grew from month to month. When Paris was liberated from the Nazis he found that the state of mind of the French bourgeoisie was as hopeless as ever and that "the liberators even encouraged them therein." When the Western armies crossed the Rhine he knew: "Victory will be lost this time in even worse a manner than last time." When Wallace was forced to resign, he sent him a telegram expressing his sympathy. Of the attitudes of Mr. Churchill and Mr. Byrnes he says: "Churchill's Pan-Europe speech in Zurich even surpassed the Stuttgart speech of the Secretary of State in suspect friendliness towards the Germans, and it became clearer than ever that they intended to rearm Germany against Russia." He saw powerful capitalist interests at work to demolish absolutely what Roosevelt had tried to build up and found everywhere a "regret of having, in alliance with Russia, defeated Germany, not vice versa, in alliance with Germany, defeated the Russians." The behaviour of the Committee on un-American Activities "troubled and disgusted him." As to Germany, he repeats: "That country is lost to any decent liberal democracy." He agrees with another German writer's statement that, if Hitler returned from Walhalla, 60 to 80 per cent. of his people would receive him with open arms, and adds: "That German hopelessness meets with another one, with that of the politics of our occupation authorities."

J. LESSER.

THE MIND OF PROUST.*

Professor Green's imposing volume is at first disappointing for those whom the title has led to expect from a scholar of much distinction discoveries on the workings of Proust's mind. Too much summary and paraphrase of Proust's own text hamper the reader already well acquainted with Proust. The author follows story and development one step at a time and a very pedestrian step at that. The whole seems as labyrinthine as Proust but is unfortunately too often stripped of Proust's art. In addition the text is studded with long quotations in the original and in translation. Professor Green claims in his introduction that in those his "chief concern has been to follow the articulations of the original phrase and to make Proust's meaning transparent without doing violence to our own idiom." His own lengthy comments are often painfully "articulated" with parentheses and relative clauses and make tedious reading. The translations are uneven: some are remarkably sensitive and skilful, others clumsy in their ponderous vocabulary, a few faulty to the point of an inaccuracy so blatant that one can only surmise that Professor Green must have entrusted them to others whose howlers, additions and omissions he omitted to check. A few misprints here and there confirm this impression.

Once these many hurdles are cleared, the reader—who should persevere, for they are worth clearing—finds in this otherwise distinguished study much that was needed and has not before been said on Proust. Professor Green is an experienced and sensitive guide whose knowledge of the French literary map and of Proust's world has no doubt few equals. The book's three main qualities are: that the author's approach remains throughout experimental and free from all doctrine and, best of all, that he succeeds in freeing his reader from the various doctrines in which the majority of serious students of French literature remain enmeshed. Secondly he succeeds, whilst avoiding the dry paths of classification, in rooting Proust and his work both in French literature and French civilisation, this with remarkable subtlety, scholarship and sensitiveness. Finally, the many passages on Proust and Bergson are a valuable addition which few of those who are interested in French thought or, for that matter, in modern thought, can afford to miss. There, the scholar and analyst in Professor Green is at his best. In short one would wish to see a second shorter edition published separately and which, discarding the summary, extracts and trans-

* *The Mind of Proust*. A detailed interpretation of *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*. By F. C. Green. Cambridge University Press. 25s

lations, would allow the Proust enthusiasts in this country immediate access to this valuable piece of constructive criticism. P. H. I. SCOTT-JAMES.

CONVERSATION PIECE.*

"The little affairs, arrangements, perplexities and pleasures . . . all the little matters on which the daily happiness of private life depends"—it was "one of the first gratifications" of Emma and Mrs. Weston to meet and talk these over. They are largely the themes of Jane Austen's novels, and it is indeed a "gratification" to her admirers to hear them wittily and enthusiastically discussed by two such skilled writers as Sheila Kaye-Smith and G. B. Stern. Their former book, *Talking of Jane Austen*, provided a lavish feast. In a second volume on the same lines it is inevitable that there should be some repetition of the authors' opinions, and even of their expression of them. For example, we know exactly what they feel towards Mr. Woodhouse, and about Henry Crawford's courtship of Fanny Price. They had already drawn on their imaginations for filling out portraits of some "walking-on parts," and they repeat the process with others here. Some of their conjectures in "Seven Years Later" are not convincing, e.g., the picture of General Tilney as a doting grandfather, and of a widowed Mr. Bennet marrying the flighty young Mrs. Forster. A good scene, however, is that in which Isabella Knightley, returning from her father's, quotes his medical attendant, Mr. Perry, to her own, Mr. Wingfield. (Incidentally, G. B. Stern makes a slight slip in saying that one of Isabella's five children is not named; she forgets little George, mentioned among Emma's sketches.) Most readers will agree that the delightful Mrs. Dashwood should certainly not remain a widow. Discussion ranges round relationships and friendships, the customs and manners of the day—visits, dancing, music—allusions to health, servants, and correspondence (with the ingenious query as to how the telephone might have superseded that). The heroines themselves are defended from the charge of husband-hunting, and it is pointed out that Jane Austen is not interested in describing love scenes. The opening and final chapters break new ground, one discussing Jane with a sceptical, modern girl, the other, with a *revenant* Jane herself. Even if there be some repetition elsewhere, what has given so much evident pleasure to the writers cannot fail to do the same to their readers, especially to those already at home in Jane Austen's world.

EMMA GURNEY SALTER.

* * * * *

In *The Renaissance: its Nature and Origins* (University of Wisconsin Press, \$3.75), Professor G. C. Sellery assails Burckhardt's contention that Italian Humanism of the fifteenth century ended the Middle Ages and inaugurated the Modern World. For the celebrated Swiss scholar's thesis of a quasi-revolutionary upsurge he substitutes an evolutionary process. The Italian Renaissance, in his view, was merely the latest and most colourful chapter in the transition from the medieval to the modern world which had been in progress for three centuries and to which other countries had made vital contributions. The "Revival of Learning, or the revived knowledge of antiquity, cannot have been the creative force which ushered in modernity. The real seminal force was the natural effort of men to achieve a more abundant life on this earth." The author argues his case with abundant learning, and illustrates the thesis of unbroken continuity in chapters on economics, government, literature, the Greek Renaissance, history, philosophy, art, geographical discovery, and inventions. It is a fascinating tale of exuberant activity in many fields told by a scholar who is not crushed by his erudition and knows how to select the highlights. He is not the first critic of Burckhardt's great book, one of the classics of *Kulturgeschichte*, and some readers may think that the reaction has gone a little too far. But all are likely to feel gratitude for a brief, clear, readable and encyclopædic survey of three centuries, and advanced scholars will delight in the copious bibliography.

* *More Talk of Jane Austen*. By Sheila Kaye-Smith and G. B. Stern. Cassell, 1950.

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